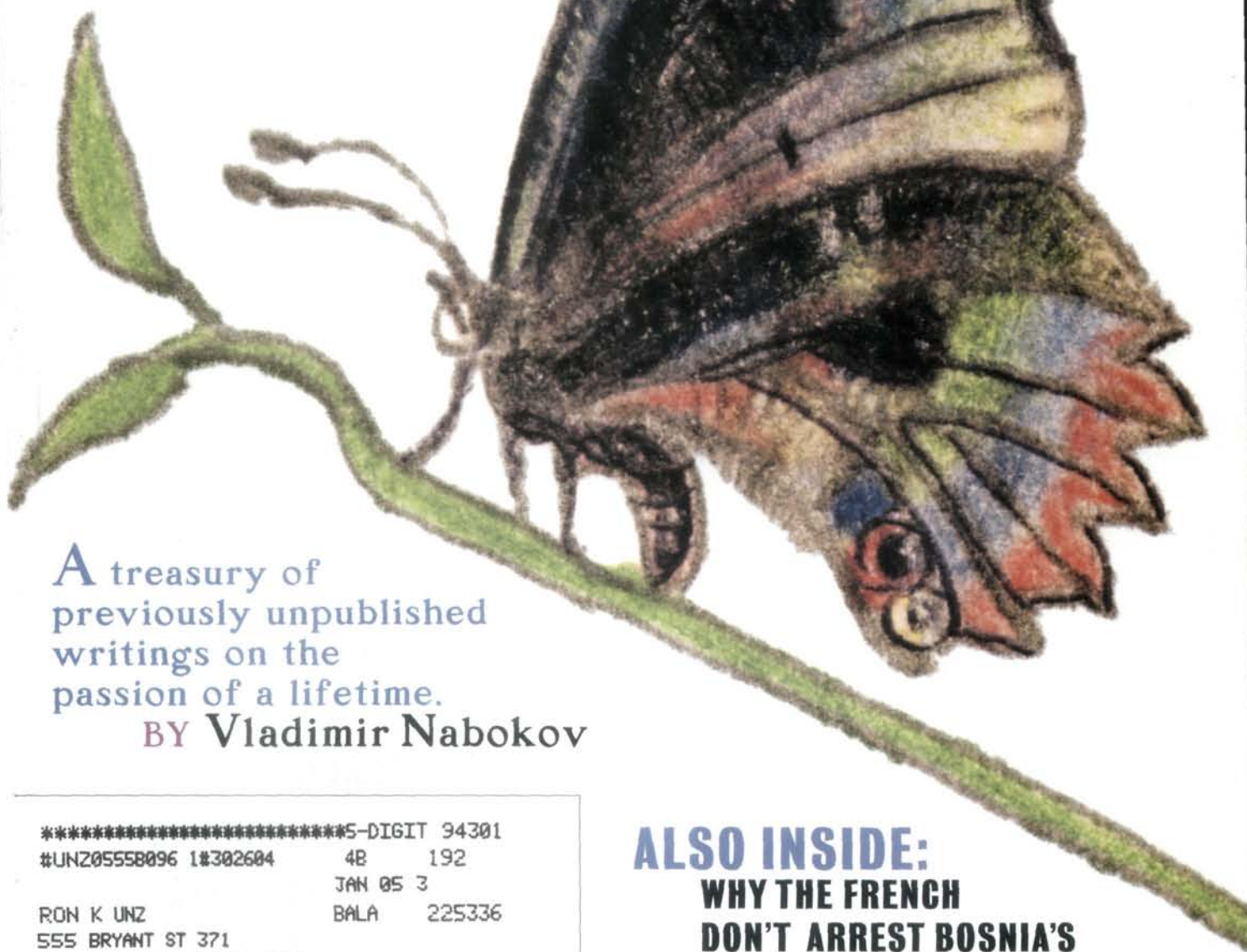


VERY BAD ART / AMERICA'S BEST PICKUP-BASKETBALL PLAYER

# The Atlantic Monthly

APRIL 2000

## NABOKOV'S Butterflies



A treasury of  
previously unpublished  
writings on the  
passion of a lifetime.

BY Vladimir Nabokov

\*\*\*\*\*5-DIGIT 94301

#UNZ05558096 1#302604

48 192

JAN 05 3

RON K UNZ

BALA 225336

555 BRYANT ST 371

PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704



### ALSO INSIDE:

WHY THE FRENCH  
DON'T ARREST BOSNIA'S  
WAR CRIMINALS

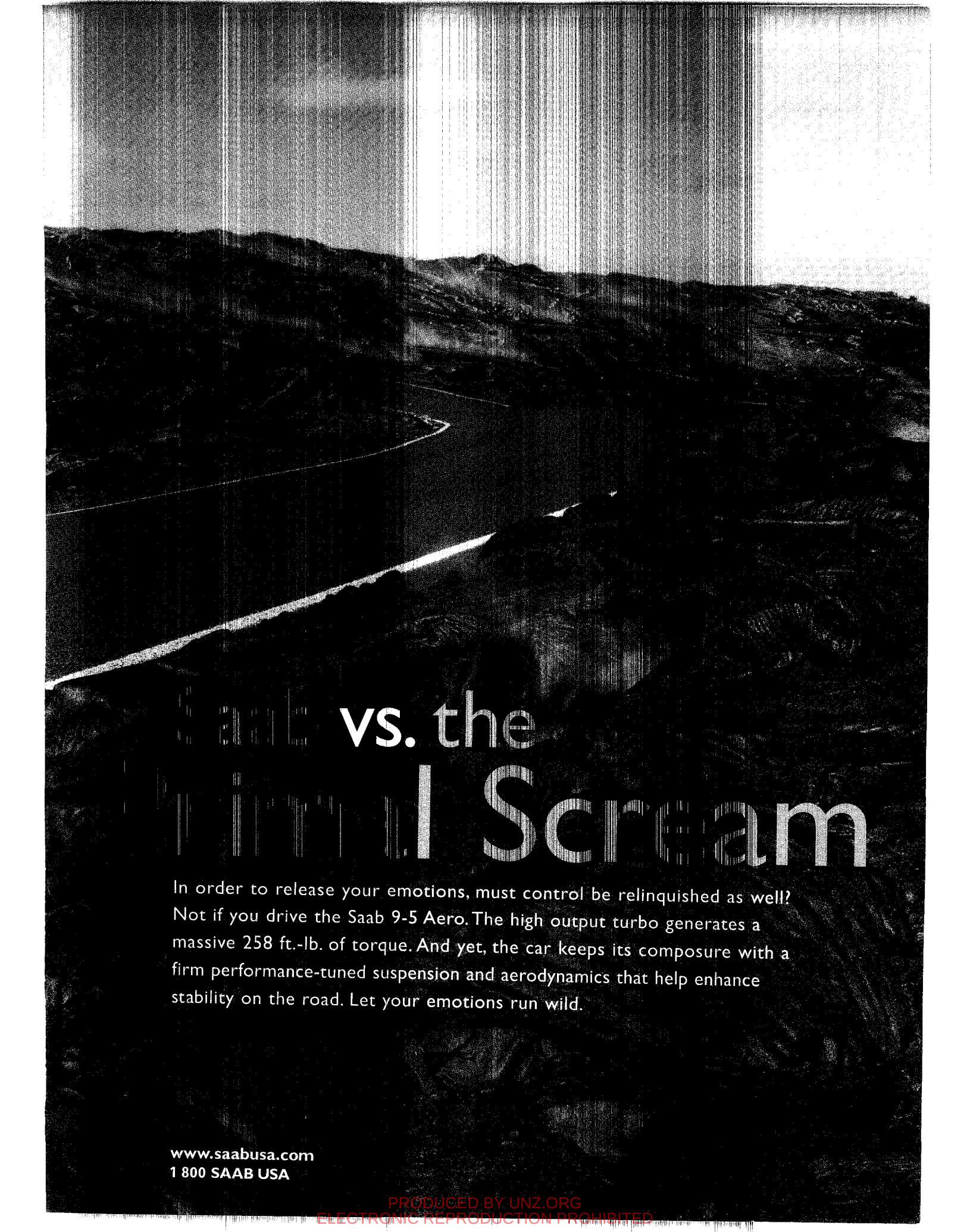




**SAAB**







# vs. the I Scream

In order to release your emotions, must control be relinquished as well? Not if you drive the Saab 9-5 Aero. The high output turbo generates a massive 258 ft.-lb. of torque. And yet, the car keeps its composure with a firm performance-tuned suspension and aerodynamics that help enhance stability on the road. Let your emotions run wild.

[www.saabusa.com](http://www.saabusa.com)  
1 800 SAAB USA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Foreground: Lee Krasner, 1956. Photograph (detail):  
Waintrobb-Budd. Background: Lee Krasner,  
*Pollination*, 1968, Dallas Museum of Art. Gift of  
Meadows Foundation. © 2000 Pollock-Krasner  
Foundation/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.





# ARTIST REBORN LEE KRASNER

**With fierce determination and an ever-questioning eye,  
Lee Krasner helped define — and redefine — the art of this century.**

Her work was a journey of constant reinvention. Over the course of five decades, Krasner defied convention and created an identity distinct from her role as Jackson Pollock's wife. From figurative painting to Abstract Expressionism and beyond, that journey is now captured in *Lee Krasner*, a full-scale retrospective of the artist's work.

For more than forty years, Philip Morris Companies Inc. has been committed to supporting visionary individuals and pioneering organizations that enhance the quality of our world. The people of Philip Morris are proud to continue this tradition with sponsorship of the national tour of *Lee Krasner*.

*Lee Krasner* was organized by  
**Independent Curators International**, New York.  
Its national tour began at the Los Angeles County  
Museum of Art and continues as follows:

**Des Moines Art Center**  
**Des Moines, Iowa**  
**Through May 21, 2000**  
**(515) 277-4405 [www.desmoinesartcenter.org](http://www.desmoinesartcenter.org)**

**Akron Art Museum**  
**Akron, Ohio**  
**June 10 – August 27, 2000**  
**(330) 376-9185**  
**[www.akronartmuseum.org](http://www.akronartmuseum.org)**

**Brooklyn Museum of Art**  
**Brooklyn, New York**  
**October 6, 2000 – January 7, 2001**  
**(718) 638-5000**  
**[www.brooklynart.org](http://www.brooklynart.org)**

**Working to make a difference.**

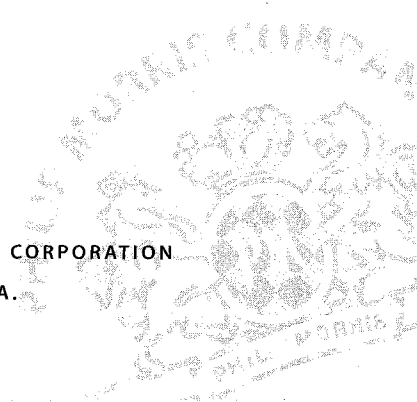
PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

KRAFT FOODS, INC. MILLER BREWING COMPANY PHILIP MORRIS CAPITAL CORPORATION

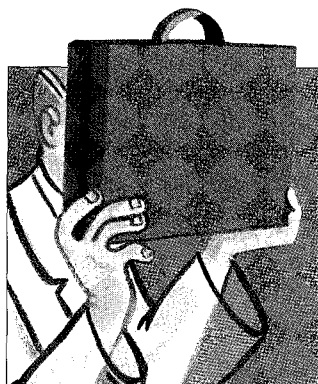
PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL INC. PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

[www.philipmorris.com](http://www.philipmorris.com)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







Page 36



Page 106



Page 115

## REPORTS

### 26 Notes & Comment: A Hand for the Head

A new service for the hard-of-thinking.

by Cullen Murphy

### 30 Personal File: Our First Telephone

A family in Alaska embraces the communications revolution—up to a point.

by Leslie  
Leyland Fields

### 36 Government: Regulation by Shaming

Sometimes the best way to get companies to change is to make them come clean.

by Mary Graham

## FICTION & POETRY

### 98 Distressed Haiku

A poem

by Donald Hall

### 105 Three Poems

by Robert Pinsky

### 106 The Raft

A short story

by Peter Orner

### 108 Everyone Who Left Us

A poem

by Steven Cramer

### 51 Nabokov's Butterflies

Vladimir Nabokov was a distinguished lepidopterist, and butterflies dance among his writings in the form of images and metaphors and as the subject of enchanted scrutiny. We offer a treasury of unpublished work by Nabokov relating to butterflies, including "the last important unpublished fiction."

by Vladimir Nabokov

### 80 A New Kind of Justice

Louise Arbour, the woman who indicted Slobodan Milosevic, helped to make the war-crimes tribunal an institution with real power.

by Charles Trueheart

### 91 The Reluctant Gendarme

Why the French have shown so little interest in arresting war criminals in Bosnia.

by Chuck Sudetic

### 99 Midnight in Sarajevo

Returning for New Year's Eve to a city without a soul.

by David Rieff



## BOOKS

### 120 High-Performance Poets

New audio recordings.

by Wen Stephenson

### 126 The Toronto Circle

South Asian émigrés writing in Canada.

by Jamie James

### 130 Were the Hawks Right About the Vietnam War?

Vietnam: The Necessary War,  
by Michael Lind

by John Lewis Gaddis

### 132 Brief Reviews

by Phoebe-Lou Adams

## ARTS & LEISURE

### 42 Travel: Around the Big Bend

The hard splendor of West Texas, where the American West and South meet Mexico.

by Benjamin and  
Christina Schwarz

### 110 Sport: The Best Pickup- Basketball Player in America

He is fifty-one years old, and living a dream.

by Timothy Harper

### 115 Art: The Baddest of Bad Art

Now there's a museum in New York devoted to "academic" art—sentimental, critically disdained, and strangely wonderful.

by Carol Kino

## OTHER DEPARTMENTS

### 6 77 North Washington Street/Contributors

### 10 Letters

### 24 The April Almanac

### 135 The Puzzler

by Emily Cox and  
Henry Rathvon

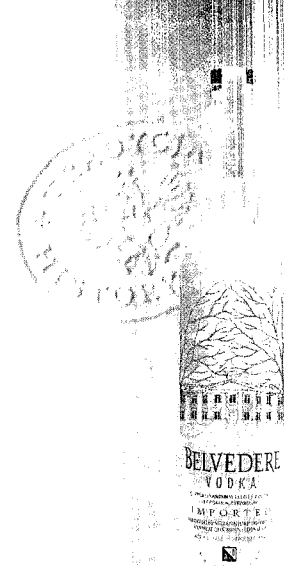
### 136 Word Court

by Barbara Wallraff

Cover drawing by Vladimir Nabokov



100% neutral spirits distilled from rye grain. 40% alc/vol (80 proof). Imported by Minnemann Import Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota U.S.A.



Ironically, there's nothing luxurious  
about making the world's first luxury vodka.

BELVEDERE • CRAFTED USING TRADITIONS OVER 500 YEARS OLD • MADE FROM 100% POLISH RYE • FOUR TIMES DISTILLED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



## 77 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET

**T**HE keepers of this magazine's archives created an electronic filing system years ago, but unlike many of the nation's librarians, they never discarded the old card catalogue, lodged in a tenement of shiny oak drawers. And so we can still pull out the flaxen-hued cards listing works by the Russian émigré Vladimir Nabokov that have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, which in 1941 became the first English-language magazine to publish his fiction and poetry. This month we offer more: a diverse selection of unpublished writings by Nabokov, unified by their references to butterflies, his great passion.

Edward Weeks, the editor who brought Nabokov into the magazine, left a vivid portrait of the writer in his memoirs. In the early 1940s Nabokov was lecturing at Wellesley College and also working on the butterfly collection at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology. Introduced by Edmund Wilson, Weeks and Nabokov would have lunch together at the Ritz. "Vladimir was an Elegant," Weeks recalled, "in baggy flannels and a worn tweed jacket. When I think of him I remember first his beautiful hazel eyes, which so perfectly mirrored every mood, his mirth, his serious concern, or wry amusement." The first two stories Nabokov

|                                          |                |
|------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Nabokov, Vladimir                        |                |
| Cloud, Castle, Lake. A Story             | 161/737 6/41   |
| The Aurelian. A Story                    | 166/618 11/41  |
| Softest of Tongues (club) 65 12/41       |                |
| Mademoiselle D. A Story                  | 171/1196 1/43  |
| A Poem                                   | 171/1115 1/43  |
| The Assistant Producer. A Story          | 171/68 5/48    |
| "That in Aleppo Once" A story            | 172/5/88 11/43 |
| Translation of poem of Yevgeny Yevtushen | 173/1/81 1/44  |

submitted to the magazine had to be translated from the Russian, and Weeks recounted how Nabokov would labor over the literal English rendering, "inserting his magic figures of speech, similes like, 'the asphalt shining like the back of a seal' or 'a whitish moth had dashed in and was kissing its shadow all over the ceiling.'" The second of these stories, "The Aurelian," is one of Nabokov's best known. It concerns Herr Pilgram, a butterfly collector and shopkeeper in Berlin, who dreams of having the means to embark on a worldwide collecting trip; the means do indeed become available, but Nabokov has a more ironic destination in mind for Herr Pilgram.

"The Aurelian" was the last work of fiction that Nabokov composed in Russian. He bade farewell to the Russian language in a poem published in *The Atlantic* in December of 1941: "But now thou too must go; just here we part, / softest of tongues, my true one, all my own . . . / And I am left to grope for heart and art / and start anew with clumsy tools of stone."

Vladimir Nabokov published a dozen stories and poems in our pages (see *The Atlantic's* Web site, at [www.theatlantic.com](http://www.theatlantic.com)). We're delighted to have him back. —THE EDITORS

### CONTRIBUTORS

**Brian Boyd** ("Nabokov's Butterflies") is a professor of English at the University of Auckland. His books include the two-volume biography *Vladimir Nabokov: The Russian Years* (1990) and *Vladimir Nabokov: The American Years* (1991). **Dmitri Nabokov**, a guest professor at the University of California at Berkeley, has been translating his father's work into English since the 1950s. The work by Nabokov in this issue is excerpted from *Nabokov's Butterflies: Unpublished and Uncollected Writings by Vladimir Nabokov*, edited and annotated by Brian Boyd and Robert Michael Pyle, with new translations from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov, to be published this month by Beacon Press.

**Steven Cramer** ("Everyone Who Left Us") is a poet whose collections include *The World Book* (1992) and *Dialogue for the Left and Right Hand* (1997).

**Leslie Leyland Fields** ("Our First Telephone") is an assistant professor of English at Kodiak College.

**John Lewis Gaddis** ("Were the Hawks Right About the Vietnam War?") is the Robert A. Lovett Professor of History at Yale University.

**Mary Graham** ("Regulation by Shaming") is a fellow at Harvard and Georgetown Universities and the author of *The Morning After Earth Day* (1999).

**Donald Hall** ("Distressed Haiku") has written many books, including *The Old Life: New Poems* (1996) and *Without: Poems* (1998).

**Timothy Harper** ("The Best Pickup-Basketball Player in America") has covered and played pickup basketball worldwide.

**Jamie James** ("The Toronto Circle") is the author of *The Music of the Spheres: Music, Science, and the Natural Order of the Universe* (1993).

**Carol Kino** ("The Baddest of Bad Art") writes for *Art in America*, *Art & Auction*, and other publications.

**Peter Orner** ("The Raft") has published stories in *The North American Review*,

*Michigan Quarterly Review*, and *Epoch*.

**Robert Pinsky** ("Three Poems") is the poet laureate of the United States. His collection *Jersey Rain* will be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux this month.

**David Rieff** ("Midnight in Sarajevo") is the author of *Slaughterhouse: Bosnia and the Failure of the West* (1995) and the co-editor, with Roy Gutman, of *Crimes of War: What the Public Should Know* (1999).

**Benjamin Schwarz** ("Around the Big Bend") is a correspondent for *The Atlantic*. **Christina Schwarz's** first novel, *Drowning Ruth*, will be published this fall.

**Wen Stephenson** ("High-Performance Poets") is the editorial director of *The Atlantic's* online journal, *Atlantic Unbound*.

**Chuck Sudetic** ("The Reluctant Gendarme") is a contributing editor at *Rolling Stone* and the author of *Blood and Vengeance* (1998), about the Bosnian war.

**Charles Trueheart** ("A New Kind of Justice") is a correspondent for *The Washington Post* based in Paris.



## The Desert That Glistened With Water.

Southeastern New Mexico is home to mesquite and chaparral, mesas and horizons that shimmer with heat. For animals of this parched land, survival comes with water. So people who work nearby helped design and build a system of dozens of unique watering units that gather, store and distribute water to bobcats, antelopes, hawks and more. Quenching nature's thirst and giving it a chance to survive.



People Do.

[www.peopledo.com](http://www.peopledo.com)



©1999 Chevron Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*F*ly Alitalia's Magnifica Class from JFK, Boston, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles or San Francisco and experience the world in unique Italian style. Enjoy the finest food, authentic wines and the comfort and style you'd expect from a people who instinctively know how to live well.

# Alitalia's Italy:

AN INSIDER'S LOOK AT AMAZING DESTINATIONS

## Venice

Actually consisting of 117 small islands, Venice is built upon tens of thousands of logs, rammed into the marshy lagoon bottom to form a foundation for the palaces, streets and churches above. Centuries of shifting and settling have caused many buildings to tilt at precarious angles, giving the city an eerie, surreal quality.

*A few of our favorite things: Liver (yes liver), Venetian style. A visit to the famous glassblowers of Murano. A glass of sweet, sparkling prosecco at an outdoor café. Enjoying the view from the Grand Canal, maybe even from a gondola.*

## Rome

Legend has it that Rome was founded by two orphans, Romulus and Remus, who were washed up on the shores of the Tiber as babies and raised by a she-wolf. Many representations of the Romulus and Remus legend can still be found in Rome, including a charming relief of the boys being protected by their wolf-mother on the façade of the church of Santa Caterina de Siena on the Via Giulia.

*A few of our favorite things: Coffee in the Piazza della Rotonda. Picnic lunch in the Pincio Gardens. Fresh vegetables from the morning markets in Campo de' Fiori. The Fiera dell'Antiquariato (Antique Fair) held every May along a candle-lit Via dei Coronari. Focaccia sandwiches of salami, cheese and roasted peppers.*



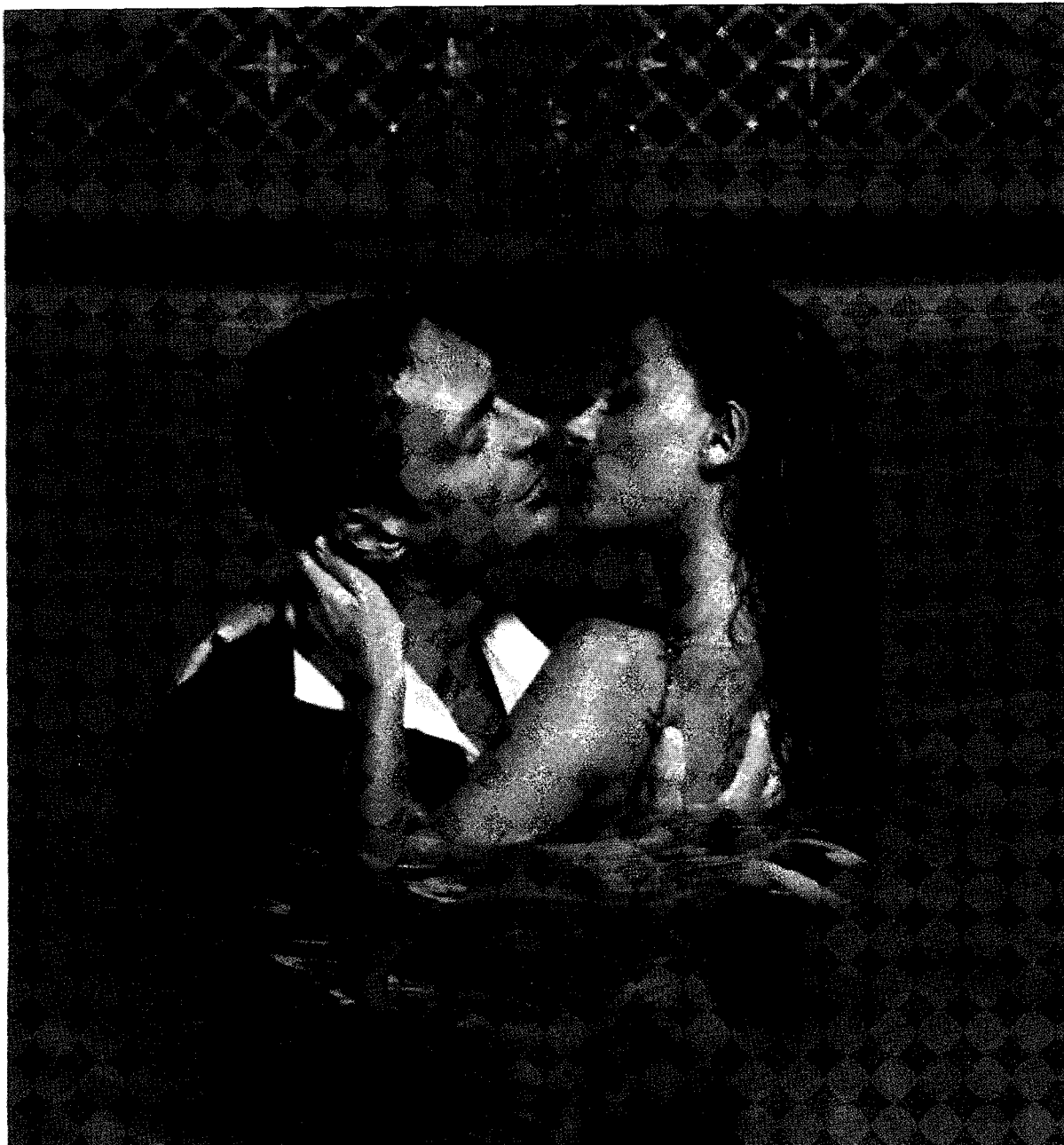
# Alitalia

Alitalia's Italiatour has a selection of vacation packages to Italy. Call 800-845-3365 for more details

PRODUCED BY UNICOM  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Let's make a wish



LET'S FLY  
**Alitalia**

Call 800-223-5730 or visit [www.alitaliausa.com](http://www.alitaliausa.com)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





**Editor**  
MICHAEL KELLY

**Managing Editor**  
CULLEN MURPHY

**Senior Editors**  
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,  
CORBY KUMMER, AMY MEEKER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

**Art Director**  
ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES  
JUDY GARLAN (on leave)

**Assistant Managing Editor**  
MARTHA SPAULDING

**Associate Editors**  
PETER DAVISON (poetry),  
SUE PARILLA, YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN,  
WEN STEPHENSON (new media)

**Staff Writer**  
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

**Staff Editors**  
DAVID BARBER, LESLIE CAULDWELL, AVRIL CORNEL,  
CHRISTINE CUCCIO, KATHRYN FRAUNFELDER,  
GINA HAHN, HILARY MCCLELLAN, LUCIE PRINZ,  
DANIEL SMITH

**Art Staff**  
DOMINICA PONTRELLO, Associate Art Director  
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant  
GABRIELA HERNANDEZ, Designer

**New Media**  
KATIE BACON, KATIE BOLICK, PAUL CABANA,  
JESSICA CHAPEL, T. J. CONNELLY,  
KATHERINE GUCKENBERGER, SAGE STOSSEL,  
ERIC WESTBY

**Editorial Administration**  
CYNTHIA LINGLEY, Operations Manager  
JOHN HOLKEBOER, MICHAEL KUBIT, LINDA MCGOVERN,  
ROBERT MOELLER, MURIEL MONTEIRO

**Information Technology**  
SCOTT GUNN (director), NEIL CURRI, DANIEL FULTON

**Correspondents**  
STEPHEN BUDIAUSKY, ROBERT D. KAPLAN,  
WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE, CHARLES C. MANN,  
ERIC SCHLOSSER, BENJAMIN SCHWARZ,  
ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

**Contributing Editors**  
ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,  
GREGG EASTERBROOK, JAMES FALLOWS,  
SEYMOUR M. HERSH, WENDY KAMINER,  
TRACY KIDDER, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,  
JACK MILES, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN,  
THOMAS POWERS, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

**Editor Emeritus**  
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

## Submissions & Correspondence

The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and mail for the Letters column.

Correspondence should be sent to

The Atlantic Monthly  
77 North Washington Street  
Boston, MA 02114  
or  
Letters@theatlantic.com

Manuscripts will not be returned, nor will queries be answered, unless they are accompanied by a postage-paid return envelope of sufficient size. Please do not send manuscripts by e-mail.

## LETTERS

### Diffusionists

**M**arc K. Stengel ("The Diffusionists Have Landed," January *Atlantic*) makes a dubious characterization that may go to the heart of the diffusionist-inventionist controversy. He refers to the "descendants of unlettered Ice Age mammoth-stalkers—people who themselves had no written language." Yet some of the disputed finds of "writing" may well represent the indigenous writing systems of geographically isolated groups that did not leave behind large cultural monuments preserving those systems.

Perhaps these controversial finds bear only an accidental resemblance to the Asian, African, and European writing systems they have been compared with, especially since most writing systems seem to start with an ideographic or pictographic stage. To state categorically that the "mammoth-stalkers" were "unlettered," when all that can be asserted within the limits of the evidence is that thus far no traces of their writing have been uncovered, may betray an unconscious bias on Stengel's part. In fact, the much-debated finds may contradict his underlying assumptions.

**Elliott B. Urdang**  
Providence, R.I.

**I** was excited to read Marc Stengel's article in the January issue and to learn that I have been living the life of a closet diffusionist. But I was disappointed to find no mention of the Mandans, that mysterious tribe that had two permanent villages on the Missouri River in North Dakota. In the 1730s the explorer Pierre de La Vérendrye encountered tales of white Indians, according to his journals covering his explorations from Lake Superior westward. When he finally arrived at the village of the so-called Whites, he was disappointed. To him, they appeared like other Indians. But their villages were unlike those of the neighboring tribes. Their lodges were wood-framed domes covered with clay. La Vérendrye also wrote of finding a stone slab with strange writing. This was shipped back to France, where it was lost during the

turmoil of the Revolution. Could this have been another Kensington Stone?

When the painter George Catlin visited the Mandans in 1832, he noticed features that had escaped La Vérendrye's eye. He was struck by the incidence of fair skin and hair and gray, green, or even blue eyes among some of the Mandans. His Mandan portraits are in storage at the Smithsonian. Catlin's journal gives an account of the big canoe ceremony, which has elements that resemble the biblical stories of Adam and Noah.

The Kensington Stone tells the story of Viking survivors who evidently made their way down from Hudson Bay. Could the Mandans have been their descendants? What a gripping scenario! Unfortunately, no Mandans are left. Smallpox wiped them out in 1838.

**John Sanford**  
Middletown, Ohio

**W**hile writing a novel about the ancient civilization of the Maya, I spent significant time interviewing archaeologists of world renown. Often these conversations turned to the theory presented in Marc Stengel's article. I have always approached the theories of even these notable Mayanists with an eye to plausibility. I will not include in my novel mention of magical crystal skulls or amber "fire starters," or the assertion that the Maya vanished by turning into a sacred white light—more than six million Maya are alive today.

When the conversation swung to diffusionist theories—the legend of Quetzalcoatl (Kukulcan in Mayan), for example—these mostly bearded scholars leaned forward in their chairs and, with twinkling eyes, spoke at length about the pre-Columbian trans-oceanic "plausibility."

I hope their offices were not bugged.

**William E. Traster**  
Devon, Pa.

**M**arc Stengel mentions Jon Polansky's question regarding what traces ancient seafaring contacts with the New World might have left in Old World lore or traditions—a



Our Index fund...  
beat the S&P 500,  
received Morningstar's highest overall rating,<sup>TM</sup>  
...and that's only half the story.

At Domini Social Investments delivering competitive returns is important, but we believe there is more to investing. Today's social investors are shaping tomorrow's world. By investing responsibly, considering environmental and social factors, we're redefining corporate America's bottom line.

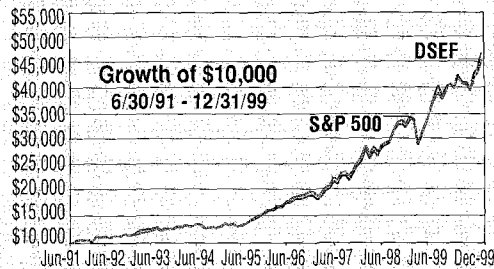
Our performance speaks for itself, but let us tell you more about the other half of the story.

Call 800-225-FUND (3863) or visit us at [www.domini.com](http://www.domini.com) to learn more about the Domini Social Equity Fund, the nation's first socially and environmentally screened index fund.

★★★★★ Morningstar Overall Rating

Among 3,469 and 2,180 domestic equity funds for the 3-year and 5-year periods ended 12/31/99, respectively.<sup>1</sup>

**DOMINI SOCIAL EQUITY FUND VS. S&P 500<sup>2</sup>**



| Avg. Annual Total Returns as of 12/31/99 | DSEF   | S&P 500 Index |
|------------------------------------------|--------|---------------|
| 1 year                                   | 22.63% | 21.04%        |
| 5 year                                   | 29.58% | 28.56%        |
| Since 6/3/91 (Inception)                 | 19.79% | 19.43%        |

Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Investment return and principal value will vary, and you may have a gain or loss when you sell shares.

No-Load

Available for IRAs



**Domini**   
**SOCIAL INVESTMENTS**

The Responsible Index Fund<sup>SM</sup>

1-800-225-FUND

[www.domini.com](http://www.domini.com)

For more information including fees and expenses, call for a free prospectus. Please read it carefully before you invest. **1.** Morningstar<sup>TM</sup> proprietary ratings are subject to change monthly and reflect historical risk-adjusted performance as of 12/31/99. They are calculated from the fund's 3- and 5-year average annual returns in excess of 90-day T-bill returns with appropriate fee adjustments, and a risk factor that reflects fund performance below 90-day T-bill returns. The Fund received four stars for the 3-year period and five stars for the 5-year period. The top 10% of funds in their broad asset class receive five stars. The next 22.5% receive four stars, and the next 35% receive three stars. **2.** Total return figures are historical and include changes in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. The Fund waived certain fees during the period, without which returns would have been lower. The Standard & Poor's 500 Index is an unmanaged index in which direct investment cannot be made.

Although the Fund is no-load, certain fees and expenses apply to a continued investment. DSIL Investment Services LLC, Distributor.  
©1999 Domini Social Investments LLC.

01/00  
ADAM004-06



**Chairman**  
DAVID G. BRADLEY

**President and Group Publisher**  
JOHN FOX SULLIVAN

**Senior Vice President**  
STEVE HULL

**Publisher**  
DONNA PALMER

---

**Advertising**  
MATTHEW BARBA, Associate Publisher  
Managers: CAROL BROWN,  
ERIK CARLSON, JENNIFER HOADLEY,  
JENNIFER IZZO, MOLLY JOHNSON, STEVE PESZEK,  
CHRISTOPHER SCHUBA  
Assistants: JOLENE EDGAR, KELLY THOMAS

**Marketing**  
NANCY BEUSCHEL, TASHA HICKS

**Circulation**  
ADAM R. COHEN, Circulation Director  
STEVEN CAPONE, Circulation Planning Manager  
ALLISON FLEMING

**Production & Special Projects**  
JAN MORRIS, Director  
JOHN KEEFERSTAN, SUSAN KOZAK,  
AMY SWAN, JENNIFER YOUNKER

**Finance**  
TONY SKARUPA, Vice President/CFO  
DEBRA CARRIERE, Director of Finance  
YULIA GOVORUSHKO, PHILIP STEFANIDES

**Publishing Operations**  
BRYAN OTTE, Director  
KATHLEEN O'LEARY, Manager

---

**Atlantic Unbound**  
*The Atlantic Monthly's* digital  
edition can be found on the Web at  
[www.theatlantic.com](http://www.theatlantic.com).

**Advertising Offices**  
*The Atlantic Monthly*  
450 West 33rd Street  
New York, NY 10001  
(212) 716-6800

**Subscriptions & Reprints**  
Please direct all subscription queries and orders to  
Atlantic Subscription Processing Center  
Box 52661  
Boulder, CO 80322

We occasionally make our subscribers' names  
available to reputable companies whose offers we  
feel may interest you. If you want us to exclude  
your name from these mailings, please write to our  
Subscription Processing Center

Reprint requests (100+) should be made to  
Reprint Management Services  
(717) 399-1900

**The Atlantic Monthly**

category of evidence that most traditional archaeologists are ill equipped to notice, much less evaluate. While working at the University of Wales last fall on an article on early Celtic sea voyages, I was struck by a passage in the Old Testament book of Ezekiel that might reflect just such contact.

The river described in Ezekiel 47:5-12 sounds very much like the Amazon, which in several ways is quite unlike the great river systems of Egypt or the Middle East that the writer could have been familiar with from his own tradition. The Amazon's breadth is amazing, uncrossable either on foot or by swimming. Heavy vegetation grows on both its banks; more significant, and this is repeated twice, the river makes the salt water fresh where it empties into the sea. It flows to the east and has a great abundance and variety of fish, including Mediterranean freshwater varieties. It is lined with fruit trees, which bear fruit in every month of the year, and other trees from which medicines are derived.

These details are precisely the sort that would have struck an early Phoenician seafarer—and they correspond very little to the Nile or the Tigris-Euphrates system, much less the Jordan. One can well imagine a scenario: a trading vessel of Ezekiel's time (early sixth century B.C.) or earlier runs across the freshwater discharge of the Amazon, follows it up into the river itself, reprovisions from villages along the river with fresh fruit, vegetables, and fish. The crew, suffering from scurvy, dysentery, or fever, is healed by native practitioners using locally available medicinal bark or leaves, and the account of this amazing new land is carried back to Tyre or some other Mediterranean port just up the coast from Israel.

The Paraiiba Stone, briefly referred to in Stengel's article, may provide corroborating evidence. This inscription, discovered in Brazil in the nineteenth century and then lost, was apparently written in an early Phoenician script not known at the time of the stone's discovery—and thus beyond forgery.

**John Lawyer**  
St. Paul, Minn.

**M**arc Stengel provides an interesting summary of various theories about pre-Columbian visitors to America, especially those who are said to have come from Eurasia, and the controversies about these theories. To a reader with no professional stake in the validity of any of these theories, the controversies over them are as in-

teresting as the theories themselves. One can understand why controversy persists, because much of the evidence mentioned by Stengel and others depends on inscriptions on individual objects. Unfortunately, this provides an opening for opponents to question the authenticity of the artifacts and to imply that they may be forgeries.

Stengel provides the reader with many examples of archaeological finds said by diffusionists to be evidence of transatlantic migrations, but he fails to mention the sculptures referred to as "Mesoamerican ceramic figurines" by Cyrus Gordon in his book *Before Columbus*. Photographs of a number of these figurines accompany the text. They resemble not what we would call Indians but, rather, people from the eastern Mediterranean region, and some clearly Negroid types as well. Presumably the dates of these sculptures have been established by standard archaeological tests and are not disputed. Gordon states that most of them date from before A.D. 300, and that prior to this no Indian types appear. I'm not an archaeologist, but as a scientist, I'm well aware of what criteria one uses to establish the validity of evidence. Given this evidence, I am unable to understand how anyone can say that no transatlantic migration occurred.

Additional evidence of the possibility—or, indeed, the likelihood—of transatlantic travel is the Piri Reis map mentioned by Gordon and described in great detail in Hapgood's *Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings*. This map, dated 1513 but probably drawn from much earlier maps, shows land to the west of Eurasia, and in enough detail that one can match points on the Piri Reis map with those on a modern map—clear evidence that there must have been quite extensive voyages of exploration.

Though one may reasonably question the genuineness of individual artifacts, the Mesoamerican sculptures seem to be indisputable evidence of non-Indian peoples in Mesoamerica before A.D. 300. The Piri Reis map shows that Eurasian people knew about that land to the west and how to get there.

**Francis T. Worrell**  
Yarmouth Port, Mass.

**A**s co-editors of the book *Across Before Columbus? Evidence for Transoceanic Contact With the Americas Prior to 1492* (1998), cited in Marc Stengel's article, we applaud Stengel's effort to present the issues involved in this often contentious

academic and scientific debate over who came to the Americas, when, and how. At the same time, we regret that Stengel didn't mention the organization responsible for publication of that book, the New England Antiquities Research Association—particularly when he mentioned another, younger organization. NEARA has been struggling with the complex ramifications of these same issues since its founding, in 1964.

**Donald Y. Gilmore**  
Concord, N.H.

**Linda S. McElroy**  
Acton, Mass.

**I** was puzzled that Professor Cyrus Gordon was mentioned only once in Marc Stengel's article, and only in connection with the inscription on the Bat Creek Stone. Gordon, one of the earliest and most prominent diffusionists, gathered together in his book *Before Columbus* extensive materials that pointed to pre-Columbian contact between the Old World and the American continents.

**David Neiman**  
Studio City, Calif.

**M**arc Stengel refers to "Stephen Williams, a retired curator of North American archaeology at the Peabody Museum of Harvard University." Stephen Williams was a professor at Harvard for forty years, chairman of the Department of Anthropology, and for ten years the director of the Peabody Museum.

**Gerald C. Hotchkiss**  
Tesuque, N.M.

*Marc K. Stengel replies:*

Elliott Urdang raises an essential point about the existence of "indigenous writing systems" in the Western Hemisphere. That they exist is attested by, for one, Mayan glyphs in Central America; undoubtedly, other "systems" await discovery. Unintentionally, however, he lapses into the all-too-common error of equating "writing systems" with "letters." Whereas the former include ideographs and pictographs, the latter most certainly do not. Letters are the alphabetic, phonetic, building-block symbols whose prehistoric origin in the eastern Mediterranean/Asia Minor region is still deemed by prevailing scholarship to be an achievement unique in human ex-

perience. We cannot know what we have not found, of course; if mammoth-stalkers were lettered, that discovery awaits us still. But to know that letters, not pictures, resembling Punic, Semitic, Celt-Iberic, and Berber scripts have been putatively discovered in the Western Hemisphere is to oblige conscientious researchers to consult the Old World, if only to satisfy forensic requirements.

John Sanford, John Lawyer, and Francis Worrell all identify compelling anomalies that deserve attention. Except for the missing Paraiba Stone, however, none of the issues raised accentuates epigraphy, which served as an informal criterion for organizing much diverse material. Nevertheless, the Mandans are elegantly treated by Gwyn A. Williams in his *Madoc: The Making of a Myth* (1979), and Jewish seafaring is Raphael Patai's fascinating specialty in *The Children of Noah* (1998). Hapgood's bold claims about the Piri Reis map are examined by A. Afetinan in *Life and Works of the Turkish Admiral: Piri Reis* (1954) and by David C. Jolly in "Was Antarctica Mapped by the Ancients?" (*The Skeptical Inquirer*, Fall, 1986).

# tobypress

Acclaimed fiction from today's finest writers... *direct to you.*

by Joshua Barkan, praised by Saul Bellow as "a fine story, we'd be happy to have more." A young Japanese intelligence officer deduces a terrible secret, during the closing days of the war. \$12.95 pb

by Haim Lapid. A brooding mystery and "an excellent novel of ideas, thrilling and threatening." Published to acclaim in Israel, Germany, France and Italy. \$15.95 pb

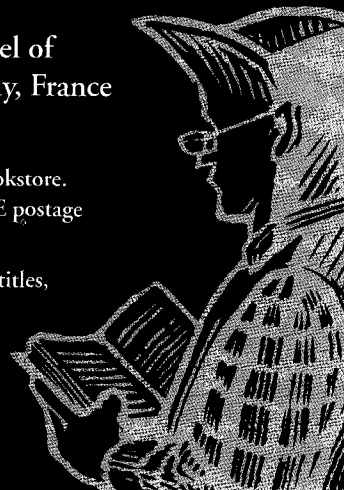
Forget Amazon, B&N or Borders. The Toby Press publishes fine fiction, not available at any bookstore. And now, all Toby Press books are available in large format paperbacks, from \$12.95, with FREE postage and handling to US addresses for orders over \$25.

For books or your free copy of new The Toby Press Review 2, featuring excerpts from our latest titles, please visit us at [www.tobypress.com](http://www.tobypress.com) or call us toll free on...

1 800 810 7191

Toby

4060





As for the perceived slight to NEARA, I hoped that my citation of *Across Before Columbus?* would draw readers to the work of this influential organization. NEARA's Web site is highlighted alongside the Internet version of my article.

## Utopias

I was struck by Steven Weinberg's statement in his article "Five and a Half Utopias" (January *Atlantic*) that "religious wars and persecutions have been at the center of religious life throughout history." Weinberg dismisses the notion that these are "perversions of religion." In his view, war and persecution have been fostered by religion, and the true moral progress of the past centuries is a product of the Enlightenment.

This is a misreading of history. Wars and persecution have been a part of all human life throughout history. Religious precepts against war and injustice (such as the Ten Commandments) have been with us for thousands of years. Practiced imperfectly and often abused, these precepts have also restrained, tempered, and transformed the human tendency toward violence, hatred, and greed.

I agree with Weinberg's assertion that "fighting over religion" and "imposed religious uniformity" are terrible things. Take something great and pervert it and you have a great horror. Take away any belief in God and the concomitant requirement to obey a moral code and things become even worse.

Weinberg apparently believes that society would be much better off without religion. He ignores the great contributions made by religious people who were motivated by their faith. Consider the abolitionists who spearheaded the struggle to eliminate slavery. Consider the countless acts of organized and individual generosity made to alleviate suffering and promote the social good. George Washington had it right when, in his farewell address, he said, "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that National morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

I can only imagine what Weinberg's religionless utopia would look like, but I know I would not want to live in it. I don't think he would either.

**Thomas Best**  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

I was captivated by "Five and a Half Utopias," but I think Steven Weinberg should stop teaching physics and start teaching an introductory course on pessimism. Although I agree with much of what he wrote, I have to disagree with his belief that people don't want to die. After reading the article, I'm not so sure.

**R. R. Quinn**  
La Jolla, Calif.

*Steven Weinberg replies:*

No, not all the ills of the world can be laid at the door of religion. I never said that they could be. But the worst evil of this century, the Holocaust, would not have happened without the groundwork laid by centuries of Christian anti-Semitism. I'm glad that Thomas Best agrees with me that enforced religious uniformity is an evil, but few religious leaders before the Enlightenment or in the Islamic world today would share this view. Even in the United States there is pressure for conformity; every presidential candidate praises the value of religion, and no one who expresses views like mine could possibly be elected to any major public office. Religion has done some good—as, for instance, in promoting the abolition of slavery. But religion did more to justify slavery than to oppose it. (I have written at greater length on this point in the October 21, 1999, issue of *The New York Review of Books*.)

I'm very sorry if my article made R. R. Quinn pessimistic. I'm actually pretty cheerful about the prospect of living in a world without utopian illusions and, yes, in which national morality can prevail without religion.

## The Trials of the Tribulation

I was taken aback by the conspicuous contempt displayed in Michael Joseph Gross's article "The Trials of the Tribulation" (January *Atlantic*). Christians cannot possibly do well in the eyes of those predisposed to reject them and their messages in any form. Gross seems to suggest that Jerry Jenkins is envious of secular society because he will never be a part of it. The evidence he uses for this strange theory is the fact that Jenkins's characters drive Range Rovers and use cell phones. The setting of the books is America in the late 1990s. The characters are simply using the technology of the period. They have not

disobeyed Scripture or defamed the cross. They do not seek fame and fortune; on the contrary, each of the characters must eventually shun a lofty position because of his or her faith. That the truth of the Gospels becomes famous in the latter days is an inevitable consequence of people's searching for explanations for bizarre happenings.

Gross attacks the book of Revelation itself because he concludes that it is a display of class struggle. What Gross does not grasp is that Christians believe the Bible is the infallible word of God. What is written in Revelation (and in every other book of the Bible) is what God himself set down through the hands of men. The fact that this account includes the destruction of Babylon and the judgment of non-believers is not the fault of believers of today or of any other era. The account is neither an indictment of cultural tolerance nor the fanciful writing of a disgruntled group of Roman subjects. It is what Christians believe to be the truth. If Gross does not agree with this, that is one matter, but he is wrong to suggest that those details grew out of believers' own longings. They simply believe what is written down.

Gross implies that nonbelievers are portrayed as "stupid" in the series and thus also by believers who read the series. He thinks believers belittle and deride those who do not agree with their beliefs. Again, nothing but contempt is shown by someone who supposedly cries out for tolerance. No one in the books or in any Christian literature I have perused lately has suggested that nonbelievers are in any way less intelligent because they have not received Christ as their savior. If anything, many intellectuals who do not believe in the Bible are seen as relying on their knowledge and not on blind (sometimes termed by Christians themselves as "dumb") faith.

**Bridget Aureli**  
Middle Island, N.Y.

In "The Trials of the Tribulation," Michael Gross briefly mentions the extensive writings of John Nelson Darby (1800–1882), an important evangelical writer of the nineteenth century. Gross erroneously attributes to Darby the memoir titled *Personal Recollections of many Prominent People whom I have Known, and of Events—especially those Relating to the History of St. Louis—during the First Half of the Present Century*. Many of us wish that John Nelson Darby had written such a memoir, but he did not. According

to the Library of Congress, that volume was written by one John Fletcher Darby (1803–1882), and was published in St. Louis by G. I. Jones in 1880.

David J. MacLeod  
Dubuque, Iowa

### Aaron Copland

**R**egarding David Schiff's article on Aaron Copland, "Who Was That Masked Composer?" (January *Atlantic*):

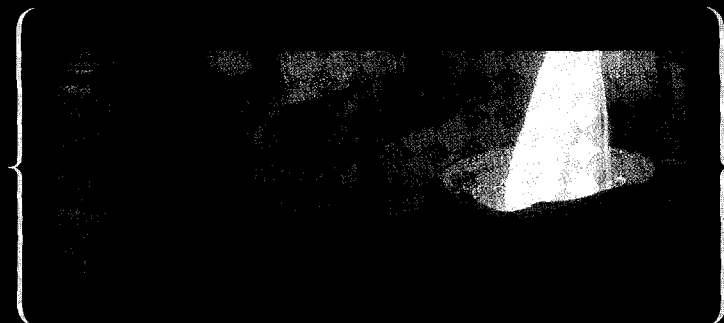
The interrogation of Aaron Copland by Senator Joseph McCarthy and Roy Cohn was a disgrace. Transcripts of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations hearings reveal that Copland maintained an impressive dignity, patience, and wry humor throughout the humiliating ordeal. (Schiff implies that the hearing could be viewed, but it was closed.) Years later, when asked how the experience affected him, Copland replied, "Agonizing is not my thing." Fortunately, he was able to put the incident behind him and go on to compose such masterpieces as the *Piano Fantasy*, *Nonet*, *Connotations*, *Inscape*, and the *Duo for Flute and Piano*.

David Schiff cites one friend who said that Copland "mask[ed] his feelings" about his political beliefs and his homosexuality. That is not true. Copland's close friend Harold Clurman said, "His life was not complex. What you see is just what is there." If Copland kept his personal life private, he shared his deepest emotions in his music. Yet David Schiff states, "In his music . . . Copland concealed his beliefs more than he revealed them." Surely Schiff knows the *Piano Sonata*, *Quiet City*, *Appalachian Spring*, and the many other pieces in which the lyricism and the sense of loneliness are tantamount to Copland's baring his soul in a way that ordinary mortals rarely do.

It is a mistake to think of Copland as having hidden political ideas. He was not a political person with the passion for socialism or communism that was characteristic of his friends Harold Clurman and Clifford Odets. Copland reserved his passion for music—his own and that of his "pals" in the world of American contemporary music. Politics interested him only minimally, to the extent that he wanted to be part of the artistic and intellectual scene in New York. Schiff accuses Copland of concealing his political beliefs—as did McCarthy at the infamous hearing.

Principle No. 20

# LEAVE THE DENTS As They ARE.



The first copper stills used to distill Glenfiddich were purchased from Mrs. Cummings, who was replacing her own copperworks. On the wagon journey to Dufftown, the stills were dented. The resulting whisky was outstanding. Therefore, all Glenfiddich stills are created to precisely match the originals, dents included.

#### — REMINDER —

Anyone who makes any attempt to correct or alter the dents in the copperworks will be terminated immediately.

Thank you for your cooperation in this matter.

EST. 1887  
**Glenfiddich**<sup>®</sup>  
Single Malt  
SCOTCH WHISKY

FAMILY OWNED AND DOMINATED SINCE 1887

40% ALC. BY VOL. IMPORTED BY WILLIAM GRANT & SONS NEW YORK, NY. MATURITY IMPROVES EVERYTHING YOU DRINK

WWW.GLENFIDDICH.COM



The fact is, there was not much to hide.

Linking Copland's opera *The Tender Land* to the McCarthy hearings and to Copland and Erik Johns's reticence to reveal their homosexuality is far-fetched at best. True, as Schiff writes, the music is closer to "a Sunday-school pageant . . . than to a seamy slice of life in the sticks." However, Copland knew what he wanted—a simple rural-America story, old-fashioned but timeless, that could be produced in college workshops in language familiar to young performers. Copland was not out to create a deep psychological drama with Freudian subtexts. If David Schiff prefers to think of this unpretentious tale as "a convoluted parable of sexual liberation and an allegory of the rise and fall of Popular Front politics," that's his privilege. But if the opera "only hints at its deeper political and sexual themes," that is because those themes were never intended by the authors. Copland thought about and studied the great operas of the past, and he knew that his best shot was a simple plot for which he could compose some glorious musical moments.

Schiff writes, "Copland and Johns felt compelled . . . to resort to hidden devices to express their emotional and intellectual preoccupations." What exactly are those hidden devices? I know of only one reference to the Cold War and the Senate hearings in the opera: when Grandpa Moss continues to accuse the two drifters of molesting a girl on a nearby farm even after they have been proved innocent. It is a not-so-hidden statement about "guilt by association." And what were the "emotional and intellectual preoccupations" that David Schiff mentions? The authors were more than fully occupied by the demands of putting together an opera without worrying about embedding hidden emotional and intellectual ideas. Schiff offers criticism but makes no specific suggestions. Would he prefer that the high school girl, Laurie, be a transvestite? Mother Moss a prostitute? A score closer to *Wozzeck*? Schiff claims that the critics sensed a discrepancy between the authors' true feelings and the bucolic nature of *The Tender Land*. I have read the criticisms and see nothing to support this. The critics knew (as did Copland and Johns, finally) that the opera didn't work. Copland, who wryly referred to opera as *la forme fatale*, said after the premiere, "There's no use analyzing an opera—it simply works or it doesn't."

If the formula for reaching the right bal-

ance between libretto and music could be found, there would be fewer flops and semi-flops in the long list of contemporary opera productions. Blame the choice of dramatic plot, the characters, the production's relevance to the aesthetics of the time, the music. In the case of *The Tender Land*, perhaps blame the change from the modest intentions of a television opera to a grander city-center production; blame the critics; blame the opera's odd pairing on opening night with Menotti's *Amahl* (in April!). But do not blame the political and sexual lives of the authors. To do so is to cater to the preference of readers for hidden meanings rather than honest and straightforward facts. An example is Schiff's interpretation of the ballet version of *Billy the Kid* when he writes, "[Billy] seems preoccupied by homosexual feelings for the sheriff." The innuendo is that Copland removed a segment when preparing the suite because of some hidden meaning related to his homosexuality. But Copland would never have made changes for other than musical reasons. Schiff is on the mark when he writes that in *Rodeo* the story "takes on a very different feeling" when one thinks of "the cowgirl as a closeted homosexual male, as Copland may have." Very different indeed! This is pure (and pretty far-fetched) speculation. I would bet it never occurred to Copland to think of Agnes De Mille's cowgirl as "a closeted homosexual male."

Schiff writes about the collaboration between Copland and Martha Graham. The ballet's scenarios and the correspondence between Graham and Copland reveal the composer's input (always offered at Graham's request). For example, it was Copland who suggested removing the narration from the original story. The paring down of a convoluted scenario to its bare bones was typical of Graham's working methods, according to her colleagues. Also, regarding *Appalachian Spring*: I fail to see why it matters what sect the revivalist and his followers belong to. Can't anything be left to the imagination? How would such precise information be conveyed to the audience? Isn't this ballet good enough as is?

At the close of the article Schiff returns to compare *The Tender Land* to "the kind of dark intensity that could be found at that time in film noir, jazz, rhythm and blues, and even comic books." This is interesting to a wider audience, but since Copland was a composer of concert music, why not also look at his opera in the context of the music world in the early 1950s? If Cop-

land made a mistake (and he did), it was in not realizing the implications of the Cold War and its effect on the arts. Normally aware of and in tune with the world around him, Copland, surprisingly, did not see how much the atmosphere had changed following World War II. Nationalism was out; abstraction was in. The pendulum had swung toward serialism, where it would remain stuck for a long time. Ten years earlier, when the public and critics wanted more *Appalachian Springs* from Copland, *The Tender Land* might have been received differently. Its libretto is probably still problematic today, but the *fin de siècle* appetite for nostalgia and the swing back to tonality in recent years may give Aaron Copland's only opera, *The Tender Land*, a well-deserved second chance.

Vivian Perlis  
Yale University  
New Haven, Conn.

David Schiff replies:

Vivian Perlis's attempts to sanitize the life and works of Aaron Copland have a long history. She assembled the two-volume Copland "autobiography," which appeared in 1984 and 1989. If Oscar Levant had not previously used the title, Perlis's book might have been called *Memoirs of an Amnesiac*, for Copland suffered from Alzheimer's disease from the mid-1970s, when Perlis interviewed him, until the time of his death. Out of the same proprietary concerns evidenced in her letter, Perlis did not mention the disease in her book, and thereby not only misrepresented the nature of the project (which was primarily a collection of old materials) but also missed the opportunity to tell a human story that would have connected Copland's late life to the experiences of many readers.

Fortunately, Howard Pollack's new biography, which occasioned my article, judiciously and respectfully corrects the airbrushed image of Uncle Aaron that Vivian Perlis wishes to perpetuate. Pollack gives ample evidence of Copland's political commitment and presents a view of Copland's homosexuality that is far removed from the psychoanalytic stereotype of "loneliness" that Perlis trots out. Perlis assumes that Copland's homosexuality surfaces musically only in the form of dissonance and torment. Indeed, Copland seemed lonely in Perlis's books because she omitted any discussion of his personal relationships, particularly of his long friendship with Victor Kraft.



APRIL 2000

# arts

## ENTERTAINMENT

PREVIEW

### FILM

The Temptation

Angela

and the

### POPULAR MUSIC

### JAZZ

The Return of  
Andrew Hill

### CLASSICAL

Three  
Evenings  
of Dawn  
Upshaw

### THEATER

Julie Taymor  
Takes Flight

A SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION PRESENTED BY

## CHRYSLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



## FILM

BY ELLA TAYLOR

## THE 1999 ELLA AWARDS

**C**inema having turned 100 with business as usual, blockbusters and sequels carried the box office. On the side, however, there was enough bold and brassy filmmaking, even among mass-market movies, to jazz the most jaded critic. Here are those that gladdened this reviewer's scaly heart.



SIMON MEIN

Best Picture: Topsy-Turvy

**Best Picture:** Mike Leigh's *Topsy-Turvy*—a wise, funny, and wistful portrait of the bickering partnership between the kings of English operetta, Gilbert and Sullivan, as they prepped for their hit, *The Mikado*—is a goofy homage to creative process, and a (rare, these days) blow struck for humanistic filmmaking.

**Runners-up:** Director Spike Jonze hilariously maps the downside of *Being John Malkovich* with help from neophyte screenwriter Charlie Kaufman and a sporting

turn by the star as himself. Anthony Minghella puts a daring new spin on Patricia Highsmith with *The Talented Mr. Ripley*. M. Night Shyamalan brings soul to the horror movie with *The Sixth Sense*.

**Best Foreign-Language Picture:** Spanish director Pedro Almodóvar bows low—very, very low—before the female spirit in *All About My Mother*, a forties-style melodrama for nineties women.

**Runners-up:** In *Dr. Akagi*, Shohei Imamura fashions a hero out of improbable material—a fusspot Japanese country doctor healing a Westerner on the eve of Japanese surrender. From France and Belgium respectively, Erick Zonca's lyrically fevered *The Dreamlife of Angels* and the Dardenne brothers' hyper-realistic *Rosetta* pay tribute to young girls on the skids.

**Best Nonfiction:** Wim Wenders and Ry Cooder give honor to the brilliant



Best Actor: Russell Crowe

old maestros of Cuban music in *The Buena Vista Social Club*.

**Runner-up:** In *Mr. Death: The Rise and Fall of Fred A. Leuchter, Jr.*, Errol Morris charts the strange career path of a would-be scientific arbiter of whether Jews were really gassed at Auschwitz.

**Best Actress:** Rather than overplaying the goody two-shoes student in Alexander Payne's witty high school comedy *Election*, Reese Witherspoon makes her all the funnier, and scarier, by playing her straight.

**Runners-up:** Hilary Swank, for the restraint she brought to a potentially grandstanding performance as the transgendered teenager Brandon Teena in *Boys Don't Cry*; Canadian actress Sarah Polley, as the gauche teen who falls for older man Stephen Rea in *Guinevere*; Annette Bening, for her unhinged suburbanite in *American Beauty*.

**Best Actor:** Russell Crowe plays brilliantly against type as the nerdy whistle blower in *The Insider*.

**Runners-up:** Om Puri, for his matter-of-fact dignity as a beleaguered Pakistani cabbie living in England in *My Son the Fanatic*; Sean Penn, full of nutty élan as a mad jazz guitarist in *Sweet and Lowdown*.



BOB AKESTER

Best Actress: Reese Witherspoon

**Best Supporting Actress:**

Catherine Keener, sharp as a razor as John Cusack's testy love object in *Being John Malkovich*.

**Runners-up:** Anne Heche, sexy and bitter as a saint's abandoned daughter in *The Third Miracle*; Samantha Morton, for her wordless expressivity as the put-upon ingenue in *Sweet and Lowdown*.

**Best Supporting Actor:** Philip Seymour Hoffman, for his elastic range as the solicitous nurse in *Magnolia* and the feckless playboy who blows Matt Damon's cover in *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

**Runners-up:** Haley Joel Osment, sidestepping cuteness as the boy haunted by ghosts in *The Sixth Sense*; Delroy Lindo, for his quietly anguished miscreant father in *The Cider House Rules*.

## GRACE NOTES

**A**s the end credits roll in *The Dreamlife of Angels*, the camera slowly pans from the face of star Elodie Bouchez, bent over a numbing factory task, to those of the anonymous women similarly occupied around her. Her story is also theirs.

Improbably incarnated as Alanis Morissette, God does a headstand just for the hell of it in Kevin Smith's *Dogma*.

"What are we standing on?" wonders Ter-

Ella Taylor is a film critic for LA Weekly.

ence Stamp in *The Limey* as he paces the patio of a hideous Hollywood Hills mansion jutting over a gaping ravine. "Trust," mutters his companion.

With a slimily whispered "Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy," Philip Seymour Hoffman in *The Talented Mr. Ripley* speaks volumes about his own creepy nature, that of the panicked murderer facing him, and the coming fate of both.

In *Topsy-Turvy*, Lesley Manville outlines a new scenario for her husband, Gilbert—



NADEN MURRAY

Isn't it ironic? Alanis Morissette as God

and pours out her heart about all she has given up to be his devoted helpmeet.

## POPULAR MUSIC &amp; JAZZ

BY BOB BLUMENTHAL AND CHARLES M. YOUNG

## HILL'S PEAKS

There was no better balance of jazz verities and exploratory risk in the 1960s than that found on the Blue Note albums of Andrew Hill. His rich themes, colors, and beat, and the responses they evoked from the era's best musicians, made the pianist/composer appear to be the next Thelonious Monk. Hill has turned out to be similarly enigmatic, teaching out of the limelight for decades, with occasional albums on which his skills remain reassuringly intact. He breaks a nine-year recording silence with *Dusk* (Palmetto), which delivers the beauty and spark of his best early work. Hill leads a band of deep if underrated talent that has been acclimating itself to his diverse moods in occasional performances since 1996. The trumpet of Ron Horton and the

saxophones of Marty Ehrlich and Greg Tardy allow Hill's compelling voicings to pulsate against the brisk drive of a rhythm section that features the bassist Scott Colley and the drummer Billy Drummond. What results is complex, limber, and rarely predictable music. Soloists do not simply take turns in rote order, so each instrument gains weight and purpose when it does step forward. Hill's arrangements and program-



The pianist and composer Andrew Hill

ming also stress surprising conjunctions. "Ball Square" finds a march resolving into boogie-woogie, and "Sept" abandons Balkan-tinged melodies to pursue less dancelike directions. The dignity of "T.C.," with a poetic duet for two bass clarinets, is followed by the lopsided swinger "15/8," and the serpentine shapes of the opening "Dusk" present an ideal entry point for *Kind of Blue* fans seeking another variety of ensemble epiphany. —B.B.

PAUL CARNI

## HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE

Pretty much everything out of the Scandinavian progressive folk scene has been at least interesting and often brilliant for a number of years now. Breathing life into gloriously memorable ancient melodies, bands such as Garmarna, Hedningarna, and Hoven Droven have kept the spirit alive while daring to make radical forays into the instrumentation of metal and electronica and rave. Receiving only sporadic radio play (primarily on NPR and college stations), the music has generated a small but religiously dedicated U.S. following that ought to grow with further exposure. Both converts and the curious should be thrilled with *Baba Yaga* (NorthSide), by Annbjørg Lien, who is equally and hugely gifted as a musician, an arranger, and a composer. A master of the hardanger, a fiddle with resonant steel strings in the body, Lien can get quiet and eerie or loud and stirring, with a full range of subtle variation in between. Named for the Russian witch who lived in a hut that stood on a pair of giant chicken legs, *Baba Yaga* paints a path to mythological realms with no lyrics and little voice (one passage sounds like a cross between Tuvan throat singing and jazz scat); guitar, flute, bagpipes, heavy percussion, and a variety of weird noises emanate from a computer. Whether moaning like late-period Led Zeppelin or humming like a hungry North Country mosquito, Lien's hardanger is guaranteed to inspire surreal dreams worthy of Baba Yaga at any time of the day or night.

—C.M.Y.

Bob Blumenthal is a jazz critic for The Boston Globe. Charles M. Young reviews music for Playboy and other publications and for Allmusic.com.



COURTESY OF NORTHSIDE

## SURPRISING DISCOVERY

Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise was probably the happiest surprise the music business sprang on the world in 1996. Bradley, a blind, middle-aged black man, led his Surprise (four young white rock and soul musicians) right into heavy rotation on MTV—an institution not known for its tolerance of the formerly youthful or the physically imperfect. But quality will out, even sometimes on MTV. Bradley's voice, honed by more than two decades of street singing, was just undeniable. Proud and vulnerable, sandpapered enough for character but not so much that his melodic range was crippled, it was the voice of experience at a moment when experience appeared to be a wonderful novelty against the landscape of Britney Spears and the Backstreet Boys. Now RBBS has returned with *Time to Discover* (RCA), a second effort that shows no evidence of a drop-off in quality. What it does show is a band that somehow picked up all the right soul influences from the late fifties to the late sixties and then did a Rip Van Winkle, waking up in the nineties with a sound so old that it's new. Even the effects are old: the guitar sticks to the wah-wah pedal with a little fuzz; the keyboardist likes the sound of the Hammond B-3 organ and the Fender electric piano. The songs, though, are plenty new, and do not suffer from any lack of sampling. Bradley is a prolific writer whose concerns range from the spiritual to the sexual to the apocalyptic. His enthusiasm for life shines through whatever the subject matter. Metal rapper Kid Rock makes a couple of appearances, declaiming the righteousness of the Detroit music tradition (which extends from Motown to the Stooges), and it isn't a brag—just the truth. RBBS is a worthy step backward and forward in that tradition. —C.M.Y.

RBBS returns with a new album



NORMAN JEAN RAY



**Take the daily commute in an**



## **CONCORDE**

*All-aluminum 3.2L 225 hp multi-valve engine. Four-wheel fully independent touring suspension. Low-speed power leather-trimmed seats. Automatic Temperature Control. LX starts at \$22,550. LXi as describe*

\*Base MSRPs include destination. Tax & wheels shown, extra.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entirely different direction.



You drive to work. You drive back home. Then you do it all over again. Presenting a vehicle that'll make you want to do, well, just that. Chrysler Concorde LXi. While it does have four doors and a spacious interior, its similarity to other full-size sedans ends there. Its unique cab-forward architecture not only provides driver and passengers exceptional room and comfort but an inspired exterior design and world-class aerodynamics as well. And, thanks to a specially tuned suspension, Concorde is remarkably agile. Take it on even the most routine of drives. We're pretty certain it will turn your thinking completely around.

raction control. 120-watt CD stereo sound system. 8-way  
26,795.\* Call 1.800.CHRYSLER. Or visit [www.chrysler.com](http://www.chrysler.com).

CHRYSLER

ENGINEERED TO BE GREAT CARS

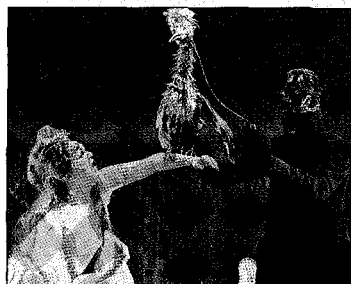


# CLASSICAL MUSIC & THEATER

BY AUSTIN BAER AND JOHN ISEL

## FLIGHT OF FANCY

Carlo Gozzi begins the preface to his eighteenth-century "philosophical tale" by writing "*The Green Bird* is the most daring play that ever issued from my inkwell." One need only read the Italian semi-aristocrat's character list to know that his boast isn't just braggadocio. In addition to the king and queen common to any fairy tale (Gozzi called his plays fables), the characters include the titular Green Bird (also a king); Golden Waters, "which play music and can dance"; and Apples, "which sing." The play lives up to Gozzi's promise: a pair of twins come of age while bat-



GERRY GOODSTEIN

The Green Bird flies again

tlung their propensity for lust and greed in a fantastical landscape. Statues come alive; the queen is turned into a turtle. Producing such a play—on Broadway, no less—would seem a whimsical and ultimately suicidal escapade. Fortunately, the show, which opens in New York this month, is directed and designed by one of the few stage artists whose theatrical imagination rivals that of the playwright: Julie Taymor. Before she enlivened the musical *The Lion King*, or transformed Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* for film, she conjured a couple of magical hours by imbuing Gozzi's tale with all the puppet pageantry, masked *commedia dell'arte* effects, and visionary stage imagery that we now expect from her. When first mounted, in 1996, by the enterprising Theatre for a New Audience, Taymor's production was a big hit off-Broadway. Now that *The Green Bird* is back, don't walk—fly to the Cort Theatre. —J.I.

## IMMORALITY PLAYS

The New York Police Department had better things to do in the 1920s than brutalize suspects: it had to shut down "immoral" plays—if not Eugene O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings* or *Desire Under the Elms* (both in 1924), then Mae West's *Sex* (1926). This month audiences at A Contemporary Theatre, in Seattle, get to see another fine example of a play censored in that decade: Sholem Asch's *God of Vengeance*. The popular Yiddish novelist and playwright's original work, produced in Berlin in 1910 by Max Reinhardt, was a naturalistic slice of life, similar to Gorky's *The Lower Depths*. Written as a family drama, *God of Vengeance* focuses on Yankel Tshaptshovitsh, a brothel owner who tries to shield Rivkele, his seventeen-year-old daughter, from the true source of his income. He has devoted his life to protecting her purity, so that she can marry a promising rabbinical scholar and attain the respectability that he never could command. Yankel even buys a Torah for her room, as if the sacred writings guarantee God's presence. Unbeknownst to her father, Rivkele has fallen in love with one of the prostitutes. The vibrant new adaptation is by Donald Margulies. One of America's most accomplished playwrights, he sets the play on New York's Lower East Side in the 1920s. It would seem that twenty-first-century standards have so loosened that Margulies's version should only provoke the Seattle police force to turn out for tickets. —J.I.



HAROLD SHAPIRO

The playwright Donald Margulies

## THREE DAWN NIGHTS

Great Performers at Lincoln Center is not billing the recital series Images of Dawn as a festival, but why not? Three completely different events centered on the interests and the artistry of Dawn Upshaw, all in the space of just three weeks... Is the soprano terrified? "Well, hopefully I won't be feeling that way by the time we get there," she says, laughing. "Homage à Jane Bathori" (Alice Tully Hall, April 30), Upshaw's tribute to the French mezzo-soprano, muse to Debussy and Ravel, will have been pretested several times on the road. The same is true for "Tonight Is the Night," a collaboration with the Kronos Quartet,



The soprano Dawn Upshaw

based on popular music from as far afield as India, Egypt, and Hungary (Church of Saint Ignatius Loyola, May 13). The finale, titled "Round About," is a theatrical evening of the show tunes and pop standards that have become an Upshaw specialty on best-selling Nonesuch recordings (John Jay College Auditorium, May 17, 19, 20). One wonders, Is there any music the singer wishes she could sing but can't? "I suppose sometimes I wish I had a bigger, darker sound that I could play with a little more," she says. "There are times I hear someone singing Wagner and think, That must be such a rush. But I don't sit around wishing I had things I don't have. Most of the time I feel really lucky. I can't imagine getting to the point where I would be at a loss for

something interesting to do." (For tickets to all Great Performers events call 212-721-6500.) —A.B.

### CHRYSLER



1-800-CHRYSLER

Looking for lively fine-arts programming on television? Tune in on Sunday, April 16, at 9:00 A.M. EST for the A&E *Breakfast With the Arts* presentation of "Lucifer's Child." Julie Harris plays the Danish author Isak Dinesen in this spellbinding account of Dinesen's troubled marriage to her cousin Baron von Blixen and the diabolical pact that she claimed brought her to fame. Chrysler is proud to sponsor *Breakfast With the Arts* and other fine programming, and this edition of the Arts & Entertainment Preview.

Austin Baer is a writer based in New York. John Isel is the editor-in-chief of Stagebill.

**Even cold rolled steel can  
have a heart and soul.**



### **300M**

Its ancestor, the Chrysler C-300, was no stranger to the winner's circle. Its descendent proudly follows the family tradition. The Chrysler 300M—named one of *Car and Driver's* 10 Best for the second consecutive year. \$29,690\* fully equipped.

Call 1.800.CHRYSLER or visit us at [www.chrysler.com](http://www.chrysler.com).



**CHRYSLER**



ENGINEERED TO BE GREAT CARS

\*Base MSRP includes destination. Tax, options & chrome wheels shown, extra.



# THE APRIL ALMANAC



## Demographics

Those celebrating birthdays this month might wish they'd been born at a different time of year: according to a study by the Max Planck Institute for Demographic Research, in Germany, Austrians aged 50 and older who were born in April through June lived, on average, 0.28 years less than people born in other months. The researchers also examined Danish statistics, and found a similar pattern. The optimal birthday season, in terms of longevity, appears to run from October through December: Austrians born in those months lived 0.32 years longer than average. These findings have been corrected for the fact that mortality rates usually peak in late winter and drop in summer, and they appear to override the so-called birthday effect—the tendency of people to die shortly after their birthdays. One hypothesis about the pattern points to the increased probability of acquiring certain viral infections during the spring and early summer: newborns who get these infections, the theory goes, may be more susceptible to disease later in life.

## Health & Safety

This month Japan levies a tax designed to help cope with a problem that is bearing down on the United States as well: an acute crisis in care for the elderly. All Japanese citizens aged 40 and older will be required to pay the equivalent of about \$25 a month into a pool that will be used to subsidize nursing-home and home-care costs arising



from aging-related diseases. This year 22 million Japanese (17 percent of the population) are 65 or older, and the figure is expected to reach 32 million (27 percent) by 2025. There are currently 35 million U.S. senior citizens, who make up 13 percent of the population; according to projections, there could be nearly 70 million, or 20 percent of the total, by 2030. The Japanese plan is intended to provide care for more people while reducing the financial burden on individual patients and the government. However, some fear that patients could be disqualified from services they need, and that the plan could bankrupt those whose care has hitherto been entirely subsidized by the government.



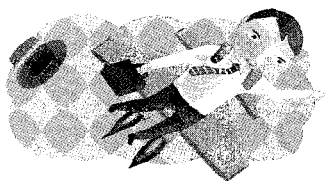
## Arts & Letters

April 1: Today is the deadline to register for the design competition for the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial, in Washington, D.C. The King Memorial will be located between the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, a site that was chosen only after 15 years of disputes. It will be paid for with private donations. 24: The Library of Congress—the nation's oldest federal cultural institution and the world's largest library—celebrates its bicentennial. Commemorative coins and a stamp will be issued, a history of the library will be published, a time capsule containing items representing the bicentennial will be sealed, and books, documents, and prints that belonged to Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the library, will go on exhibit. Other bicentennial projects will come to fruition this year. Most notable is the Local Legacies project, a compilation of significant cultural and historical events in each state, which is being added to the archives of the Library's American

Folklife Center and posted online. More than 1,100 events have been compiled so far, covering such topics as Paul Revere's ride, in Massachusetts; the Chandler Ostrich Festival, in Arizona; the Athens Fiddlers' Contest, in Texas; and the National Hollerin' Contest, in North Carolina.

## Government

April 7: The California Holocaust Registry Law takes effect today. All insurance companies that do business in California, whether directly or through a subsidiary, must publish information about policies sold in Europe from 1920 to 1945. The state will search an international registry of Holocaust victims for the names of unpaid policyholders, in order to expedite the settlement of outstanding claims. Relatives of Holocaust victims have testified that insurers have refused to honor claims on grounds ranging from the absence of a death certificate—a document that was not, of course, issued at concentration camps—to the fact that families lost their copies of their policies during the war. California is the first state to pass such a law; some fear that the law will undermine federal attempts to help in settling Holocaust-related claims.



## Expiring Patent

No. 4,379,532. Wearable Aircraft. "A winged aircraft comprising a saddle form aircraft body . . . to be mounted upon and secured to the back of a pilot; multiple engines . . . having exhaust tubes opening through the rear of the aircraft body for issuing propulsive streams to propel and sustain the aircraft in flight; angularly adjustable fins . . . for effecting selectable flight patterns . . . [and] pilot operable control[s] . . ."



## The Skies

April 2: At 2:00 A.M. local time, Daylight Saving Time begins. Turn clocks ahead one hour. 6: Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, which all winter drew closer together in the evening sky, form a tight group with the crescent Moon at dusk. Over the next week Jupiter and Saturn will drop past Mars; by the end of the month all three planets will be too close to the setting Sun to be easily seen. 18: Full Moon, also known this month as the Egg, Planting, or Deep Water Moon.

## 125 Years Ago

Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing in the April, 1875, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "We must remember that anthropology is in its infancy, in spite of the heaven-descended precept of antiquity and the copy-book pentameter line of Pope. Instinct still moves in us as it did in Cain and those relatives of his who he was afraid would lynch him. Law comes to us from a set of marauders who cased themselves in iron, and the possessions they had won by conquest in edicts as little human in their features as the barred visors that covered their faces. Poor fantastic Dr. Robert Knox [a Scottish race theorist] was still groaning in 1850 over the battle of Hastings; not quite ineptly, it may be. Our most widely accepted theologies owe their dogmas to a few majority votes passed by men who would have hanged our grandmothers as witches and burned our ministers as heretics."



# GOING ONCE GOING TWICE GOING THREE TIMES A NIGHT?

## CONGRATULATIONS, YOU MUST BE OVER 50.

Frequent urination, hesitancy, dribbling, a weak stream—these are classic signs of prostate enlargement. In the U.S. 80% of men develop it at some point after age 50.

## IS IT INEVITABLE?

New research says no. A healthy prostate is about the size of a walnut; in cultures that follow a certain diet, the prostate remains that size into old age. Normal size is most associated with normal urinary function.



## HOW DOES DIET FIGURE IN?

In Asian and Latin countries, where men's diets are rich in isoflavones, prostate health is the general rule throughout a man's life. Isoflavones are natural compounds found in legumes such as chick peas, clover, lentils and soy.

## DON'T WANT TO LIVE ON LENTILS? TAKE NEW TRINOVIN.

One standardized 40mg tablet a day gives you all the isoflavones of the typical Asian

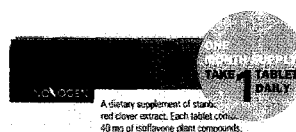
or Latin diet—the equivalent of 10 cups of chick peas!

## UNIVERSITY CLINICAL TRIAL

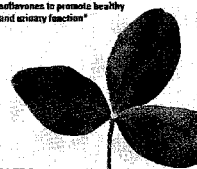
shows marked reduction in the frequency of urination during the night and day with a diet supplemented by Trinovin. These doctor-monitored trials once again demonstrated Trinovin's safety. Trinovin is manufactured to FDA guidelines.

## FREE TRIAL OFFER

Call 1.877.TRIAL.99 for a free one-month supply of Trinovin and informative brochures for you and/or your doctor.



**Trinovin**  
Natural isoflavones to promote healthy prostate and urinary function\*



30 TABLETS Take one daily

\*These statements have not been reviewed by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

**NEW  
Trinovin**  
**PROMOTES  
PROSTATE  
HEALTH  
NATURALLY**

©2000 Novogen, Inc.

The American Urological Association recommends that all men over 50 have an annual prostate examination.

Available at **Walgreens**, **OscorDrug**, **Savon drugs**, **ECKERD**, **Longs Drugs**, **GNC LiveWell**, and other fine health food stores or by phone.



# A Hand for the Head

*New directions in niche marketing*

**“O**UR aim is total peace of mind for you and your family.” That is the motto of the Alibi Agency, a start-up company I learned about recently, whose purpose is to provide an insulating layer of verisimilitude between philanderers and their spouses. Based in Blackpool, England, the Alibi Agency establishes a plausible paper trail. It will furnish ticket stubs for the theater performance you were supposed to have been attending. It will print up dummy invitations to the social and business events that kept you away from home. It will hire official-sounding receptionists who will intercept phone calls to the putative locale of your out-of-town conference or golf game. “We can discuss individual requirements,” the Alibi Agency’s literature says, “and ‘Tailor Make’ an Alibi to your Specifications.”

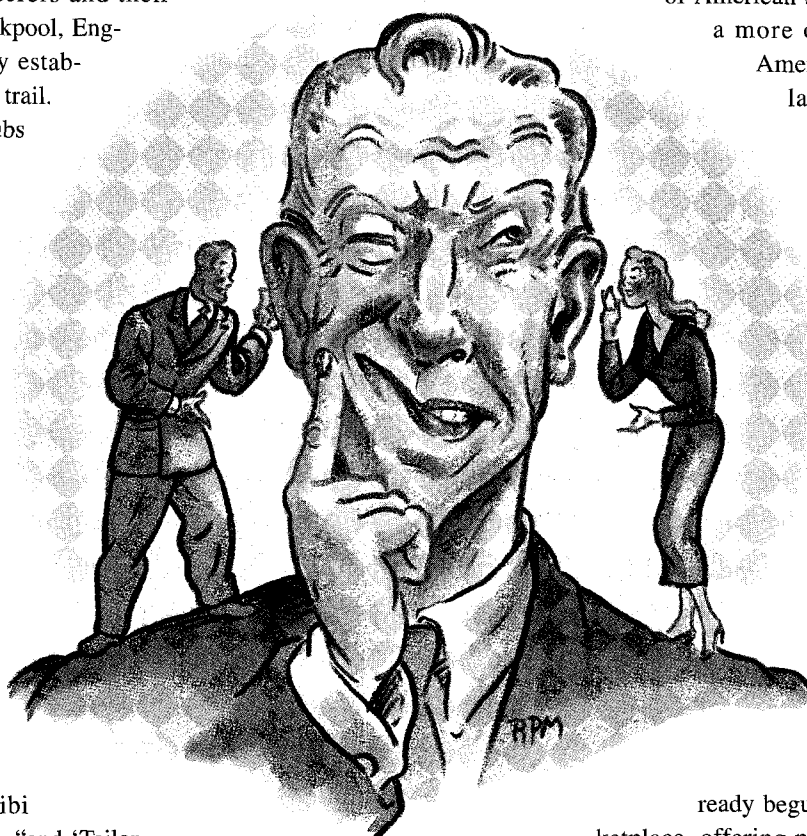
The Alibi Agency is but one small life-form amid a Cambrian Explosion of consumer services filling every commercial niche. A landscaping service in Illinois focuses exclusively on removing the droppings left by Canada geese. There are special housecleaning services used by realtors to tidy up after murders, and special automobile-cleaning services for those occasions when a body is found in the trunk. A new Internet company is prepared to act as your conscience: write out a list of things you want to change or accomplish and send it to the agency; the service will mail it back in a year as a reminder. In Iran, where Salman Rushdie’s novel *The Satanic Verses* cannot be sold, a service provides copies for overnight rental.

Not surprisingly, the niche-service phenomenon has achieved its highest evolution in the United States. Alexis de Tocqueville took note of an American relish for generalization and of the fact that the business of American society “is conducted on a more or less uniform plan.”

Americans have a genius for lateral extension—transferring principles like those of marketing and administration from one area of life to another. If “total quality management” becomes a catchphrase in the corporate world, then it is only a matter of time before it is heard at the National Council of Bishops. Academic philosophers, mindful of the success of their colleagues in psychology, have already begun to move into the marketplace, offering philosophical counseling for individuals; before long, philosophers employed by Legal Services will doubtless be testifying in court. The job of “ethicist” has become a significant occupational category in the health-care industry. Eventually there will be a role for such specialists in the Five Families and Hamas.

■ ■ ■

The service that my staff and I have begun to provide is inspired by Assisted Living—a lifestyle option for older Americans that has been growing rapidly in popularity. In Assisted Living a person pays a fixed monthly sum to join a residential community that offers considerable independence but also therapeutic attention, household oversight, and around-the-clock emergency medical service. The brochures for such communi-



**by Cullen Murphy**

Illustration by Ross MacDonald

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Steven

11-25-99

4-15-99

1-1-99



These are the height marks of the little boy  
That keep track of his lifetime growth  
Which should be matched by lifelong investments  
Which are the hallmark of our  
Rittenhouse customized managed accounts  
Which means your adviser can help you  
Manage the wealth of a lifetime  
Which will fund the education of the little boy  
Who could reach heights no one can mark.

Invest well.  
Look ahead.

LEAVE YOUR MARK™



NUVEEN  
*Investments*

SEE YOUR ADVISER TO LEARN MORE ABOUT FAMILY WEALTH STRATEGIES.  
NUVEEN.COM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# The Atlantic connection

**ALIBRIS**  
[www.alibris.com](http://www.alibris.com)

**ALITALIA**  
[www.alitaliausa.com](http://www.alitaliausa.com)

**AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS  
ASSOCIATION—LOCAL LISTINGS**  
888-BOOKSENSE

**AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS**  
[www.facs.org](http://www.facs.org)

**AMERICAN EXPRESS  
FINANCIAL ADVISORS**  
800-GET-ADVICE

**AUSTRALIAN TOURIST COMMISSION**  
[www.australia.com](http://www.australia.com)

**BLUECROSS BLUESHIELD**  
[www.bluecares.com](http://www.bluecares.com)

**CHRYSLER**  
800-CHRYSLER

**DOMINI SOCIAL INVESTMENTS**  
800-225-FUND

**KD RIVER CRUISES**  
800-RIVER-KD

**MORGAN STANLEY DEAN WITTER  
FAMILY OF FUNDS**  
800-THE-DEAN

**NUVEEN**  
[nuveen.com](http://nuveen.com)

**PHOENIX WEALTH MANAGEMENT<sup>SM</sup>**  
800-753-1516

**QUOTESMITH.COM**  
[www.quotesmith.com](http://www.quotesmith.com)

**STATE FARM**  
[statefarm.com](http://statefarm.com)

**TIAA-CREF**  
[www.tiaa-cref.org](http://www.tiaa-cref.org)

**TOYOTA AND THE ENVIRONMENT**  
[www.toyota.com/ecologic](http://www.toyota.com/ecologic)

**TOYOTA MOTOR SALES USA**  
[www.toyota.com](http://www.toyota.com)

CALL THE TOLL-FREE  
NUMBERS AND VISIT THESE  
WEB SITES TODAY!  
[www.theatlantic.com/store](http://www.theatlantic.com/store)

ties employ a common graphic imagery (sunsets, fall foliage) and a common descriptive language: "A continuum of planned care." "Daily trash removal." "Occupational therapies designed to maintain independence [and] self esteem." "Pull cord emergency response system."

Of course, not only older people need a specialized support system. The young and the middle-aged, faced with the mounting chaos of cognitive input, have a variety of unmet needs. The service we offer is called Assisted Thinking. For a modest monthly fee clients receive the following:

*A continuum of planned care.* It is so easy to lose track of things. Did I read the newspaper today—or was that yesterday? Under the Basic Plan, participants receive a daily wake-up briefing on a selection of ongoing issues—for instance, the latest overnights on whether the universe now appears to be older or younger than we thought, whether new evidence from early hominids confirms or calls into question long-established theories, and which familiar foods and behaviors are now believed to be killing us quickly or adding years to our lives.

*Daily trash removal.* Ideas and facts are like household odds and ends. They accumulate. They gather dust. No wonder you can't think straight! Representatives of our staff will offer knowledgeable suggestions about what you can discard. The party-by-party makeup of Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu's cabinet. Throw it out! The number of Republicans in Congress who opposed impeachment. The names of the Spice Girls—yes, even the married one. It can all go! Some clients, we have found, still remember the Laffer Curve or *The Crash of '79*. One man was discovered carrying around the names Bill Krywicki, Dominic Principe, and Steve Kazlo—members of the 1937 Fordham backfield. Onto the trash heap they went, freeing up space for a new proof of the Taniyama-Shimura conjecture.

*Occupational therapies designed to maintain independence and self-esteem.* In this age of facile pundits and silver-tongued polymaths anyone can be forgiven for harboring feelings of vague inadequacy—feelings that may spiral into self-loathing. Our clients, imperceptibly yet continually massaged, never

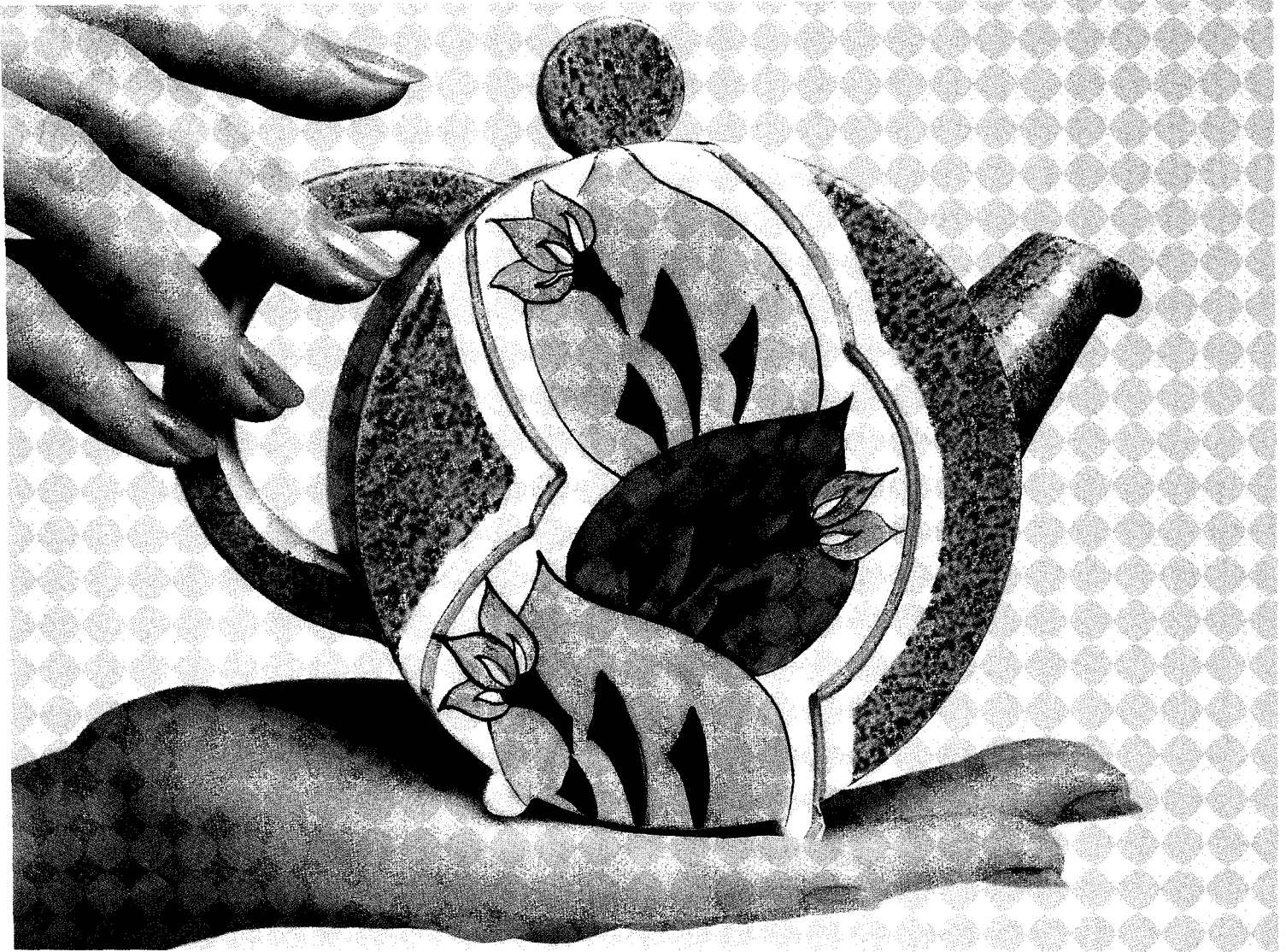
experience this problem. Few suspect a setup when that "new friend" at the bar replies to a comment with the words "Gosh, I never thought about it that way before." No one has objected to the "casual phone call" that begins with the words "Listen, I need your advice." The particulars of a client's therapy are, of course, never divulged to the beneficiary. (The monthly statement refers discreetly to "Misc. charges.")

*Pull cord emergency response system.* You are at an important social function, and you hear the words "So I guess the issue will be decided at the G-8 talks." All eyes turn to you, and someone says, "Well, do we prop up the ringgit or not?" This potentially awkward situation is easily finessed by Assisted Thinking clients. Your quiet electronic summons alerts a member of the roving rapid-response team—perhaps Daphne, in a gown by Galliano and with a doctorate from the London School of Economics—who shows up within seconds, hooks an arm around yours, and says, "Weren't you telling me just last night that the balance of trade shows a reassuring uptick?" Her elegant finger brushes an imaginary speck from your lapel as you confidently voice support for the efforts of the central bank.

With the successful launch of Assisted Thinking, the search for other ventures in lateral extension is under way. The most promising new possibilities, we believe, involve the "Covenant" model, derived from the idea of Covenant Marriage. Today a legal option in Louisiana—one being considered by many other states—Covenant Marriage is a form of marital bond in which a bride and groom, in order to show the strength of their commitment, agree in advance to erect formidable legal obstacles to their marriage's dissolution.

It is too early to say whether Covenant Marriage will bring a new sense of obligation to the state of matrimony, but surely the idea of enhanced commitment is applicable in a broader business arena. For instance, why not Covenant Restaurant Reservations? Why not Covenant Couch Delivery or Covenant Tax Preparation? Covenant Traffic Reports? Covenant Plumbing? Covenant Corn on the Cob? There is a bright future here, unless the Alibi Agency gets there first. ☞

# £450 or £4,500? Now one click tells you what you should be paying.



Taking tea with Clarice Cliff used to be simply a Portobello stall away. These days one of her tea pots is a far richer brew.

Now you can track it down, check its value, place a bid and it could be yours.

All on our site. To date we've gathered together over 300 top auction houses, antique dealers and art galleries online.

You can already choose from some 20,000 lots - that's millions of pounds worth of highly desirable objects.

You can search through our auction house catalogues for sales coming up anywhere around the globe.

And browse through our extensive archives and

reference guides to find out what you should be paying. Then you can bid online to your heart's content.

Reassuringly, you are buying the best products from the most reputable auction houses, dealers and galleries in the world.

That should create a warm glow inside.

**icollector**  
[www.icollector.com](http://www.icollector.com)

**Redefining the art of collecting.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





# Our First Telephone

*"Out here in the Alaskan  
bush we want it all: we want choice,  
we want privacy, and still we  
want to listen in."*

**W**E got our first phone in 1989. It cost \$5,000 and took a week to install. We had to do part of the work ourselves—erect a fifty-foot aluminum pole with four guy wires, each a hundred feet long, tied into pilings that we sank and cemented into holes as deep as we could dig. It was a lot of work for something I

**by Leslie Leyland Fields**

didn't want. One of the great boons of living out on an island in the Gulf of Alaska had been having no telephone to answer. My obligations in the town of Kodiak, our winter home, could be shed the minute I climbed into the bush plane to get to that island—where I go every summer to work in our family-owned

commercial fishing operation. My friends all knew that the only way to communicate with me from June to September was by mail—slow mail. Letters had to endure many layovers in many terminals—the last one the worst of all, because the post office was thirty minutes away by skiff, and we went only once a week. Thus I was spared having to invent excuses for belated replies. But in 1989, among the buildings that shelter our extended family of fifteen plus seven employees, the cabin where my husband and I live was singled out for the installation of this new (to the island) technology. The decision was logical, I grant. Our cabin sits on the open, south end of the island, with no overhead bluffs, no land masses to interfere with the radio waves, just a straight shot out in all directions. But here was the catch: since all costs and resources are shared among us, communally, this was not to be my pri-





**WORK AS IF  
YOU'RE ALL  
STANDING AROUND THE  
WATERCOOLER.  
EXCEPT THE  
PACIFIC OCEAN  
IS THE WATER.**

Being able to collaborate with your partners, suppliers, employees and customers over the Web is what distinguishes e-business from e-commerce. The same goes for enabling your employees and customers to help themselves with online self-service applications. It's all how super.human.software helps e-business people work together. To learn more, visit [www.lotus.com/superhumansoftware](http://www.lotus.com/superhumansoftware)

**SUPER.HUMAN.SOFTWARE**

**Lotus®**

*An IBM Company*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



vate phone. I was to be the message taker and phone slave for twenty-two people, all with relationships, some with creditors, lovesick girlfriends, or worried mothers. I did not want this role.

**W**E were considerably behind other fishing camps in the bay in getting a phone. Our neighbors a mile across the water had had one for four years already. In fact, we often motored over in our skiffs to use it, though always sheepishly. When we couldn't face them yet again, we would make a run to Larsen Bay, where a phone was available—but not easily so—in the community center. Until 1983, when private phones were installed for the first time, the entire village of 120, like other villages in remote Alaska, had a single phone. It was a satellite phone—with the characteristic delays and tinny echoes that signaled a call from very far away. In the summer, when the village was full of fishermen and cannery workers, the phone was always attended by a queue at least ten people long, and each person was limited to five minutes. I felt sorriest for the year-round residents, who had to endure the summer takeover and line up with everyone else. We overheard a lot of news as we stood in that line, and some family secrets, and mostly learned to use verbal shorthand when our turn came.

For those early summers that was the communications drill: drive the skiff to Larsen Bay (if not to the neighbors'), weather permitting; walk half a mile to the community center; and stand in line for fifty minutes to get five. We were all grateful for that one phone, though, especially those of us who remembered the pre-satellite days, before 1980, when the only link between the village and the outside world was a single side-band radio.

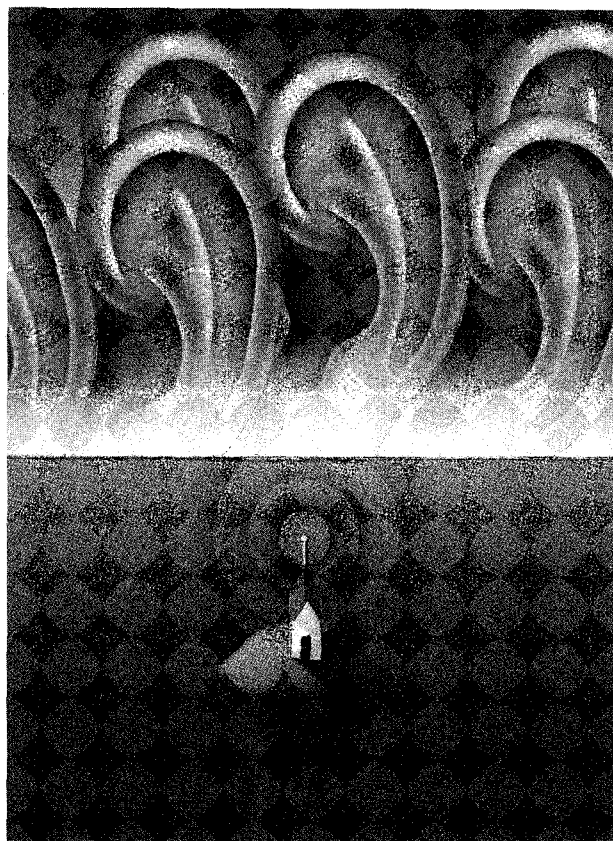
In the eleven years since its installation, our telephone has fully lived up to my expectations. Although our number is listed in the phone book and has seven digits, just like everyone else's, I describe it as a radio for the sake of the uninitiated, who without this important qualifier

would expect conversation as usual. Calling it by its technical name, a half-duplex radiophone, would do little to describe its features and flaws. The body is a small black box the size of a videocassette, with a cord and a mouthpiece like those of a CB or any other hand-held radio. The numbers are not on the body but on the mouthpiece, which also serves

receiver's, are broadcast into the room. And as of eight years ago, when the other cabins finally wanted in on these airwaves, the caller, usually unknowingly, has spoken to three entire households. This is most unfortunate when lovesick crewmen take to the airwaves. So in love are they, however, that even if they know their impassioned messages are bleating into three living rooms, they alter their conversation in neither content nor length.

**I** RECEIVED my first "phone call" from the island in 1976. I was in New Hampshire, finishing a summer of waitressing, while Duncan, then my fiancé, was at the tail end of the commercial fishing season in Alaska. I was to come for a visit, but some travel arrangements had yet to be made. We had been writing frantically to each other, my letters scribbled on restaurant place-mats and napkins, but we hadn't spoken for two months. When my mother told me that Duncan seemed to be on the phone, I ran, breathless, and found a snarl of static in the receiver. From its center came Duncan's voice, pitched to nearly a shout. I felt warm and gushy at first, and I spoke accordingly, but in return I got only businesslike instruc-

tions and lots of what I considered CB talk: "Over." "Do you read?" "Negative." "Affirmative." "Roger." Between transmissions came long beeps and blurts that effectively demolished any repartee or spontaneity. I chalked up Duncan's tone and manner, so at odds with the contents of his letters, to the 3,000 miles between us, and copied down his instructions. Just as we were ending this strange conversation, a woman's nasal voice interrupted: "This is the Kodiak marine operator signing off." She had been there all along. "Bye, Duncan!" I fairly yelled. "I love you, and it will be so good to see you!" "I love you too," he answered, with not a hint of emotion, and the line went dead. I learned when I reached the island that he had called the marine operator from a side-band radio, and she had patched the call through the phone lines. I also



*Duncan still operates  
the island's telephone  
as though it were a  
radio. He answers  
with a terse "This is  
Harvester Island."*

as earpiece and receiver. Using it is indeed like radio communication: you "key the mike," pressing a button to speak and then releasing it when finished. Only one person can speak at a time. Both voices, the caller's and the

learned that the entire conversation had been broadcast on every radio in the area. I was miffed—not that it had been public and no one had clued me in to this but that Duncan, an engaged man who would be permitted certain indulgences, had felt so constrained.

**D**UNCAN still operates the island phone as though it were a radio. Rather than answer with a cordial “Hello, Fields residence,” as he does in town, he answers with a terse “This is Harvester Island.” That is not mere eccentricity. Here, where you live *is* who you are. On the VHF radio we call one another not by name but by distinguishing landmark: Prominent Mound, Little River Rock, Rocky Beach, Chief Cove, Hook Point. Everyone in the bay knows that “Hook Point” is Mark and Jeanne Larsen and their children, and that “Rocky Beach” is the Haugheys. “Rocky Beach is going to host the Fourth of July picnic this year,” we might say. But an outsider doesn’t expect to be answered by an island. I cannot seem to impress this on Duncan, who persists in answering his

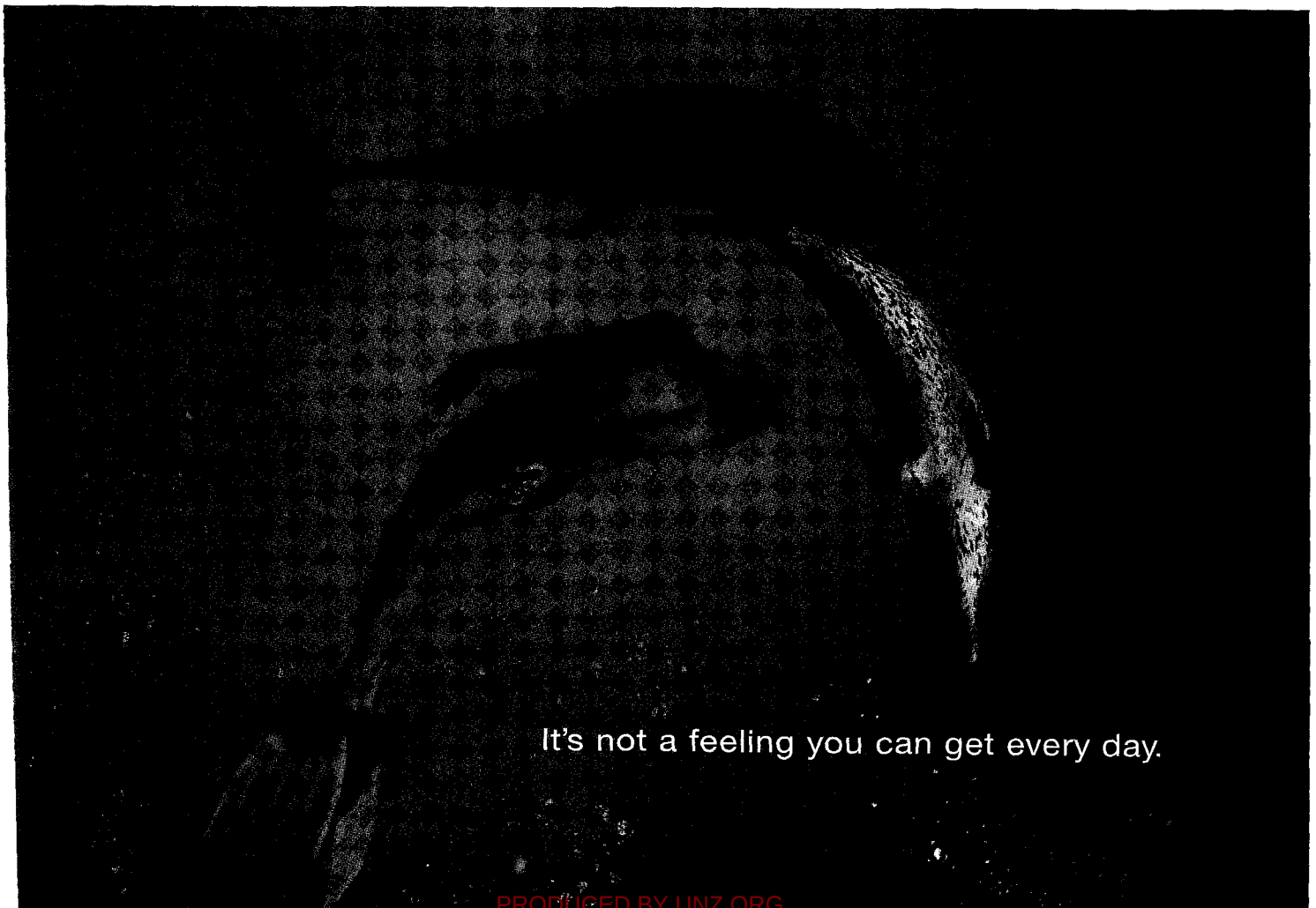
way—in pitching his voice at a penetrating shout, and in saying “Roger” and “Negative” and “Over.”

All this may simply be a matter of adjustment, but darker forces are at work as well. The phone lacks any sense of timing and occasionally seems to harbor malicious intent. No matter how accurately I dial, it will occasionally call other numbers at random. When trying to reach my sister in New Hampshire I rang up a pet store in California. When calling a bookstore in Anchorage I got a women’s resource center somewhere in Washington. Worse, the phone may simply cease operating, shutting down in mid-syllable, especially when someone is giving precise directions or important deadlines. But no click or any other sound signals the disconnection. The person at the other end merrily chats along until she eventually realizes that there has been no returning beep to signal a successful transmission. Sometimes I can still hear her when she can no longer hear me.

Most hobbling to real communication is the delay in transmission. If you tell something you hope is humorous or

dramatic, you tell it all at once. You never separate a joke from its punch line or a story from its denouement. You cast it out whole into the void of space, and then wait the full three seconds for the response. In the best of circumstances, timing is hopelessly out of joint. Only Morse code, not spoken English, is equipped to deal with such pauses and interruptions. Our radiophone, then, like the early telegraph wires, is not for relationships or entertainment but for information only.

**I**DIDN’T want a phone in 1989 because I already had a radio, with all its attendant blessings and curses. Voices from the VHF and the CB filled my house, most of them voices I didn’t want to hear, many of them the voices of people I didn’t know: A skipper on a fishing boat yelling to his skiffman, “Get away from the rocks!” Or a floatplane calling a fishing camp to ask for the best place to land. For five years running our radio picked up a trucker somewhere in the Deep South who was using a booster—an amplifying unit so powerful that it was



It's not a feeling you can get every day.



illegal. This racket was most obnoxious on net-mending days, when we put the radio on an outside speaker so that we wouldn't miss any calls while we worked on the beach. Then the Mississippi-trucker glossolalia, impenetrable except for the occasional "Ten-four," harassed us with an unsettling clash of cultures. He clearly was talking on the radio just to talk. The content of his utterances was not the point. For us, thousands of miles away, the radio was only for content—terse bits of information. To be helplessly bathed in this verbal overflow, this abuse of the airwaves on which we were so dependent, irritated us all. When we hit our threshold, the radio went off, and no one in the world could reach us no matter how they tried.

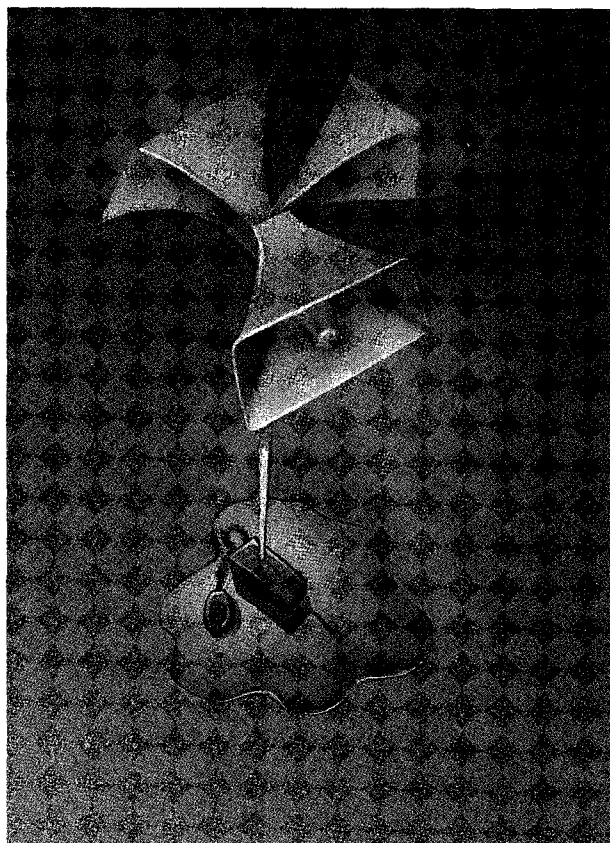
When a call comes for me, I feel a certain drama, and a sense of being part of a community, but when I'm on the radiophone, I'm aware that my voice is breaking someone else's silence—filling other people's rooms whether they like it or not. Paradoxically, we live in privacy and isolation, go days and weeks without seeing anyone outside our camp, and yet our every conversation through the airwaves is communal. Because of our seclusion I get my news weeks late and I miss every summer Olympics, and yet I know that Jeanne, across the bay, has recommended St. John's wort to Michelle, who lives another bay away.

**W**HAT bush dwellers ask from the communications revolution is not just working phone lines but also privacy. Radios, of course, are public by nature. Our VHF's have enough crystals in them to receive and broadcast from about a hundred channels—a grossly excessive number, I thought at first. But I soon saw how small the airwaves could be. One boat captain unofficially claims one channel as his, we claim one as ours, the rest of the bay stands by on channel 69, the Coast Guard has channel 16, and so it goes. Even with nearly a hundred choices it is hard to find a quiet, obscure spot to chat with a friend.

And it is nearly impossible to get there unnoticed.

It works like this. You call your friend on the area's main channel: "Bird Rock, this is Harvester Island." Wait for response. Nothing. Try again. "Bird Rock? Harvester. You got it on there, Sandy?"

The radio crackles, and then you hear "Yeah, Harvester Island, this is Bird Rock.



*We have managed  
to derail technological  
inevitability of any  
sort out here. Sometimes I carry my laptop  
to the outhouse.*

How you doing, Leslie?"

"Great. Wanna go to seventy-one?"

"Roger."

Pause. We both turn our dials.

"You there?"

"Yeah, got you solid. How's it going?"

And then we talk. But neither of us is deluded into thinking that we are alone. Anywhere within earshot bored people—maybe twelve, maybe three, or on a sunny day maybe just one—heard us give our address and jumped up to switch their radios to the same place. If Sandy is someone I talk with regularly, we will have established our own channel, referred to obliquely as "the other one." Then the conversation goes like this:

"Bird Rock back to the call."

"Yeah, Sandy. This is Harvester Island. Wanna go to the other one?"

"Roger."

But even when we prearrange a "secret" channel, we can never get there alone. Every radio comes equipped with a scanner that can halt at and lock onto even the faintest throat clearing. My secret channel is probably scanned like all the rest. Every time I call on the radio or the phone, which can also be picked up by scanners, I know I may be Comedy Central or *Days of Our Lives* to some rapt, unseen audience. I have been on fishing boats where, untethered from the voices and the melodramas of TV and talk radio, the crew tunes in to local theater instead. Knowing this, I have developed a little test to

monitor my conversation's borders. When talking on either apparatus, if I suddenly envision a gaggle of fishermen around a galley table snorting at my revelation or, worse, nodding their heads and saying "That's not surprising—I could see that about her in a second!" then I know I have said too much. The larger the imagined audience, the greater the perceived bloodspill. My chagrin is only momentary, however. Though I hope for privacy on the phone, I don't really expect privacy on a radio. Nor does anyone else. We all set up boundaries between the personal and the public; we can all speak "radio," using voices distinct in timbre, rhythm, and inflection from our face-to-face voices and even our phone voices. "Radio" levels the peaks and valleys of our true voices, just as it razes the emotional topography of our lives, settling us on a vocal pla-

teau of monotony and, often, predictability. There is a certain comfort in the pattern and the pattern, but always the frustration that the boundaries of the superficial must range so far.

Some fishermen I know recently bought radios with an encyclopedic 2,000 channels from which to choose. They are using them illegally, but surely, they hope, confidentiality will be possible now. But they tell me that the same technology has also produced a scanner that can shop all 2,000 channels and stop on a cough. This means that someone smart out in communications-marketing land has listened closely—and he is right. Out here in the Alaskan bush we want it all: we want choice, we want privacy, and still we want to listen in.

**M**Y neighbor eight miles down the beach now can send and receive faxes. He lives in a cabin that sits on pilings in the middle of an eroding bank that in a decade or two will slide into the Shelikof Strait. It's a desolate place to live and fish, with frequent winds and a hard surf and few if any visitors. Now

among those sounds will come the shrill, distinctive ring of a fax transmission.

I am still unreachable by fax, and beyond the omnipresence of e-mail and the Internet—neither form of communication is possible for me given our phone system. Nor do I have a television. This is one place where the world's lines of communication don't intersect; I'm left loose, like some kind of free radical, ping-pong around in my own small space. How provincial, how unfashionably territorial, how regressive, I think, smiling.

All this may soon change, but not inevitably. We have managed to derail inevitability of any sort out here, particularly when it comes to technology and received notions of progress. Sometimes I carry my laptop to the outhouse. But we will not nurse our anachronisms forever. Some will. Some literate people out here in the wilderness will continue to choose a life without phones and all that technology brings. I understand this.

For the past several years rumors have abounded about a new satellite system to be installed on strategic mountaintops across the interior of Kodiak Island.

We would be able to dial direct to the satellite and link immediately to any place in the world, retaining the capability of expressing spontaneous affection and—a punch line. But I have heard, too, that such a system would cost a million dollars to install and could never be cost effective. I am relieved, in a way. I'm not sure I want to exorcise the demons that guard my airwaves.

I remember eleven years back to that first month with our new phone. An oily loan officer, dialing random numbers, was trying to sell me a home-improvement package; the blurts and beeps unnerved him so thoroughly that he lapsed into real human speech. Then the anesthetic Muzak spun out like silk from the loan officer's Cincinnati office and emerged in the open air of our cabin in lurches and static so distorted and jarring that I couldn't identify the sounds at first. When I did, I laughed. Clean air, 3,000 miles, an island of mountains, and our own fragile brand of technology had translated the manipulative message with perfect clarity, and it was all right to have a phone. ☎



The Ultimate Driving Machine®

The New X5



Or is it?

For the full X5 story, visit us online at [www.bmwusa.com](http://www.bmwusa.com). X5 is a registered trademark of BMW Group of North America, LLC. © 2004 BMW Group of North America, LLC.

[bmwusa.com](http://bmwusa.com)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





## Regulation by Shaming

*Forcing companies to disclose health and safety information can improve customer choices and industry practices—but it can also distort perceptions of what should be changed*

**T**HE federal government phased out the use of lead in gasoline and household paint twenty years ago, but it is still present in many products. Makers of china, water faucets, and calcium supplements have recently gone to great lengths to reduce the amount of lead they use. What is remarkable is that these efforts are not the usual attempts to avoid stiff penalties associated with new

by **Mary Graham**

federal rules. Instead they are a response to a California law that requires companies to provide information to the public about practices that remain perfectly legal. Corporations all over the country are feeling the effects of an increasingly powerful but unheralded government policy tool: mandatory disclosure.

In 1986 California voters approved by a margin of two to one a ballot initiative

that required companies to give “clear and reasonable warning” whenever they exposed people to cancer-causing chemicals or substances toxic to the reproductive system in amounts above levels set by the state. The law, known as Proposition 65, prompted few such warnings. But it did inspire a flurry of efforts by nationally known companies—faced with public humiliation if accused of failing to warn consumers—to reduce the public’s exposure to lead and other toxins. Ten china companies agreed to cut the amount of lead in their glazes by half. Fourteen major plumbing-supply manufacturers agreed to produce brass faucets that were virtually lead-free. Ten producers of calcium supplements agreed to reduce the amount of lead in their tablets to almost nothing. Pet, Inc., a major food processor, sped up its elimination of lead solder from cans of Old El Paso chili gravy and Progresso tomatoes.

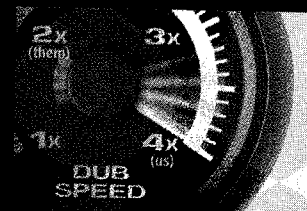
Other large companies also made rapid changes. Gillette removed a carcinogen, trichloroethylene, from Liquid Paper. Suppliers to Sears, Roebuck reformulated car wax and carburetor cleaner. Dow Chemical took a carcinogen out of its K2r spot remover. Kiwi Brands, a division of Sara Lee, reformulated a waterproofing spray for shoes to remove another carcinogen.

It is not that the companies accepted the idea that their products posed risks to consumers. On the contrary, they argued that the California law in many cases unfairly emphasized risks that were negligible. They found support in W. Kip Viscusi, a professor at Harvard Law School, who studied the law closely and concluded that it probably did more harm than good, by giving people a false impression of the real risks. But the companies changed their products anyway. And because California amounts to 15 percent of the national market for many goods, they often changed them nationwide. Why did the companies make expensive—and, they believed, unnecessary—changes? They were bowing to a newly potent political force: regulation by shaming.

With both Democrats and Republicans calling for greater “transparency” in business and government and complaining that national standards are often costly and ineffective, mandatory disclosure is being seized on as one way of addressing



# FROM BOSTON TO ASIA TO KANSAS AND BACH IN 74 MINUTES.



## Make custom CDs.

Introducing the CDR 2 from Harman Kardon. Now, you can create CDs of just those songs you want to hear. Fast.

## The world's fastest dubs.

The CDR 2 handles CD-R (CD-Recordable) and CD-RW (CD-Rewritable) recording at 4x dub speed — twice as fast as any other CD audio recorder.

## From old and new formats.

It makes CDs from other CDs, cassettes, LPs and other sources.

## Legendary sound.

With audiophile-grade DACs (digital-to-analog converters), the CDR 2 delivers the unparalleled sound you've come to expect from Harman Kardon, audio's greatest innovator in the last 40 years. For more information, call 1-800-422-8027 or visit [www.harmankardon.com](http://www.harmankardon.com).



The CDR 2 dubs twice as fast as any other CD audio recorder.

CDR 2



Power for the digital revolution.™

Harman Kardon, Kardon, and Harman Kardon are trademarks of Harman International Company. Power for the digital revolution is a trademark of Harman Kardon, Inc. ©2000 Harman Kardon, Inc.

**harman/kardon®**

**H** A Harman International Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



social problems ranging from persistent pollution to medical errors. "Informational approaches are a lot less expensive than traditional regulation," Cass Sunstein, a law professor at the University of Chicago, says. "They strengthen political processes by informing citizens, and market processes by informing consumers."

Some familiar kinds of disclosure requirements create economic incentives for companies to improve their practices: nutritional labeling, for instance, aims to influence which processed foods customers buy, and on-time ranking of airlines is designed to aid travelers in making informed choices. Other requirements amount to a kind of corporate shaming. Manufacturers listed among the worst polluters or accused of running sweatshops may change their ways out of fear of customer boycotts, increased regulation, or community hostility. The company's reputation, hard to build and easy to destroy, is at stake.

Some of the nation's largest businesses are fighting back against these new tactics. Last year a coalition of chemical, oil, forest-products, and automobile companies successfully lobbied Congress to direct the Environmental Protection Agency to put various procedural hurdles in the way of information disclosure. Chemical companies invoked risks of terrorism to gain passage of a law that makes it a criminal offense for government officials to reveal information about the potential impact of accidents on surrounding communities. At least fourteen states have enacted laws to protect food-processing companies from public criticism that is not supported by scientific evidence. One such law briefly ensnared Oprah Winfrey, when Texas cattlemen sued her for saying on television that a description of mad-cow disease "stopped me cold from eating another burger." (The suit was unsuccessful.)

UNTIL recently most disclosure was fragmentary. Even after the passage of the Freedom of Information Act of 1974 the wealth of company information held by the government had to be requested piece by piece; foreknowledge of its location and substance was usually necessary. Nonetheless, enterprising activists, prosecutors, and journalists proved that corporations could be shamed into changing their ways. Cesar Chavez publicized the working conditions of grape pickers in California's San Joaquin Valley, sparking a five-year boycott by 17 million people

that eventually resulted in a union contract for the workers. When television reports in 1989 revealed that many apples were sprayed with Alar, a growth regulator that contained small amounts of a carcinogen, apple sales collapsed overnight and the manufacturer withdrew Alar from the market. (It was later agreed that the risk of cancer from Alar-sprayed apples was minimal.) Environmental groups protested that tuna-fishing practices killed dolphins, setting off a two-year tuna boycott that led processors to promise that they would buy only "dolphin-safe" tuna, a label that tuna cans still carry. The government reinforced the campaign with the Dolphin Protection Consumer Information Act of 1990, which set labeling criteria and provided penalties for false information on labels.

The nation's first electronic disclosure requirement was born almost by accident in 1986, when Congress tacked onto a Superfund re-authorization bill the requirement that manufacturing companies report annual release levels of toxic chemicals, facility by facility and chemical by chemical. It is now credited with enormous success—reducing releases of chemicals subject to the law by more than 40 percent. The provision was part of a response to the release of methyl isocyanate at a Union Carbide pesticide-manufacturing plant in Bhopal, India, in 1984, which left more than 2,000 people dead and 100,000 injured. To most people the Toxics Release Inventory (TRI) looked like just another reporting requirement. But buried in the law was a stipulation that information about toxic emissions also had to be made available to the public and distributed "by computer telecommunications."

The day it became clear that disclosure was a powerful regulatory tool was June 30, 1988, when Richard J. Mahoney, then the head of Monsanto, made a dramatic announcement on the eve of the first TRI reporting deadline. Mahoney said bluntly that he had been astounded by the magnitude of Monsanto's annual release of 374 million pounds of toxins. He vowed to cut the release of air emissions by 90 percent worldwide by the end of 1992—news to the engineers at the company's thirty-five plants. A year later, when the EPA announced first-year results for all companies, *USA Today* ran a special report naming the worst polluters, and the National Wildlife Federation published a book titled *The Toxic 500*. Such companies as Du Pont and 3M vowed to re-

duce toxic pollution. Corporate shaming had produced results.

Now dozens of disclosure requirements have been enacted, and with Congress deadlocked on most social-policy issues and new regulatory measures stalled by political obstacles, many more requirements are on the way. Requirements are being used for national initiatives ranging from stopping discrimination to improving airline service.

Last October 55,000 local water authorities began reporting to their customers on contaminants in their drinking water, and the largest systems posted their reports on the Internet, as required by the Safe Drinking Water Act of 1996.

To deter discrimination, the Home Mortgage Disclosure Act requires banks, savings and loans, and credit unions with assets of more than \$30 million to disclose the geographic distribution of their mortgage and home-improvement loans and the race, gender, and income of applicants.

Long-standing national laws require car manufacturers to inform the public of how well each of their models has performed in standardized crash tests and how many miles per gallon each model gets. Auto-safety regulators are working on new disclosure requirements that will allow car buyers to determine the relative effectiveness of all cars' lights and brakes and the likelihood of rollovers.

In the wake of revelations, in the mid-1990s, that major fashion houses were buying merchandise from sweatshops in the United States and abroad, the U.S. Department of Labor urged retailers to disclose supplier information, established a "trendsetter list" showcasing companies with high standards, and proposed the adoption of a "no sweat" label.

Congress requires airlines to release on-time records and baggage-handling reports (which the Department of Transportation uses to rank the airlines) and safety information. Soon Congress may add disclosure of ticket-pricing practices and reasons for flight delays or cancellations as part of a proposed "passenger bill of rights" that has won broad bipartisan support.

Momentum for national disclosure of serious medical mistakes has been growing rapidly since the Institute of Medicine, part of the National Academy of Sciences, reported last November that 44,000 to 98,000 people die each year as a result of medical errors. Several states

require hospitals to disclose mistakes that result in death or serious injury. For example, New York recently revamped its reporting system to release such information on the Internet when the state takes action against a hospital. General Motors, General Electric, and six other large employers have said that they will steer employees toward those hospitals that make the fewest mistakes.

Jenny Craig and Weight Watchers recently agreed to disclose information about the risks associated with their regimens, as part of a Federal Trade Commission effort to make diet programs safer.

A ten-year battle over the meaning of "organic" as applied to fruits and vegetables may end this year, with agreement on the first national labeling criteria for informing shoppers about the conditions under which crops are raised. A 1997 Department of Agriculture proposal that the term "organic" include irradiated and genetically altered crops was withdrawn after it triggered 275,000 letters of protest.

Following the rapid and relatively uneventful introduction of genetically engineered crops into the United States in the past five years (half of all soybeans and one third of all corn now grown in the United States have been genetically altered), pressure is mounting to label such foods and products containing them. The European Union approved a similar labeling provision in 1997.

**L**IKE other kinds of regulation, disclosure requirements can miss the mark. Consider the example of the Toxics Release Inventory, one of the oldest and most successful requirements. Its success is more limited than one might think.

*Industry can outsmart the regulators.* Companies that use toxic chemicals have found many ways to avoid public humiliation. Initially nearly a third simply failed to report—often owing to confusion about the law's requirements, according to a 1991 General Accounting Office report. And as many as half of the claimed reductions in toxic waste in the reports that were filed from 1991 to 1994 were really only paper changes—for example, according to a telephone survey of eighty facilities by Hampshire Research Associates, redefining on-site recycling, which must be reported, as "in-process recovery," which need not be. Also, companies frequently substitute "off-list" chemicals for listed ones. Whether this is a net gain for



PARIS HAS THE EIFFEL TOWER.

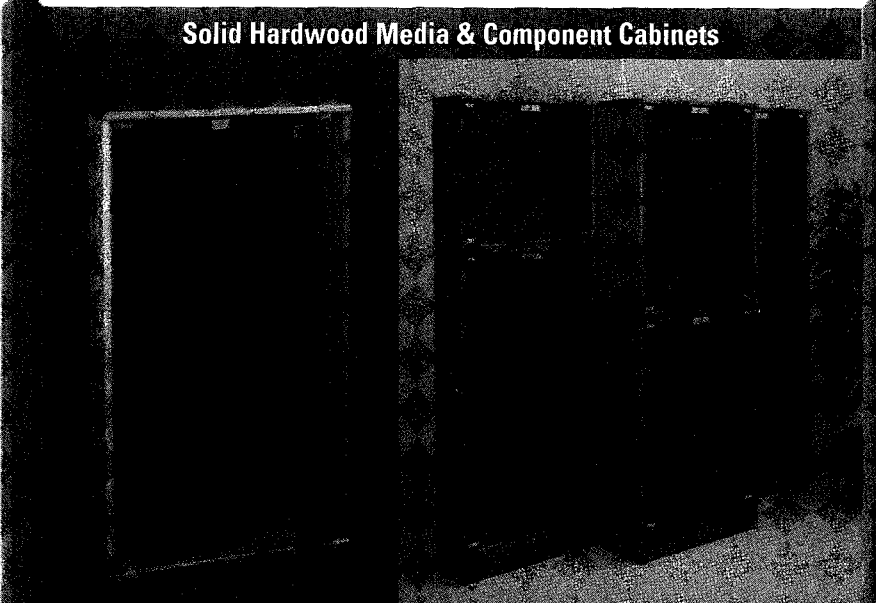
GREECE HAS THE PARTHENON.

*We have this.*

PUT YOURSELF IN MONTANA

FREE VACATION PLANNING  
KIT. CALL 800-VISIT-MT  
(847-4868), EXT. 011

[HTTP://VISITMT.COM](http://VISITMT.COM)  
ICEBERG LAKE,  
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK



**Solid Hardwood Media & Component Cabinets**

Provides Unlimited Storage For CDs, DVDs, Video  
Tapes, LPs, LaserDiscs, Cassettes & A/V Components.

*Doesn't Your Collection Deserve The Best? Find out just how  
affordable top quality is. Request Info Kit 5 & Get All The Facts...*

**Call: 800-895-5241 Fax: 215-258-1241**

**SORICE** PO BOX 301-45, Perkasio, PA 18944  
info@sorice.com (e-mail) <http://www.sorice.com> (website)



## Create An Outdoor Room In Seconds!



### With The SunSetter Retractable Awning!

Tired of having your outdoor enjoyment ruined by unpredictable weather?

**At last there is a solution!**

It's the incredible SunSetter Retractable Awning! An easy-to-use...& affordable way to outsmart the weather and start enjoying your deck or patio more...*rain or shine!*

**It's like adding an outdoor room!**

Giving you instant protection from glaring sun...or sudden showers! Opening & closing effortlessly in *less than 30 seconds!* So, stop struggling with the weather... Call for your **FREE SunSetter Catalog & Video...TODAY!**

**FREE Catalog & Video!**

Call Toll Free:

**1-800-876-8060** Ext.6523



**SunSetter®**

184 Charles Street • Dept 6523 • Malden • MA 02148

**NEW! Motorized Version Now Available!**

**LOW  
Factory  
Direct  
Prices!**

**Opens & Closes  
In Just Seconds!**



*Opens effortlessly...  
in seconds!*



*Choose full sun, partial shade or total protection!*

public health is anyone's guess: such substitutions are not reported, and more than 90 percent of the chemicals most commonly used in the United States have yet to be fully tested for toxicity.

*Selective publicity can create a selective view of reality.* What Congress leaves out of disclosure requirements matters. In the case of toxic chemicals, Congress left out most of the problem. The TRI requires disclosure of some of the toxins used by large manufacturers. This spring the electrical-power industry, the mining industry, and several others will for the first time report on their toxic emissions, by chemical and by facility. But the sources of most airborne toxic pollution in the United States are cars, trucks, and buses (41 percent) and small businesses (35 percent). Also missing from the TRI is information on levels of human exposure and on chemical toxicity, making it impossible to calculate risks.

*Information without reliable interpretation is of little use.* Like much of the information the government releases, TRI results are hard for non-experts to understand. Long lists of numbers and abstruse narrative descriptions are not helpful to people who are trying to assess the immediate risks of living near a chemical company or a power plant. Yet the EPA releases raw data with little interpretation.

Current industry lobbying should not compromise the public's access to information held by the government. But new requirements that use disclosure as a means of regulation should pass four tests. First, is disclosure the right regulatory tool for the job at hand? If the threat to health is serious enough, banning the product may be warranted. Assuring a reasonable level of safety may call for national standards. Reducing risks when information is plentiful may require the use of taxes or other economic incentives.

Second, is disclosure cost-effective? Costs can be substantial. The public pays for processing, verifying, and communicating information; corporations pay for collecting new data, redesigning products, and changing processes. Disclosure should give the public more bang for the buck than spending the same amount of money to improve health, safety, and the environment in other ways.

Third, will disclosure be accurate, timely, and complete enough to give a true picture? Information requirements can be expensive, ineffective, or counterproduc-

tive. And legitimate concerns about corporate confidentiality, personal privacy, and national security may limit the information that can be made available to the public. So may political maneuvering.

Fourth, is the disclosure accompanied by guidance to help people evaluate risks? Kip Viscusi, at the Harvard Law School, suggests developing a uniform risk vocabulary that clarifies the degree of danger. Supreme Court Justice Stephen Breyer has gone further, in his book *Breaking the Vicious Circle* (1993), proposing the creation of a corps of civil servants, insulated from politics and powerful enough to set national priorities for addressing risks. He envisions a group with broad experience, able to build common assumptions, track advancing science, and address emerging problems.

The Internet can help. Computer users can easily see the order of magnitude of each problem and the degree of uncertainty in each set of data. The Environmental Defense Fund's Scorecard Web site ([www.scorecard.org](http://www.scorecard.org)) provides one view of the future. It combines most federal information on environmental conditions. Users can slice and dice data forty different ways, to explore the relative importance of environmental problems, their local context (the site can be searched by ZIP code), the presence and health effects of specific toxic chemicals or other pollutants, and the degree of data uncertainty. They can customize a fax to send to a company of their choice or tailor e-mail to a congressman. The site, which has received high marks for credibility, is less than two years old and cost \$1.5 million to create.

The Institute of Medicine's current proposal for reporting medical mistakes provides an excellent example of a carefully constructed disclosure requirement. Mistakes that result in death or serious injury must be disclosed, but near misses and minor errors are to be reported confidentially, to encourage internal discussion of how to remedy problems before they cause serious harm. Resources for follow-up are built into the system.

Mandatory disclosure has now taken its rightful place beside the power to tax and the power to frame national standards as a means of carrying out public priorities. But disclosure is no panacea. It can be costly or ineffective. Requirements should be approached with care. They are just as difficult to craft—and enforce—as any other government mandate. ☼

***You'll find the lowest term life rates  
in America at Quotesmith.com or we'll  
overnight you \$500. More pleasant surprises  
now include instant automobile, motorcycle,  
family medical, group medical, Medicare  
supplement and dental insurance quotes  
from over 300 insurance companies!***

**\$250,000 Term Life Sampler**  
**Guaranteed Annual Premiums/Guaranteed Level Term Period**

***Female Premiums***

| Age | 10<br>YEAR | 15<br>YEAR | 20<br>YEAR | 25<br>YEAR | 30<br>YEAR |
|-----|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| 35  | \$ 103     | \$ 138     | \$ 163     | \$ 200     | \$ 225     |
| 40  | \$ 133     | \$ 175     | \$ 203     | \$ 253     | \$ 290     |
| 45  | \$ 190     | \$ 238     | \$ 283     | \$ 348     | \$ 405     |
| 50  | \$ 255     | \$ 308     | \$ 388     | \$ 495     | \$ 643     |
| 55  | \$ 360     | \$ 418     | \$ 585     | \$ 1,280   | \$ 2,618   |
| 60  | \$ 503     | \$ 608     | \$ 880     | \$ 5,923   | \$ 5,923   |
| 65  | \$ 818     | \$ 983     | \$ 1,320   | \$ 7,858   | \$ 7,858   |
| 70  | \$1,363    | \$1,833    | \$ 3,820   | \$10,003   | \$10,003   |
| 75  | \$2,613    | \$ 5,158   | \$10,440   | \$14,613   | \$14,613   |

***Male Premiums***

| Age | 10<br>YEAR | 15<br>YEAR | 20<br>YEAR | 25<br>YEAR | 30<br>YEAR |
|-----|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| 35  | \$ 115     | \$ 143     | \$ 183     | \$ 243     | \$ 290     |
| 40  | \$ 145     | \$ 193     | \$ 253     | \$ 340     | \$ 365     |
| 45  | \$ 210     | \$ 305     | \$ 385     | \$ 480     | \$ 575     |
| 50  | \$ 330     | \$ 495     | \$ 580     | \$ 730     | \$ 1,193   |
| 55  | \$ 500     | \$ 695     | \$ 825     | \$ 1,910   | \$ 3,333   |
| 60  | \$ 783     | \$1,110    | \$1,265    | \$ 7,980   | \$ 7,980   |
| 65  | \$1,330    | \$ 1,790   | \$ 2,295   | \$10,105   | \$10,105   |
| 70  | \$2,473    | \$ 3,175   | \$ 6,970   | \$13,335   | \$13,335   |
| 75  | \$4,105    | \$ 9,293   | \$13,260   | \$20,488   | \$20,488   |

**"Quotesmith provides a list of all insurance companies & plans that match specific needs. The first to make available this new custom-search service."** - *Nation's Business*

**"Get quotes on the spot. New source for best buys in insurance. One way to get to know the market."** - *Kiplinger's Personal Finance*

**"...provides rock-bottom quotes for life insurance."** - *Forbes*

**"A godsend for those who are shopping around for the best deal in insurance."** - *Independent Business*

**"Quotesmith offers particularly thorough searches."**  
- *Los Angeles Times*

**"We found the best deals at Quotesmith..."**  
- *Money*

**"The... solution has value for those who prize immediacy and privacy."** - *U.S. News & World Report*

**Quotesmith.com is the only place on earth where you can get instant insurance quotes from over 300 top-rated companies.**

Search the marketplace in seconds. Every quote is guaranteed accurate. Take control of your insurance purchase decisions. View the latest claims-paying ability ratings from A.M. Best, Duff & Phelps, Moody's, Standard & Poor's and Weiss Ratings, Inc. on every term life quote. Buy from the company of your choice when you want and on your terms. Use the Quotesmith.com high speed insurance price comparison service before you buy or renew any insurance policy.



**Quotesmith.com**

AD CODE: TAM 04/00

Final premiums and coverage availability will vary depending upon age, sex, state availability, hazardous activities, personal and family health history. The non-tobacco use premiums shown above may include: Banner Life Ins. Co., Rockville, MD, form RT-97; Central States Health & Life Co. of Omaha, Omaha, NE, form L10; First Colony Life Ins. Co., Lynchburg, VA, forms One-20 and 1410-GP; First Penn-Pacific Life, Hoffman Estates, IL, forms BT-1000AA (6/95) and BT-1101AA-20 (7/96); Jackson National Life Ins. Co., Lansing, MI, form L1665; John Hancock Variable Life, Boston, MA, form 98TLIFE; North American Co. for Life & Health Ins., Chicago, IL, form LS108A; Ohio National Life Assurance Corporation, Cincinnati, OH, form 92-TR-1; PHL Variable Insurance Company, Hartford, CT, form T604; Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada (US), Wellesley Hills, MA, form SPL-1996-0; United of Omaha Life Ins. Co., Omaha, NE, form 6548L-0799. Premium rates shown above are not applicable to residents of FL, NJ & NY. \$500 guarantee is subject to the terms and conditions detailed at www.quotesmith.com. Policy forms vary by state. California and Utah dba Quotesmith.com Insurance Services, Inc.: CA #0827712, #OA13858; UT #90093. Some premiums shown are graded premium life policies and/or term-like universal life policies. Term life premium rates always escalate after initial rate guarantee period. Quotesmith.com, Inc. is not a licensed agent or broker for all companies shown at www.quotesmith.com. All rates shown subject to change or withdrawal without notice.

**PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG**  
**ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED**





## Around the Big Bend

*The magnificently solitary landscape of West Texas is studded with surprises*

**E**L *despoblado*—"the uninhabited land"—is what the Spanish called the Big Bend region of Texas, the wing on the western side of the state, which stretches east from El Paso, at the wingtip, to the Pecos River, and south from New Mexico to the Rio Grande. The epithet still fits. The loneliness of West Texas is

by Benjamin and  
Christina Schwarz

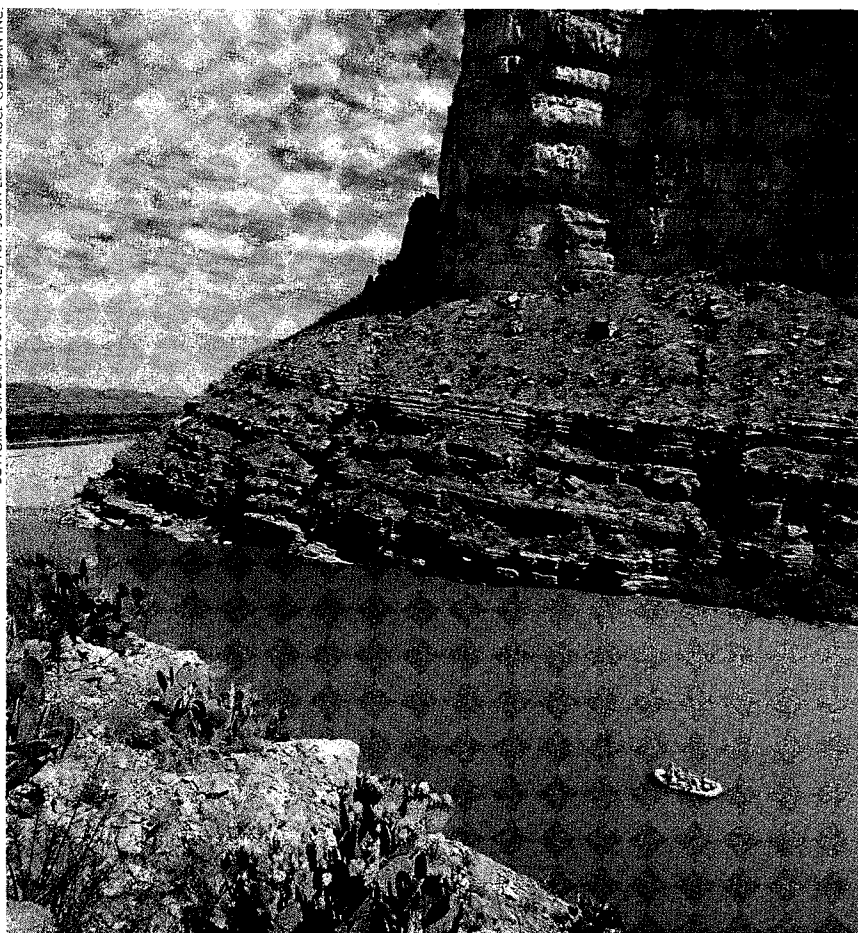
obvious from the map. West of San Angelo the web of roads tangled over most of the rest of Texas clears away, leaving only the I-10 and a few loose strings of two-lane highways connecting tiny towns in the vast white space. In life, for most of the year this space is a palette of yellows and browns, punctuated by greens. One

mountain range or another—the Glass, the Chinati, the Barrilla, the Sierra Diablo, the Christmas—is always in sight, but you can drive on these roads for half an hour at a stretch without passing another car. We've marveled at the enormous sky throughout the Far West, but that of West Texas is especially stunning, alive with pink and blue Turner-esque strokes and swirls.

West Texas, in its neglect and its isolation, retains the hard splendor characteristic of the West. It seems more "western" than Montana or Arizona or New Mexico, so much of which have become, variously, glamorous, suburban, and artsy. All of this unpopulated territory makes for great hiking, backpacking, bird watching, and horseback riding, but this region, where the American West and South meet Mexico, is also interesting culturally. Each town has a distinct character, several have atmospheric hotels, and it's not hard to find good food. The Big Bend region also has among the largest and most important permanent installations of contemporary art in the world.

Don't go to West Texas, however, if you hate car travel. Commercial airlines fly only as far as points on the periphery, El Paso or Midland/Odessa, and then you have to drive. On the three-and-a-half-hour trip from El Paso to Marfa, in the heart of the region, the colors of the landscape shift distinctly again and again with the changes in altitude. Bare brown earth gives way to grasses colored mustard, ocher, or wheat and stuck with yuccas and an occasional Joshua tree. We first stumbled on Marfa, on its near-mile-high prairie, seven years ago during the dusk of a summer day, when we stopped at a roadside place for enchiladas. This cluster of 2,500 people, with its two-block main street bisected by railroad tracks, its turn-of-the-century adobe and wood-frame houses and Second Empire county courthouse, seemed to us hardly attached to the rest of the country or to the decade. We wandered in the dry, still air down streets that petered out quickly, giving way in every direction to the grasslands.

*The Rio Grande forms the southern border of Big Bend National Park*



BOTTOM: TOM BEAN/TONY STONE TOP: JOHN ELK III/BRUCE COLEMAN INC.

Call 1-800-OK-CANON, or  
visit us at [www.imagerunner.com](http://www.imagerunner.com)



# imageRUNNER finishes documents others can't even start.

Imagine creating 200-page, three-hole-punch documents right from your desktop.

The Canon imageRUNNER 600 Digital Production System lets you do just that.



With ingeniously easy-to-operate Canon document finishing software and the touch of a mouse, the imageRUNNER 600 enables you to saddle-stitch booklets, side-staple reports, plus z-fold and index as you see fit. So look into the Canon imageRUNNER 600. Then, look out.



imageRUNNER™  
600

**Canon** KNOW HOW™

IMAGEANYWARE™ is a service mark of Canon U.S.A., Inc. IMAGERUNNER and Canon Know How are trademarks of Canon Inc. © 2000 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**M**ARFA is an eccentric place. Starting out life as a watering stop on the Texas and New Orleans Railroad, it was named—the story goes—by an engineer's wife after a servant woman in Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov*. What's more, there are the "mystery lights." By the side of the highway nine miles out of town a state historical marker denotes the official viewing spot for these glowing orbs, which people since the 1800s have reported seeing dancing along the mountains to the south. If you park at dusk and stand on the hood of your car, you might see them—and then again, you might not. Although theories ranging from UFOs to inversion layers abound, no one has yet hit on a scientifically satisfying explanation.

Marfa was a part of the Wild West for as long as any of the West remained wild; Mexican bandits raided the surrounding ranches as late as 1919. Today one of the town's largest employers is the U.S. Border Patrol. But next door to the patrol's sector headquarters is the Chinati Foundation. Named for the nearby mountain range, the foundation was

begun by the late Donald Judd, arguably the most important American Minimalist, who moved to Marfa in 1976 to escape the New York art world, and lived there until his death, in 1994. Convinced that most contemporary art was shortchanged and misunderstood, particularly when crowded museums exhibited single pieces out of context, Judd wanted to create large, permanent installations inextricably linked to their environment. With Chinati and his extraordinary private collections (many of which are not, unfortunately, now open to the public), Judd put into practice his theories about how art should be experienced, including his idea that some art "should be placed and never moved again."

Over time Judd imposed his vision and idiosyncrasies on Marfa, transforming much of the town into a sort of giant studio and private museum as he bought land and

structures in which to make and install his own art and to house works by other artists of his generation—Richard Serra, Claes Oldenburg, Dan Flavin, John Wesley, John Chamberlain, Larry Bell, and Yayoi Kusama, among others. He bought a 1930s bank building and furnished the upstairs offices with early-modern furniture by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Gerrit Rietveld, and Alvar Aalto. He converted the railroad depot, once used for wool and mohair shipments, into a display space for Chamberlain's hulking sculptures, and arranged his 10,000-volume library in what was once an airplane hangar. Each of Judd's pursuits commands its own space. He used an old ho-

about contemporary art, these rooms are magnificent workings of geometry and light, arrangements and rearrangements of rectangles, shadows, and unexpectedly glowing surfaces. The buildings, used during World War II by German prisoners of war, are strikingly simple, but the concrete, iron, brick, and glass of their construction—as well as the huge Texas sky, the sea of grass, and the distant mountains framed by the windows—are clearly integral to the piece.

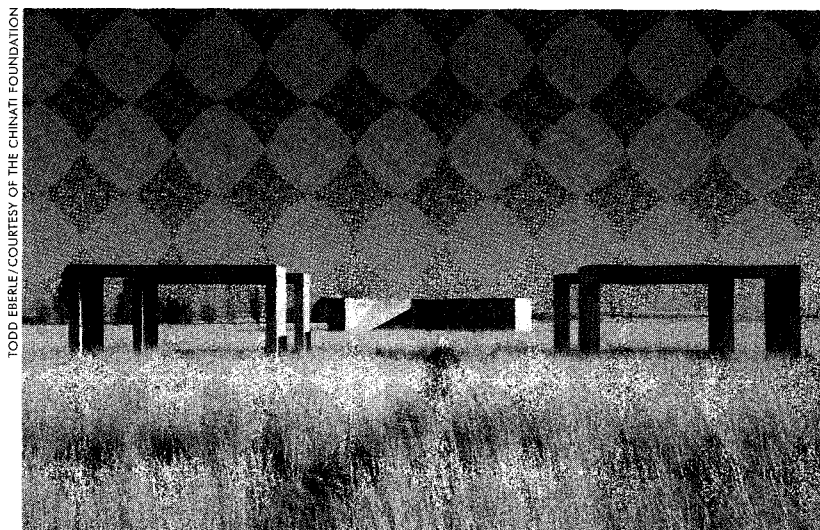
In the seven years since our first visit to Marfa this isolated town has attracted some artists, architects, designers, and gallery owners who've brought with them elements of a hipper world.

Around the corner from the old furniture showroom, featuring brown La-Z-Boys, is a designer's furniture gallery with chic lettering on the window that reads MARFA, TEXAS; BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. Although the Marfa Opera House has long been vacant, and to see a movie you must drive half an hour, you can now sip cappuccino and peruse the *American Poetry Review* right in the middle of town.

For the moment, this

infusion of sophistication enhances rather than overwhelms Marfa's offbeat identity, but the tipping point may soon be reached.

**B**EFORE 1995 you could interrupt the drive between Marfa and the pickup-truck-packed border town of Presidio with little other than a spooky detour through Shafter, a mostly abandoned silver-mining town. Now, however, you can lose yourself for days at the intimate, plush Cibolo Creek Ranch, if you don't mind spending a bundle for the pleasure. The day we left the ranch, two Yemeni oil tycoons were arriving, at the resort's private airstrip. The only other way in is along circuitous gravel roads that lead deep into the Chinati and the Cuesta del Burro Mountains. Cibolo is composed of three meticulously restored mid-nineteenth-century adobe forts that have



TODD EBERLE/COURTESY OF THE CHINATI FOUNDATION

*The Minimalist sculptor Donald Judd established the Chinati Foundation, in Marfa, and donated his own masterworks*

tel as his print studio, one office building as his architecture studio, and another as his ranch office. To write in, he bought a Craftsman house that had been built for Katherine Anne Porter by her uncle. He put a bed of his own design in every workspace, because he didn't think he should have to leave his work in order to rest. The exteriors of the buildings Judd used remain just as they were originally, so the artist's influence is almost invisible from the street.

The Chinati Foundation is housed in Fort D. A. Russell, a former U.S. Cavalry post that has been somewhat renovated to suit the art it displays. By far the most significant work here, Judd's 100 milled-aluminum boxes with identical dimensions but varied interiors, is installed in two enormous artillery sheds, the walls of which Judd made mostly windows. Even to those, like us, who are fairly ignorant

The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in back. Subaru is proud to be associated with Leave No Trace. Outback Limited shown with optional equipment.

THE NEXT GENERATION  
**OUTBACK**

The only thing we didn't improve was the road.



The Next Generation Subaru Outback<sup>®</sup> Limited. We enhanced the 2.5-liter engine for better performance. Redesigned the suspension for a smoother, quieter ride. And even improved our All-Wheel Drive for more traction and control. So what's left to improve? Just what you drive on. To test-drive



Our All-Wheel Driving System can handle almost anything the road has to offer. [www.subaru.com](http://www.subaru.com) or call 1-800-WANT-AWD.

The World's First Sport-Utility Wagon<sup>®</sup>, stop  
by your Subaru dealer today. Or visit us at

**SUBARU**

*The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive<sup>®</sup>*



among them just sixteen guest rooms. The grounds of each fort are watered by natural springs and are therefore surprisingly lush in this otherwise astringent, desolate terrain. Altogether the place is an oasis of luxury, in which the food is gourmet and organic (much of it grown in a large garden on the property), the furnishings are Spanish Colonial antiques, and the toiletries are Aveda. Although you could spend all your time at Cibolo paddling in the pool (especially exhilarating under the bright big sky full of Texas stars) or being massaged, there are activities for which it's well worth getting dressed: hiking, or going riding with a wrangler who is also a botanist, or taking a jeep tour with an experienced birder. On one short evening walk we saw a group of javelinas (they look like boars), a great blue heron, a tarantula, a jack-rabbit, roadrunners (ubiquitous in West Texas), and tens of horse-lubber grasshoppers—and those were just the species we could identify. According to Cibolo staff members, before the Big Bend area was overgrazed, forty species of grasses grew here, some of them as tall as a horse. In an attempt to re-create the original landscape as nearly as possible, Cibolo has reseeded some of its property with the seven or eight grasses still extant.

The majority of the rooms are in El Fortín del Cibolo, the main fort. To reach the other two forts, La Cienega and La Morita (the inhabitants of the latter were massacred by Indians in 1875), you must drive still farther along dirt roads, past wallowing long-horned cattle. When we arrived at La Cienega, a golden eagle swooped down and perched thirty feet away from us—uncomfortably close to our cat, who prefers to stay well clear of predators. (Hostelries in West Texas, by the way, are the most consistently pet-friendly we've encountered. Every hotel we tried allowed our cat in the room, and even welcomed the stray dog we found on the trip and, much to the cat's dismay, brought home.) With its original dark adobe dining room, entered through doorways so low that

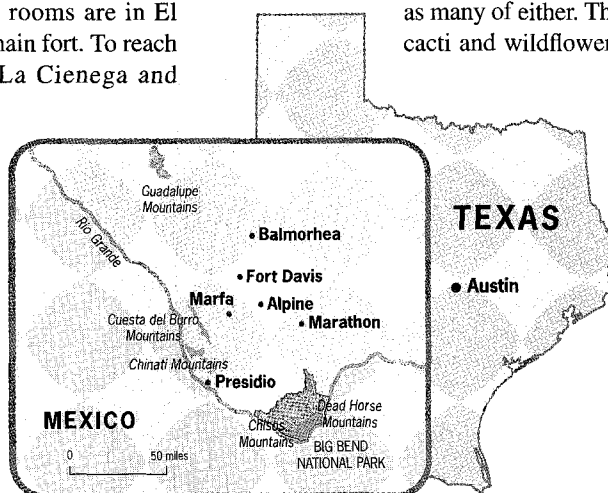
even we, who are rather short, had to duck, and its bedrooms with old-fashioned cottonwood-beamed ceilings, La Cienega feels romantically removed from the present. Especially if you can rustle up enough friends to book the four rooms, it's definitely the place to stay.

**B**IG Bend National Park, which deserves to be the focal point of any trip to this region, is the best-preserved corner of the Chihuahuan desert. Bordered on the south by the Rio Grande, the park stretches over 800,000 acres of varied elevations, terrains, and microclimates. At its center the Chisos Mountains, towers of rock nearly 8,000 feet high, covered in piñon pine and juniper, rise abruptly from the desert. The extensive networks of canyons, valleys, and peaks in the Chisos make for hikes with constantly changing vistas and views far into Mexico. Experienced hikers can explore backcountry trails in a remote desert area like the Dead Horse Mountains or trek a thirty-two-mile loop through the Chisos. The park supports plants that can be found nowhere else in the United States, along with more than seventy species of cacti and more than 400 species of birds. No other national park in the United States or Canada has as many of either. The cacti and wildflowers

pleasant sandy banks, complex rock formations, and 1,500-foot sheer rock walls, forming a canyon that the Apache believed was a place of no return.

Other than campsites, the only place to stay in the park is the Chisos Mountain Lodge, a cluster of basic but very clean motel rooms in a high mountain basin, cupped on three sides by jagged peaks and open to views of the desert floor to the west. The dining room has a wall of windows to catch the sunset and a décor and menu seemingly unchanged since 1966. We found this charmingly nostalgic, although it might seem bland to those with more-demanding tastes. Don't be late: as you'll be warned when you reserve your room, if you turn up after eight, you'll find nowhere to eat for miles.

From the main visitors' center the road leading north out of the park traces the path of the Comanche war trail, once a mile wide in some spots and strewn with the skeletons of livestock that the tribe had plundered on its raids deep into Mexico. Only seventy miles from the park headquarters (a short distance in this part of the world) the town of Marathon—so named because the low mountains around it reminded its founder, a retired sea captain, of the hills of Marathon, Greece—is a good base for exploring Big Bend. The largest, nearly the only, business in this hamlet of modest wood-frame houses, mangy back yards, and derelict windmills is the small, handsome yellow-brick Gage Hotel, built in 1927 by a local banker and cattle baron, and once popular with ranchers. Mexican-style adobe rooms in a new annex are tasteful and probably more comfortable and private than the seventeen rooms in the main building, but the latter, with their transoms, rustic high beds, and squeaky floors, are more atmospheric, especially when a train whistle blows in the night. (Some of these rooms share baths, but don't worry—they're extremely luxurious baths.) The restaurant, which on our last trip was homey western with a southern bent, serving chicken-fried steak and chess pie, has since joined the ranks of northern Italian/southwestern/pan-Asian mish-mashes that clutter the rest of the country. Still, it's pretty much the only game in town—although for breakfast you can stroll down the block to the bakery to buy doughnuts and biscuits from the women who used to bake the chess pies.



generally bloom in March and April; the sky blooms in summer, when storms come and the lightning, better than fireworks, forks into scores of branches in all parts of the firmament at once. October and November, when the river is typically high but fairly stable, are the best months for rafting the Rio Grande. Runs ranging from slow-moving water to dangerous whitewater pass between





This is not the face of cancer

It's the face of Alexine Clement Jackson. Mother, grandmother and national president of the YWCA. At 50, she found out she had breast cancer, a disease that killed her mother when Alexine was only 4. She credits 12 years in remission to her doctors and advanced medicines developed by America's pharmaceutical company researchers. And pharmaceutical researchers will never stop looking for better medicines and ultimately a cure. It gives people like Alexine hope for the future and the future of their families.

### **America's Pharmaceutical Companies**

Leading the way in the search for cures



• Peru • The World is Your Market • Brazil • The World is Your Market • Panama • The World is Your Market • Turkey •

Venezuela • The World is Your Market • Mali • The World is Your Market • El Salvador • The World is Your Market • Guatemala • The World is Your Market

# NOVICA

.com

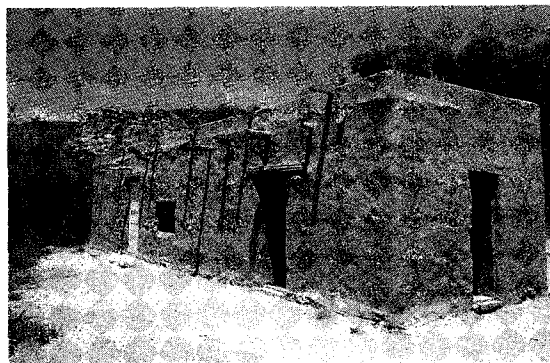
From  
my hands  
to your  
home.

Welcome to the world of NOVICA.com – the earth's greatest online marketplace. Shop for luxurious tapestries in Peru, exquisite carvings in Bali, original paintings in Brazil, and thousands of other fine arts and crafts – direct from the world's finest artists. You'll truly enjoy visiting with the artists, exploring their cultures, and decorating your home with their extraordinary, handmade wares. Every item is fully guaranteed and shipped direct to your home from NOVICA's global offices. So join the NOVICA Revolution, and make the world your market!

The World is Your Market • Bali • The World is Your Market • India • The World is Your Market • Java • The World is Your Market • Ghana • The World is Your Market

• The World is Your Market • Zimbabwe • The World is Your Market • Bolivia • The World is Your Market • Thailand •





JANIS E. BURGER/BRUCE COLEMAN INC.

**Big Bend is a naturalists' paradise. Remnants of a human presence are few**

If Marathon is the Marathon of West Texas, then Alpine, thirty miles to the west, is its Athens. Although those familiar with, say, Ann Arbor or Yellow Springs might not recognize it as a college town, and practically the only concrete evidence of collegiate influence is a good independent bookstore and a restaurant that serves vegetarian meals, still, Sul Ross State University, where intercollegiate rodeo originated, gives the town an aura of relative urbanity. With a population of 6,000, Alpine is by far the largest town of the region; it boasts a movie theater, a hospital, and a gorgeous ballpark built by an eccentric millionaire rancher for his semi-pro team. It also has a restaurant, Reata, that has been praised by Martha Stewart. Reata serves what might best be described as haute western: rib eye with sun-dried-tomato butter, bacon-wrapped shrimp with onion jam, and cornmeal stars.

The sweep of blond grasslands along the drive to Fort Davis, a little more than twenty miles from both Alpine and Marfa, gives you a sense of what the land looked like before ranching transformed it. Fort Davis itself, situated on a plain 5,050 feet above sea level, is the highest town in Big Bend country—in fact, the highest in Texas—and is therefore greener, cooler, and prettier than the rest of the region, and the Davis Mountains are gentle and rolling, covered in light-yellow grass and dotted with green trees. Fort Davis has actual sights to see: the University of Texas's McDonald Observatory, on Mount Locke, and the fort itself, which began as a defensive post to protect travelers from Apache and Comanche attacks and was rebuilt just after the Civil War for the 9th U.S. Cavalry, one of two regiments of black so-called "buffalo soldiers," charged with subduing the Apache

in the Indian wars. With its cool nights, Fort Davis has long been a destination for Texans escaping the summer heat, and it still sustains two old and old-fashioned hostleries: the rustic, pueblo-style Indian Lodge, built in the state park's mountains by the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1933; and, in town, the Hotel Limpia, built in 1912, which has a verandah lined with rocking chairs and which once promoted itself as "the finest place anywhere for children and run

down mothers."

North of Fort Davis the landscape flattens out beyond Balmorhea—where, just off Route 10, you can swim in a 1.75-acre, twenty-five-foot-deep spring-fed concrete-walled pond, also built by the CCC—into the scrubland of the Trans-Pecos. No foothills prepare you for the Guadalupe Mountains, which begin at the northern edge of the Chihuahuan desert and compose one of the country's least-developed national parks. Shooting straight out of brown, nearly featureless salt flats, the Guadalupe peaks almost 9,000 feet into the sky. Beyond their barren outer slopes the interior burgeons with grassy meadows and forests of ponderosa pine, maple, mountain juniper, madrone, and Douglas fir, providing habitat for mule deer, elk, and mountain lions. Higher, more extensive, and still less accessible than the Chisos, the Guadalupe peaks are impossible to appreciate fully without hiking on difficult trails deep into the wilderness. The National Park Service has made a deliberate effort to keep the Guadalupe wild. There are no hotels or lodges within the park boundaries, and the nearest motel is thirty-five miles away.

For better and worse, the rest of Far West Texas has proved less impregnable than the Guadalupe peaks, and changes there over the past seven years are striking. In casual conversations we discovered time and again that we were talking to recent transplants from places like Austin, Houston, Kansas City, Wichita, Seattle, New York, and even Germany. And no wonder: West Texas is beguiling. Go, but go now. ☼

*For more information about the Big Bend region, phone the region's tourist board at 800-561-3735 or visit its Web site at [www.travelbigbend.com](http://www.travelbigbend.com).*

# NOVICA

## THE WORLD IS YOUR MARKET

\*

ANDES  
BALI & JAVA  
BRAZIL  
CENTRAL AMERICA  
INDIA  
MEXICO  
SOUTHEAST ASIA  
VENEZUELA  
WEST AFRICA  
ZIMBABWE

\*

African Masks  
Alpaca Sweaters  
Balinese Sculptures  
Basketry  
Brazilian Tapestries  
Celadon Vases  
Ceramics  
Charcoal Drawings  
Chess Sets  
Fine Embroidery  
Folk Art  
Furniture  
Glassware  
Home Décor  
Investment Gallery  
Jewelry  
Kente Cloth  
Lacquerware  
Linens  
Musical Instruments  
Oil Paintings  
Peruvian Tapestries  
Photography  
Silver  
Stone Sculptures  
Talavera Ceramics  
Traditional Dolls  
Weaves  
Wood Carvings  
Zapotec Rugs

# NOVICA



THANKS TO PHILLIPS, WEARY TRAVELERS  
WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO STOP AND REFUEL.



By donating a former plant site to the Cactus Playa Lake Project, Phillips Petroleum helped expand and protect the habitat of hundreds of thousands of migratory birds. The project resulted from the cooperative effort of Phillips, wildlife and conservation agencies and the

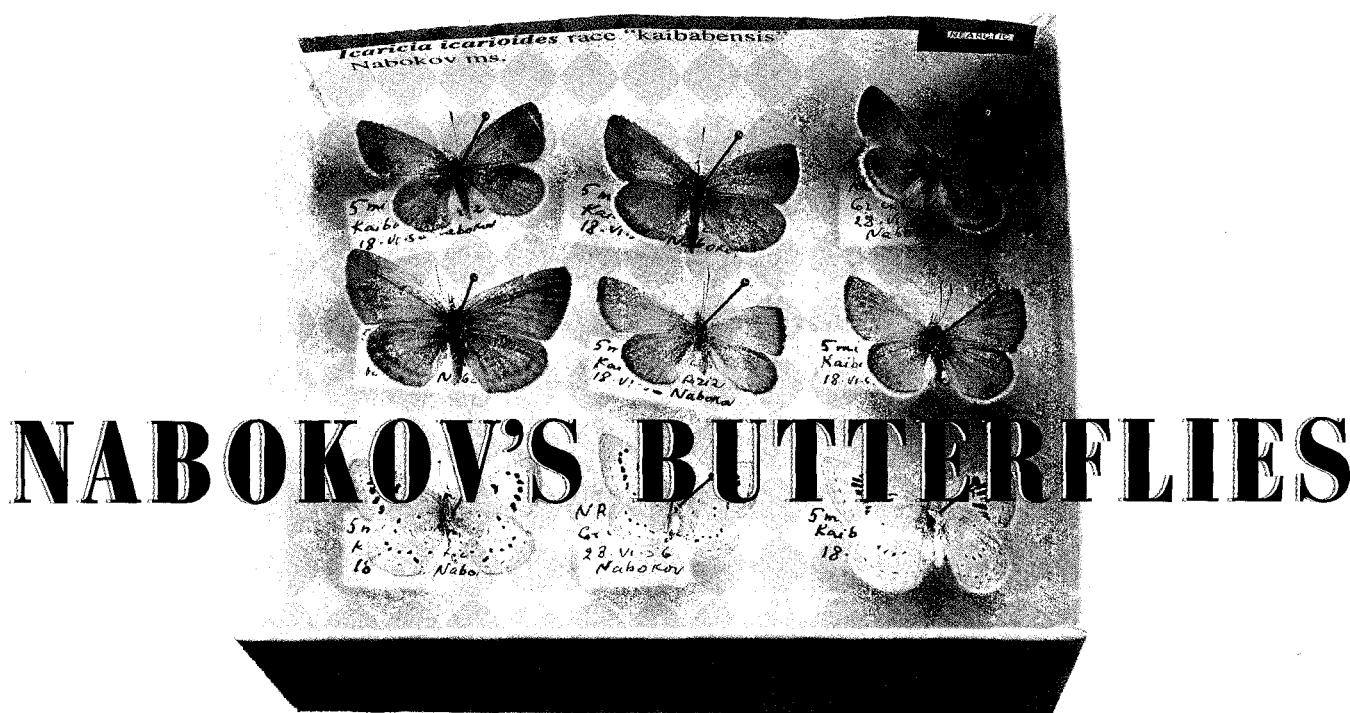
community of Cactus, Texas. Now bald eagles, waterfowl and dozens of other bird species have a better place to rest along the Central Flyway. It's yet another example of what it means to be The Performance Company.

**PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY**



For a copy of our annual report, call 918-661-3700, write to: Phillips Annual Report, B-41, Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at [www.phillips66.com](http://www.phillips66.com).

*A cache of previously unpublished work—fictional and scientific, playful and didactic—by the novelist and distinguished lepidopterist: “the last important unpublished fiction by Nabokov.” The translation from the Russian is by Nabokov’s son, Dmitri. Brian Boyd, Nabokov’s biographer, provides an introduction*



# NABOKOV'S BUTTERFLIES

Introduction by Brian Boyd

**N**O WRITER of Nabokov’s stature, not even Goethe, has been a more passionate student of the natural world or a more accomplished scientist. No one has ever evoked with more enchantment how a child’s first passion for nature can grow into lifelong love and devotion. In the years after *Lolita* thrust him into fame, Nabokov became the world’s best-known lepidopterist. He had been highly respected by fellow specialists for the papers he wrote while in charge of Lepidoptera at Harvard’s Museum of Comparative Zoology, in the 1940s, at a time when he was also earning a reputation in America for his stories and poems in *The Atlantic Monthly*, but those who saw his zeal for butterflies featured on the cover of *Time* or in the pages of *Life* in the 1960s often assumed that he was a mere hobbyist. The scale and significance of his but-

*One of Nabokov’s display boxes at Cornell University, with examples of the Blue butterflies that were his specialty. Nabokov used his vast collection of specimens for mathematical calculations of wing-pattern variations*

FRANK DIMEO/CORNELL UNIVERSITY PHOTOGRAPHY



terfly work remained a mystery to many until scientists started to re-examine and expand on his work at the end of the 1980s and throughout the 1990s. One of the foremost of these scientists, Kurt Johnson, has recently, with Steve Coates, written eloquently of Nabokov's inspiration and legacy in *Nabokov's Blues: The Scientific Odyssey of a Literary Genius* (1999).

Nabokov had long contemplated publishing his collected scientific papers, but this plan, like many of his most ambitious butterfly projects, remained unrealized. Now Beacon Press, of Boston, has undertaken a project almost as ambitious as any Nabokov himself conceived: to publish an anthology of his astonishingly diverse writing about butterflies, whether scientific or artistic, published or unpublished, carefully finished or roughly sketched, in poems, stories, novels, memoirs, scientific papers, lectures, notes, diaries, letters, interviews, dreams. As Nabokov's biographer, I co-edited *Nabokov's Butterflies*—the largest and most varied collection of his work in any single volume—with the distinguished nature writer Robert Michael Pyle, the author of *The National Audubon Society*

*Field Guide to North American Butterflies*. While Nabokov was alive, Pyle had agitated for the protection of the Karner Blue, a butterfly that Nabokov first named as at least a distinct subspecies in a paper in the 1940s and introduced playfully into *Pnin* in the 1950s. Partly because of the help that Nabokov gave to the initiative of Pyle and others in the 1970s, the little Karner Blue has become a major symbol of the conservation movement in the American Northeast.

*The Atlantic Monthly* introduced Nabokov to his first extended audience in the English-speaking world more than half a century ago. Now, a full century after his birth, it offers readers prize new specimens from *Nabokov's Butterflies*, natural hybrids of his twin passions for literature and Lepidoptera.

**F**ATHER'S Butterflies," the longest piece of Nabokov fiction to have remained unpublished until now, is a kind of pendant, or postponed prologue, to what is often rated the finest Russian novel of the twentieth century.

Although he detested Hitler and had a Jewish wife and a

## Metamorphosis

Vladimir Nabokov's novella *Volshbenik* (The Enchanter), written in 1939, was the first attempt at the *Lolita* story. Here, in a new translation by Dmitri Nabokov, the central character travels by train to meet again the daughter of the woman whom he has married and who has just died. He imagines a future with the girl. (In the King Lear allusion below, Shakespeare's "gilded butterflies" become "gilded fireflies.")

Against the light of that happiness, no matter what age she attained—seventeen, twenty—her present image would always transpire through her metamorphoses, nourishing their translucent strata from its internal fountainhead. And this very process would allow him, with no loss or diminishment, to savor each unblemished stage of her transformations. Besides, she herself, delineated and elongated into womanhood, would never again be free to dissociate, in her consciousness and her memory, her own development from that of their love, her childhood recollections from her recollections of male tenderness. Consequently, past, present, and future would appear to her as a single radiance whose source had emanated, as she had herself, from him, from her viviparous lover.

Thus they would live on—laughing, reading books, marveling at gilded fireflies, talking of the flowering walled prison of the world, and he would tell her tales and

she would listen, his little Cordelia, and nearby the sea would breathe beneath the moon. . . . And exceedingly slowly, at first with all the sensitivity of his lips, then in earnest, with all their weight, ever deeper, only thus—for the first time—into your inflamed heart, thus, forcing my way, thus, plunging into it, between its melting edges . . .

The lady who had been sitting across from him for some reason suddenly got up and went into another compartment; he glanced at the blank face of his wristwatch—it wouldn't be long now—and then he was already ascending next to a white wall crowned with blinding shards of glass as a multitude of swallows flew overhead.

[*Enchanter* 74–75]

[He takes her away by car for a holiday during which he plans to possess her.]

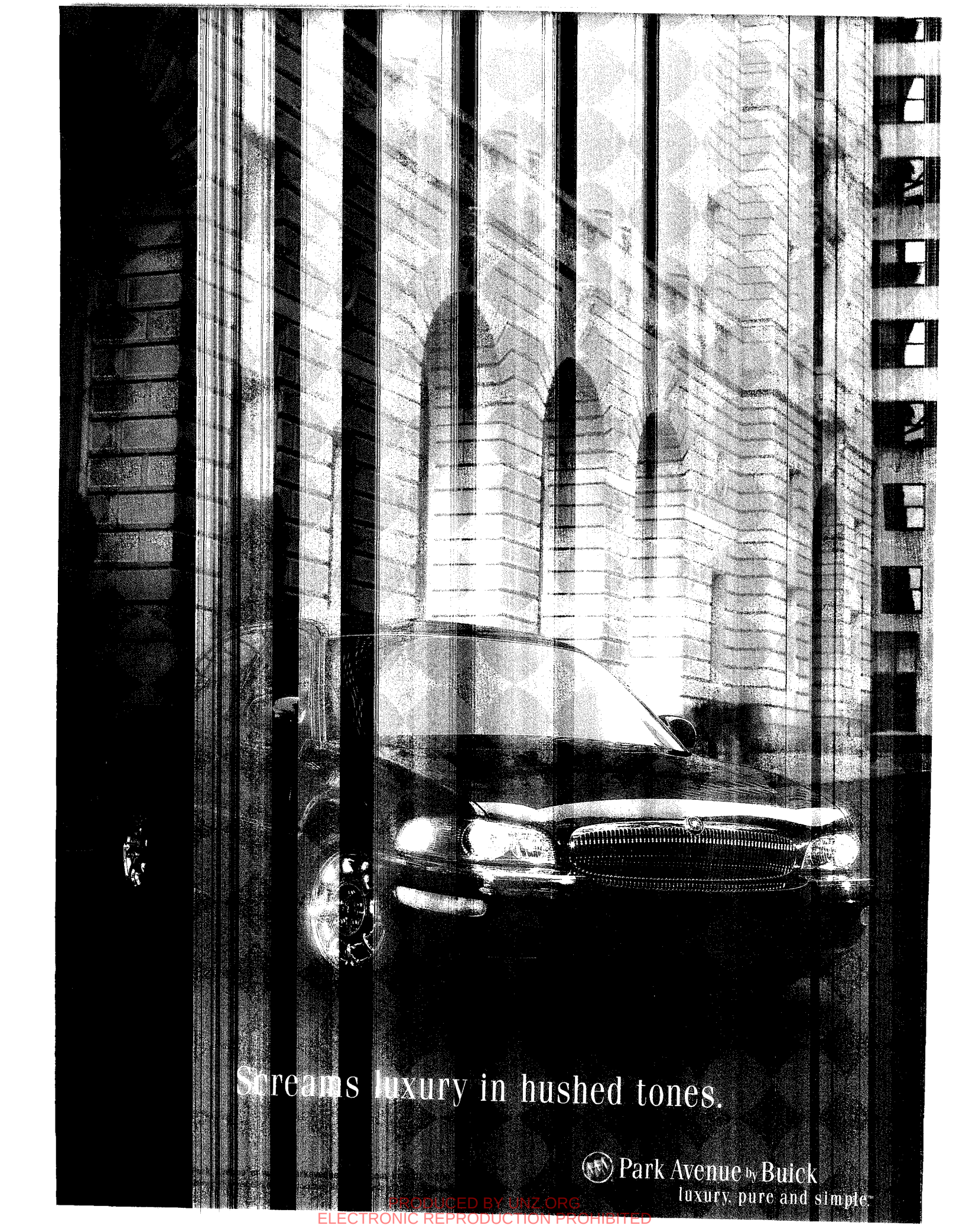
On we go. He looked at the forest that kept approaching in undulating hops from hillside to hillside until it slid down an incline and tripped over the road, where it was counted and stored away. "Shall we take a break here?" he wondered. "We could have a short walk, sit for a while on the moss

among the mushrooms and the butterflies. . . ." But he could not bring himself to stop the chauffeur: there was something unbearable about the idea of a suspicious car standing idle on the highway.

[*Enchanter* 79]







Screams luxury in hushed tones.

 Park Avenue by Buick  
luxury, pure and simple.™

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



## On Transformation

*In March of 1951, in the first year that Nabokov taught his Masterpieces of European Fiction course at Cornell, he included three stories involving transformation: Gogol's "The Overcoat" (with his habitual hyperprecision he preferred to translate the title as "The Carrick"), Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Kafka's "The Metamorphosis." Here he introduces the subject of transformation for his students.*

—BRIAN BOYD

[Unpublished.]

There was a Chinese philosopher who all his life pondered the problem whether he was a Chinese philosopher dreaming that he was a butterfly or a butterfly dreaming that she was a philosopher.

All three stories ["The Carrick," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "The Metamorphosis"] are concerned with transformation, with metamorphosis. Who can explain the process in entomological terms?

Transformation . . . Transformation is a marvelous thing . . . I am thinking especially of the transformation of butterflies. Though wonderful to watch, transformation from larva to pupa or from pupa to butterfly is not a particularly pleasant process for the subject involved. There comes for every caterpillar a difficult moment when he begins to feel pervaded by an odd sense of discomfort. It is a tight feeling—here about the neck and elsewhere, and then an unbearable itch. Of course he has moulted a few times before, but *that* is nothing in comparison to the tickle and urge that he feels now. He must shed that tight dry skin, or die. As you have guessed under that skin, the armor of a pupa—and how uncomfortable to wear one's skin over one's armor—is already forming: I am especially concerned at the moment with those butterflies that have carved golden pupa, called also chrysalis, which hang from some surface in the open air.

Well, the caterpillar must do something about that horrible feeling. He walks about looking for a suitable place. He finds it. He crawls up a wall or a tree-trunk. He makes for himself a little pad of silk on the underside of that perch. He hangs himself by the tip of his tail or last legs, from the silk patch, so as to dangle head downwards in the position of an inverted question-mark, and there is a question—how to get rid now of his skin. One wriggle, another wriggle—and zip the skin bursts down the back, and he gradually gets out of it working with shoulders and hips like a person getting out of a sausage dress. Then comes the most critical moment.—You understand that

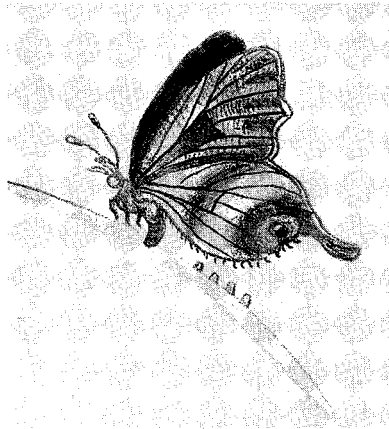
we are hanging head down by our last pair of legs, and the problem now is to shed the whole skin—even the skin of those last legs by which we hang—but how to accomplish this without falling?

So what does he do, this courageous and stubborn little animal who is already partly disrobed. Very carefully he starts working out his hind legs, dislodging them from the patch of silk from which he is dangling, head down—and then with an admirable twist and jerk he sort of jumps off the silk pad, sheds the last shred of hose, and immediately, in the process of the same jerk-and-twist-jump he attaches himself anew by means of a hook that was under the shed skin on the tip of his body. Now all the skin has come off, thank God, and the bared surface, now hard and glistening, is the pupa, a swathed-baby like thing hanging from that twig—a very beautiful chrysalis with golden knobs and plate-armor wingcases. This pupal stage lasts from a few days to a few years. I remember as a boy keeping a hawkmoth's pupa in a box for something like seven years, so that I actually finished high school while the thing was asleep—and then finally it hatched—unfortunately it happened during a journey on the train,—a nice case of misjudgement after all those years. But to come back to our butterfly pupa.

After say two or three weeks something begins to happen. The pupa hangs quite motionless, but you notice one day that through the wingcases, which are many times

smaller than the wings of the future perfect insect—you notice that through the horn-like texture of each wingcase you can see in miniature the pattern of the future wing, the lovely flush of the groundcolor, a dark margin, a rudimentary eyespot. Another day or two—and the final transformation occurs. The pupa splits as the caterpillar had split—it is really a last glorified moult, and the butterfly creeps out—and in its turn hangs down from the twig to dry. She is not handsome at first. She is very damp and bedraggled. But

those limp implements of hers that she has disengaged, gradually dry, distend, the veins branch and harden—and in twenty minutes or so she is ready to fly. You have noticed that the caterpillar is a *he*, the pupa an *it*, and the butterfly a *she*. You will ask—what is the feeling of hatching? Oh, no doubt, there is a rush of panic to the head, a thrill of breathless and strange sensation, but then the eyes see, in a flow of sunshine, the butterfly sees the world, the large and awful face of the gaping entomologist.



half-Jewish child, Nabokov lived on amid the last remnants of Russian-émigré Berlin until his escape in 1937 to France, where most of his fellow emigrants had been settled for more than a decade. He had been concentrating so intensely since 1933 on *The Gift*, his last, his longest, and to most readers his greatest Russian novel, that he had found it too hard to move. In one sense *The Gift* (completed in 1938) was an homage to the Russian emigration and to what he and his fellow émigrés had lost in leaving their homeland. In another it was a very European work, deliberately challenging Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses* and Proust's *In Search of Lost Time* on their own terms. *The Gift* is a portrait of its young artist-hero, Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev, who matures as a writer in émigré Berlin. In *Ulysses*, Joyce ironized a son's search for his father in *The Odyssey*, because Stephen and Bloom are neither physical nor spiritual kin, and when Bloom offers him a place in his home, Stephen answers by walking away into the night. But in *The Gift*, Fyodor seeks tirelessly for his father, Count Konstantin Godunov-Cherdyntsev, a famous lepidopterist and explorer of Central Asia, who has never returned from a last expedition, begun in 1917, that Fyodor had begged to join.

Chapter Two of the five long chapters in *The Gift* records Fyodor's attempt to write his father's biography, and to evoke the magic of expeditions in search of unknown butterflies. As the chapter progresses, Fyodor seems first an impersonal eye observing the expedition, then the son who was allowed to accompany his father, and then gradually his father himself, in a haunting travelogue through an unforgettably strange paradise where he names new creatures, if not at every step, then every time his eye spots a butterfly new to science. In a sense this is Nabokov's own compensation for the butterfly expedition he had planned to make into Central Asia after his last year of school, in 1918, perhaps in the company of the great Russian naturalist Grigoriy Grum-Grzhimaylo, had no revolution taken place. Fyodor abandons the life of his father, however, dismissing it, despite all his hard research, as too much wish fulfillment. Some months later he begins a very different project. In a sense he had felt inspired by Pushkin while writing the now-abandoned life of his father, by the purity of Pushkin's prose and the clarity of his thought. Now he finds himself unexpectedly writing a savagely critical life of Nikolay Chernyshevsky, the nineteenth-century novelist who was Lenin's favorite author and whose work anticipated Socialist Realism—which Stalin had had proclaimed the official aesthetic of the Soviet Union just at the time that Nabokov began *The Gift*. Fyodor mocks Chernyshevsky for his aesthetics, for his incomprehension of art and Pushkin, but admires him for the courage of his opposition to the czarist regime—which reacted by exiling him to Siberia. Chernyshevsky's life in north-central Asia is as bleak and empty as Count Godunov had found his time there, just a little farther south, rapturous and rewarding. If the fulfillment Fyodor had tried to depict in his life of his father had been, in Hegelian terms, a thesis not quite yet earned, and the

life of Chernyshevsky its antithesis, a life of frustration, Fyodor's story of his own life, *The Gift* itself, becomes a synthesis: it combines his initial chafing at his émigré existence with his retrospective realization that the apparent frustrations of the past now seem like the concealed but kindly design of a fate that has brought him his true love, Zina Mertz, and has developed his art to its full maturity. On the eve of the last day of the novel he has an eerily vivid and immediate dream of his father, which seems to him to offer both a sign of his father's approval for his work and a key to the generous gifts of his fate. Like Proust's Marcel, only much more amply, Fyodor finds, as he



CONSTANTIN JOFFE/VOGUE, CONDE NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

*Nabokov at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology, 1946*

comes to the realization that compels him to retell his own story, that his time has been anything but lost.

*The Gift* took Nabokov as long to write as his six previous novels combined. A few months after completing it, he spent the early summer of 1938 with his wife and son in Moulinet, in France's Maritime Alps, high above Menton. At that time the Riviera was still inexpensive, especially in the steep hinterland, but that was not the only attraction: Moulinet had in the past been a successful hunting ground for lepidopterists. Nabokov had dreamed since the age of seven of catching a new species of butterfly, and here at last, on July 20 and 22, 1938, at a height of 4,000 feet, he caught two specimens of a butterfly that he was confident science had never named. It would not be until he reached New York, in 1940, and checked the records and collections of the American Museum of Natural History, that he could be quite sure, and could publish his original description ("O.D.") of what he designated *Lysandra cormion*, but it was presumably the impact of that long-awaited discovery that led him to return to the characters of *The Gift* and the theme of Fyodor's and his father's love of butterflies. It was in the spring of 1939, it seems, that he wrote his "Second Addendum to *The*



*Gift*.” Nabokov’s plans for additions to *The Gift* were lost in the approach of war, the pressure of new projects, the flight to America, and his decision to abandon Russian as a language of composition so that he could develop as a writer in English. Since the label “Second Addendum to *The Gift*” was clearly nothing more than provisional, I suggested to Dmitri Nabokov that he call the story “Father’s Butterflies,” for it is Fyodor’s tribute to his father’s passion for butterflies and, in Dmitri’s splendid translation, *his* longest tribute to *his* father’s butterflies. [All other translations, unless otherwise indicated, are by Brian Boyd.] The full text of “Father’s Butterflies” is available in the Beacon Press volume.

PHILIPPE HALSMAN/HALSMAN ESTATE



**Nabokov chasing butterflies, Montreux, Switzerland, 1966**

“Father’s Butterflies” is not so much a narrative as an intricate fictional meditation, as if Proust’s Marcel were to write on behalf of Stephen Jay Gould—or, rather, given the tone of the reflections, on behalf of the physicist Paul Davies. Or as if *Ada*’s Part Four, “The Texture of Time,” were written not by the novel’s narrator, the philosopher Van Veen, but by his sister Ada, the lepidopterist. In the first half of “Father’s Butterflies,” Fyodor recalls the magical memories of his early love for butterflies and his zeal to learn more about them. He muses on the inadequacy of the *Schmetterlingsbücher*, the butterfly books, of his childhood, even in his father’s astonishing lepidopterological library, until the first tomes of his father’s *The Butterflies and Moths of the Russian Empire* appeared, in 1912. In Fyodor’s detailed, rhapsodic description of this four-volume set, and his contrasting it with the deficiencies of existing works, Nabokov imagines his own ideal butterfly guide, anticipating a project he himself would work on in the 1960s, *The Butterflies of Europe*. Even his loyal publisher, who had mustered an international consortium of co-publishers, hesitated as Nabokov kept expanding plans for a butterfly catalogue that

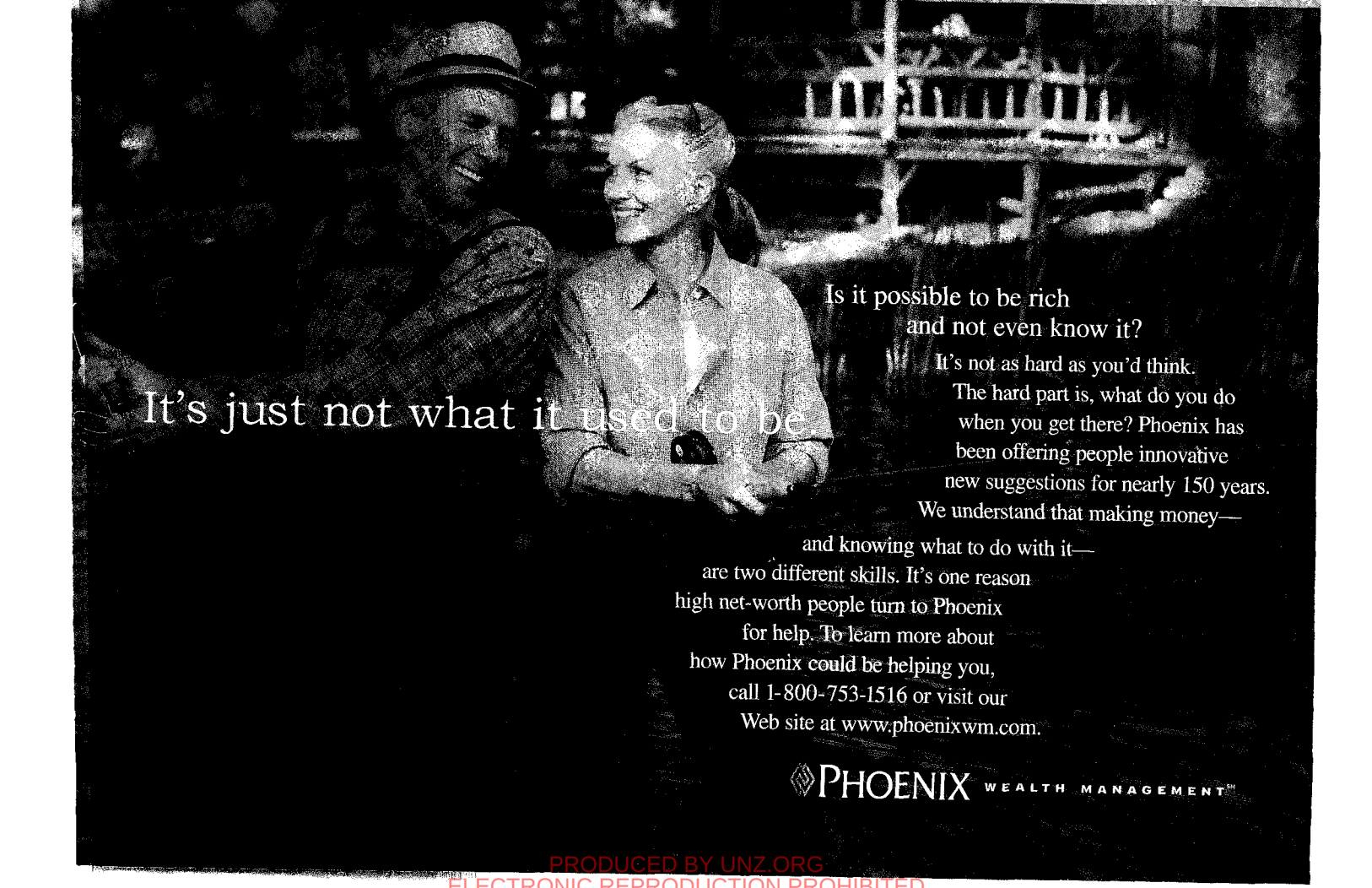
would surpass in detail and design anything yet seen—until, in 1965, after two years’ work, Nabokov abandoned the project rather than run the risk that no one would ever publish something so ambitious. But for Konstantin Godunov money is no object, and the manner and matter of his four resplendent volumes are more uncompromising, more scientifically and artistically luxuriant, than even Nabokov would have dared to dream that a publisher might agree to. The loving homage that Nabokov has Fyodor make to his father’s work resembles Borges’s haunting descriptions of imaginary worlds through the description of imaginary books, in stories like “Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius,” except that Nabokov’s world is part of ours, but a part where nature, science, and art fuse as never before.

The second half of “Father’s Butterflies” focuses on a very different work—a compressed thirty-page summary of Konstantin Godunov’s thinking on evolution and butterfly speciation that he writes in a trance of inspired concentration, on the eve of his departure for his fatal last expedition. In this compact treatise he preserves the fruit of a lifetime’s hard thought, as if he already knows he will never have another chance. In *The Gift*, Fyodor had argued, against Chernyshevsky, that art is in some mysterious way prior to life, that there is some strange kind of artfulness behind life, “behind all this, behind the play, the sparkle, the thick, green greasepaint of the foliage.” That conviction had developed in him partly through his father’s influence, especially his father’s fascination with the “magic masks of mimicry.” (In the 1950s Nabokov himself would want to write a book on animal and plant mimicry so ambitious in scope that, like the later *Butterflies of Europe*, it scared off the publisher who had proposed it.) Konstantin Godunov speculates boldly about the origins of species and the origin of the species concept, accepting evolution but rejecting Darwinian natural selection.

Nabokov would later say of Van Veen’s section “The Texture of Time” in *Ada* that he hadn’t made up his mind whether he quite agreed with his character’s ideas. Had he been asked a similar question of Konstantin Godunov’s treatise in 1939, he might have said the same. But in 1940 he began lepidopterological research at the American Museum of Natural History, and in 1941 at Harvard’s Museum of Comparative Zoology, and he rapidly became *the* expert on the Blues. Working on these butterflies in the laboratory, he discovered that nature was even more complicated than he had had Konstantin Godunov imagine. He wrote his scientific papers in a manner that was far removed from the unconstrained speculations of his character’s treatise and that proved to be seminal and prescient for researchers in the field even into the late 1990s. Had he already spent years in the laboratory before 1939, Nabokov would almost certainly have given Godunov’s reflections a different turn. But as they stand, they offer the most fascinating example in all his works of Nabokov’s passion for physical detail and metaphysical scope, for precise natural observation and shimmering supernatural implication.



Money.



It's just not what it used to be.

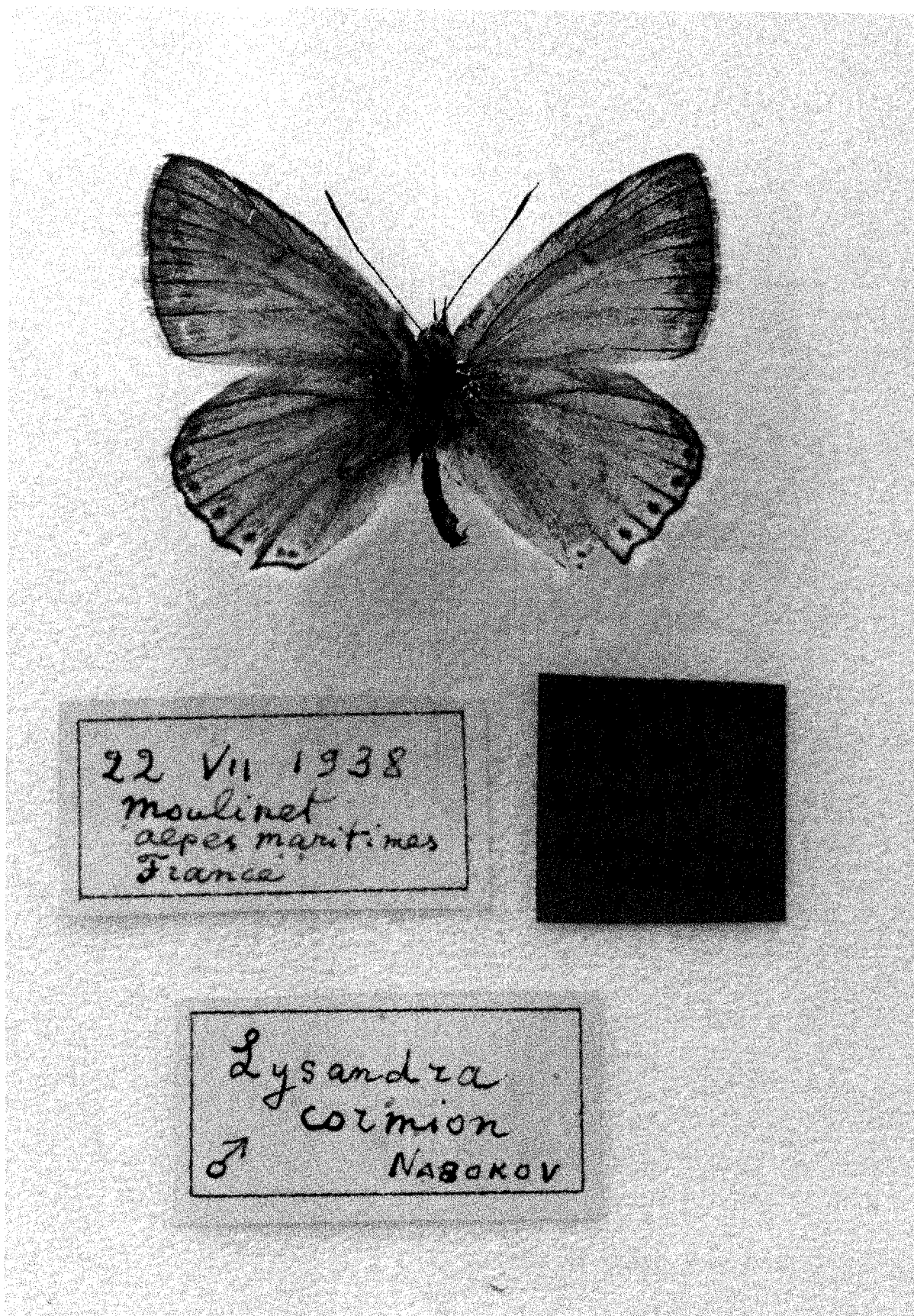
Is it possible to be rich  
and not even know it?

It's not as hard as you'd think.  
The hard part is, what do you do  
when you get there? Phoenix has  
been offering people innovative  
new suggestions for nearly 150 years.  
We understand that making money—

and knowing what to do with it—  
are two different skills. It's one reason  
high net-worth people turn to Phoenix  
for help. To learn more about  
how Phoenix could be helping you,  
call 1-800-753-1516 or visit our  
Web site at [www.phoenixwm.com](http://www.phoenixwm.com).

 **PHOENIX** WEALTH MANAGEMENT™





JEFF MERWELSTEIN

*Nabokov discovered Lysandra cormion in July of 1938 in France's Maritime Alps. The labels are in his own hand. The fact that this butterfly represented a new species was confirmed two years later*



# Father's Butterflies

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

**D**URING my adolescence, the butterfly enthusiast (“*le curieux*,” as the *honnêtes gens* used to put it in judicious France, “*the aurelian*,” as the poets said in grove-rich England, the “fly doctor,” as they wisecracked in advanced Russian circles) who wished to acquire from books a general notion of the fauna of Europe, including Russia, was compelled to scabble for his crumbs of information in entomological journals in six languages and in multivolume, hard-to-find editions such as the Oberthür books or those of Grand Duke Nikolai Mikhailovich. The absence or utter inadequacy of “references” in the atlases *ad usum Delphini*, the tedious perusal of the index of names enclosed with an annual volume of a monthly journal, the sheer number of these journals and volumes (in my father’s library there were more than a thousand of the latter alone, representing a good hundred journals)—all this had to be overcome in order to hunt down the necessary reference, if it existed at all. Nonetheless, even in my exceptionally propitious situation things were not easy: Russia, particularly in the north, dwelt in a mist, while the local lists, scattered through the journals, totally haphazard, scanty, and cruelly inaccurate in nomenclature, only maddened me when at last I ferreted them out. My father was the preeminent entomologist of his time, and very well off to boot, but the ordinary amateur, unable to dispatch his scouts throughout Russia, and denied the opportunity—or not knowing how—to gain access to specialized collections and libraries (and an accidental boon, the hasty inspection of collections at a lepidopterological society or in the cellar of some museum, does not satisfy the true enthusiast, who needs to have the boon always at hand), had no choice but to hope for a miracle. And that miracle dawned in 1912 with the appearance of my father’s four-volume work *The Butterflies and Moths of the Russian Empire*.

Although in a hall adjoining the library dark-red cabinets contained my father’s supremely rich collections, consisting of specimens complete with thoroughly accurate names, dates, and places of capture, I personally belonged to the category of *curieux* who, in order to acquaint themselves properly with a butterfly and to visualize it, require three things; its artistic depiction, a compendium of all that has been written about it, and its insertion within the general system of classification. With no words and no art, without a penetrating and synthesizing process of thought, for me a butterfly would remain incomplete. Only one thing could wholly replace these three demands: if I had caught it myself, if the expression of the given specimen’s wings corresponded to the individual particulars of a familiar habitat (with its smells, hues, and sounds) where I would

## Arcadia

Interview with Nikolay All, June 1940

In Russian.

I was surprised even by the customs officers on the passenger wharf. [ . . . ] When they opened my suitcase and saw two pairs of boxing gloves, two officers put them on and began boxing. The third became interested in my collection of butterflies and even suggested one kind be called “captain.” When the boxing and the conversation about butterflies finished, the customs men suggested I close the case and go. Doesn’t this show how straightforward and kind Americans are?

[*Novoe Russkoe Slovo*, June 23, 1940]

From a letter to Mikhail Karpovich,  
c. mid-June 1940

From New York. In Russian. Unpublished.

Warmest thanks for your very kind offer, I accept with pleasure. If it’s absolutely all right by you, we would come at the very beginning of July. [ . . . ] I can’t think without a quiver—a sweet, torturing quiver—that my passion for entomology will also be satisfied in Vermont. I am writing Avinov about some of my scientific findings in this domain.

[Bakhmeteff Archive, Columbia University]

From a letter to Elizaveta and  
Marussya Marinel, August 25, 1940

From West Wardsboro, Vermont. In Russian. Translated DN.

We are staying amid marvelous green wilds with the wonderfully kind Karpoviches, where one can go around half-naked, write an English novel, and catch American butterflies (soon I’ll have to start using your sweater: fall is near). My position is fatally undecided, so far nothing has worked out, and the thought of winter is rather frightening, but, by comparison, it is a genuine paradise here.

[*Selected Letters 1940–1977*, 33]





## A Job for Eternity

From "Prof. Woodbridge in an Essay on Nature Postulates the Reality of the World"

Review of Frederick J. E. Woodbridge,  
*An Essay on Nature* (1940).

That philosophers are essentially diurnal creatures (no matter how late into the night their inkpots and spectacles glitter) and that space would not be space if color and outline were not primarily perceived are suppositions that transcend the author's "naïve realism" just at the point where he seems to be most securely hugging the coast. But is visibility really as dominant as that in all imaginable knowledge of Nature? Though I personally would be satisfied to spend the whole of eternity gazing at a blue hill or a butterfly, I would feel the poorer if I accepted the idea of there not existing still more vivid means of knowing butterflies and hills.

[*New York Sun*, December 10, 1940]

From a letter to Edward Weeks,  
September 19, 1941

From Wellesley, Massachusetts.

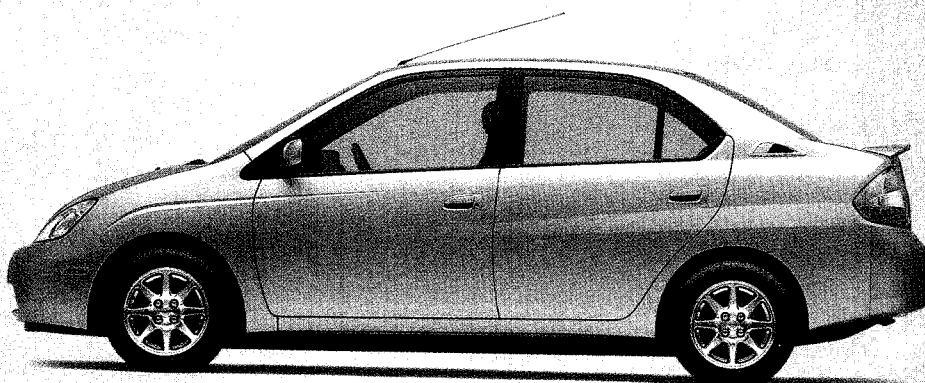
It is pathetically dull to watch the good old eastern combination of butterflies on the college lawns here—after my Western orgies: rather like a garden in Cambridgeshire after a summer in the mountains of Spain.

[Weeks Collection, University of Texas, Austin]

have lived through all that impassioned, insane joy of the hunt, when as I climb the rock, my face contorted, gasping, shouting voluptuously senseless words, I do not notice thorn or precipice, and see neither the viper under my feet nor the shepherd, yonder, observing with the irritation of ignorance the spasms of the madman with his green net as he approaches his heretofore undescribed prey. In other words, it was impossible to reconcile the creative contact between me and the countless rarities collected by others and not defined in the journals, or hopelessly buried in them. And, even though, through the glass top and bottom of the ultra-sleek sliding cases of my father's collection (lowering my gaze for hours down endless rows of thickset, small *Hesperidae*, in various hues of black with specks from hydrochloric acid and checkered fringes, and turning the case upside down to examine pearlescent cabalistic markings—little kegs, hourglasses, trapezes, on the rowan-tinged or sulphury-grayish undersides of the hind wings), aided by the inscriptions on the labels, I could make a meticulous study of the local mutability of forms, it was only when I found those species and races assembled, researched, and especially, illustrated in the just-published *Butterflies and Moths of the Russian Empire* that a fascinating, lifelike portrait would reveal to me the mystery of the prepared lepidopteron: henceforth it was mine.

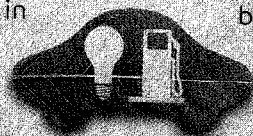
I knew what labors, what tender care, and what diligence had been required of the miniaturist painters working under the supervision of my father (who himself also participated in this task: for instance, both the *Triphysa zemphyra* Godun. and the *phryne* Pall., on plate 34 of Volume I are the work of his own hand), for what I saw as an initiation into the mystery. I knew that, first, a photographic transparency was made of the butterfly; that this perfect outline awaited the press and caress of color from supremely refined brushes; that the butterfly itself, in greatly enlarged form, was projected like a sunrise before the artist, who, separated by a magic lens from his own enormous pink fingers, would color the pattern, photographed in actual size, but enlarged by the lens to the size of the projected model. I no longer remember the details of the method (I have always been ridiculously devoid of a technical bent). . . . It may turn out that I have missed the very essence that would have transformed the prismatically radiant muddle of light, lens, and color into a meaningful image. . . . Be that as it may, through the conjunction of three factors—tracing under the magnifying glass, the special solution of the pigments found thanks to experiments on the chromatism of the scales, and finally, the diabolical spark of the individual artist (at various times my father had working for him such masters as Mastakov, Frenkel, Innokentiy Petrov, Rukavishnikov, and others)—truly bewitching beauty was achieved. Today, after an interval of many years, as I examine anew those magnificent, velvety plates, I not only relish with greater maturity of perception their perfection, unattained by anyone else from Hübner to Culot, the silky, flower-dusty, vividly hazy delicacy of those colors (that last epithet contains no contradiction for one who has feasted on the pinkishness of a freshly emerged sphingid, or an auroral cloudlet, or the rainbow at the opening of the second chapter), but, in addition, I relive in my temples, oppressive and intense to the point of making them buzz, that swarthy winter morning with the lamp's reflection on the lacquered





## gasoelectric? electroline?

**The Toyota Prius.** Introducing a breakthrough in environmental technology. The Prius combines a super-efficient gasoline engine, an electric motor powered by a battery that never needs to



be recharged, and an intelligence system that knows when to use which. The world's first mass-produced hybrid car — cleaner, affordable, and arriving this summer. Fun to drive? Absotively.

**For more information, call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA or visit [www.toyota.com/ecologic](http://www.toyota.com/ecologic)**

today › tomorrow › **TOYOTA**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



## The Creative Writer

Excerpt from lecture/essay. Written c. spring 1941 for a creative-writing summer course that year at Stanford.

Published in *Bulletin of the New England Modern Languages Association*, January 1942.

Then, as thousands of centuries trickled by, and the gods retired on a more or less adequate pension, and human calculations grew more and more acrobatic, mathematics transcended their initial condition and became as it were a natural part of the world to which they had been merely applied. Instead of having numbers based on certain phenomena that they happened to fit because we ourselves happened to fit into the pattern we apprehended, the whole world gradually turned out to be based on numbers, and nobody seems to have been surprised at the queer fact of the outer network becoming an inner skeleton. Indeed, by digging a little deeper somewhere near the waistline of South America a lucky geologist may one day discover, as his spade rings against metal, the solid barrel hoop of the equator. There is a species of butterfly on the hind wing of which a large eyespot imitates a drop of liquid with such uncanny perfection that a line which crosses the wing is slightly displaced at the exact stretch where it passes through—or better say under—the spot: this part of the line seems shifted by refraction, as it would if a real globular drop had been there and we were looking through it at the pattern of the wing. In the light of the strange metamorphosis undergone by exact science from objective to subjective, what can prevent us from supposing that one day a real drop had fallen and had somehow been phylogenetically retained as a spot? But perhaps the funniest consequence of our extravagant belief in the organic being of mathematics was demonstrated some years ago when an enterprising and ingenious astronomer thought of attracting the attention of the inhabitants of Mars, if any, by having huge lines of light several miles long form some simple geometrical demonstration, the idea being that if they could perceive that we knew when our triangles behaved, and when they did not, the Martians would jump to the conclusion that it might be possible to establish contact with those oh so intelligent Tellurians.

[*Lectures on Literature* 374–375]

wood of the screen adorned with Chinese birds, when I was in bed recovering from one of the childhood illnesses across whose deserts I kept pursuing my father's caravan, and my mother brought me, with a special play of her features—as if to say, oh, I'm holding something not especially interesting—as she slyly, lovingly replied to the moans of my yearning, to the frenzied groping of my outstretched hands, sharing beforehand all the quiver, all the goose-pimpled nakedness of my soul, the joy that would have bounced me out of my bed had she waited another second, a magnificently solid, boxed, freshly printed, first volume of *Butterflies and Moths of the Russian Empire*. . . .

\*\*\*

**H**OW I luxuriated in it in the blissfully languorous days of my convalescence, with a crumb of toast tormenting my buttock, weakness in my shoulders, a constantly filling bladder, and a cottony haze in my nape. . . . I liked the solidity of my father's method, for I liked sturdy toys. For every genus there was a supplementary list of Palearctic species that did not occur within the confines under examination, complete with precise "references" to textual location. Each Russian butterfly was allocated from one to five pages of small print, depending on its obscurity or variability, i.e., the more mysterious or changeable, the more attention it received. In places a small map helped to assimilate the detailed description of a species' or its subspecies' distribution, just as an oval photograph in the text added something to the careful exposition of observations of the habits observed in a given butterfly. The "leak" of a species westward as far as Andalusia was followed just as attentively as its adventures in the mountains of Central Asia. Corrections of old errors were enlivened by polemic thrusts, and I can picture the author's laughing eyes, as I read today, "When I dropped in on this genus [*Syrichtus*, an old name for the Grizzled Skippers] I found it in an awful state after a half-century of classifiers' struggles," or, when I come upon the good-humored demolition of some "discovery" by that German muddler who recklessly let loose with names (all mythological to boot, even Walpurgian), creating along the way, countless local, often imaginary races, even disrupting his own priority, such as it was, with secondary descriptions of the same subspecies from a different location—but his entomological fervor and his splendidly assembled collections allowed him to be forgiven everything.

Today, as I reread these four plump volumes (of a different color, alas, than the blue gifts brought for my childhood), not only do I find in them my fondest recollections, and revel in information that, at the time, was not as comprehensible, but the very body, flow, and structure of the whole work touches me in the professional sense of a craft handed down. I suddenly recognize in my father's words the wellsprings of my own prose: squeamishness toward fudging and smudging, the reciprocal dovetailing of thought and word, the inchworm progress of a sentence—and even some embryos of my own parentheses. To these traits must be added my father's predilection for the semicolon (often preceding a conjunction—something one does find in the language of his university tutors: "that scholarly pause," an echo of unhurried English logic—but at the same time related to Montaigne whom he regarded so highly); and I

doubt that the development of these traits under my frequently willful pen was a conscious act.

I copy out the following full-blooded, flowing periods (from his preface to the genus *Lycaena*):

During the blaze of noon, between two sumptuous thunderstorms, the mud of Russian roads serves as a drinking establishment for the male Blues, but not every damp spot is suitable; the intensity of visitation is determined by a certain average saturation of the soil as well as the greater evenness of its surface. On an attractive spot like this, with a round, runny border and a relatively limited diameter (rarely exceeding two feet), a group of butterflies settles at close quarters; if one startles the gathering, it rises en masse and remains suspended in a "sorting" hover over the given spot on the road, descending to it anew with mathematical precision. . . . Only the air cooling toward evening, or the arrival of clouds, puts an end to the banquet. I have had occasion to observe the presence of one and the same specimen of Meleager's Blue sitting from eleven in the morning until a quarter to six in the evening, when the long shadow of a nearby oak had reached the very spot where, besides my friend and a few other engrossed Blues and a handful of golden *adonis*, there remained (from three in the afternoon) a small cluster of *boyarishnitsa* (Black-veined Whites), whose general appearance was reminiscent either of little paper cockerels or a regatta of sailboats heeling this way and that. In all those hours the composition and size of the gathering would vary and more than once I inadvertently shooed away my Meleager while fishing out some trifle I needed from the general heap. Now, with the onset of shade, it would soar with elastic grace and, having chosen a bough to perch on—a choice not at all typical for *Lycaena* in a normal state, but quite characteristic as a temporizing maneuver for a butterfly that has left a "drinking place"—would settle on a *Rubus* leaf, as if hoping that the dusk and the chill were but the passing influence of a cloud and that, in a moment, one could return. In a few minutes I noticed that it had dozed off; with that, the observation ended.

I would like to cite many more such artistic and scientific sapphires, but I do not know what to pick out—the account of the extraordinary difficulties (in Volume III) involved in the capture of the salt-marsh [owlet moth] *Plusia rosanovi*, which darted like lightning from place to place, vanishing each time among the pebbles, so that the only chance of catching it (light fails to lure it) was to take advantage of the split second when, before squirting out, it "came to a boil" at the feet of the stealthy hunter. How lovely it is, by the way, how one's eye is caressed by, the dark-cherry forewing, traversed by a mauve-pink stripe and adorned at its center by the golden emblem of its genus, in this instance a tapering, bowed half-moon—and if it is hard to render the flowery velvet of the background, what is one to say of the "emblem," which, on the actual moth, resembles a dab of gilt redolent of turpentine, and must therefore be copied (and recopied!) in such a way that the painter's work transmits, besides all the rest, a resemblance to the work of a painter! Or else such trifles, unforgettable for me, as the line referring to a pair of a new species of *Acidalia* [a former name for the inchworm genus *Scopula*] "once brought to me by Dr. P. P. Paradizov, who had taken them off a wall in the Astrakhan railroad station on October 11, 1889"? Or the discovery in northern Finland of a stunning blue-black

## Fame

Excerpt from a poem in Russian ("Slava").

Written March 21–22, 1942.

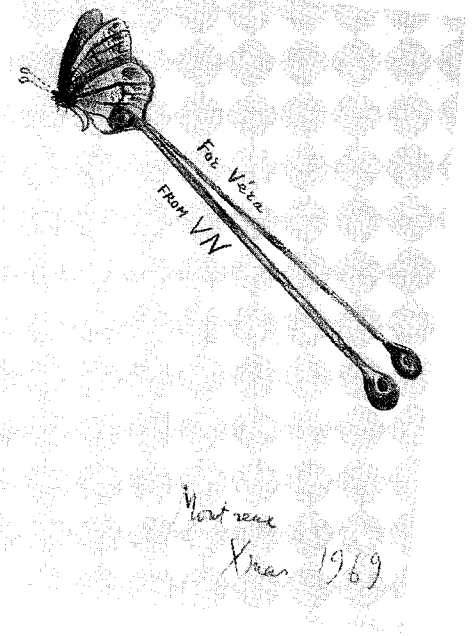
Published *Novyy zhurnal* 2 (1942). Translated by VN.

. . . I kept changing countries like counterfeit money,  
hurrying on and afraid to look back,  
like a phantom dividing in two, like a candle  
between mirrors sailing into the sun.

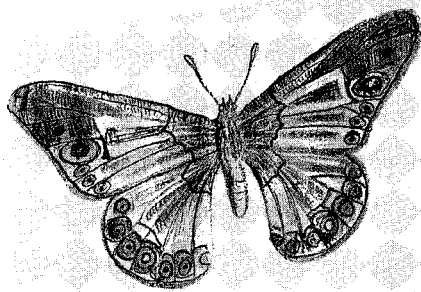
It is far to the meadows where I sobbed in my childhood  
having missed an Apollo, and farther yet  
to the alley of firs where the midday sunlight  
glowed with fissures of fire between bands of jet.

But my word, curved to form an aerial viaduct,  
spans the world, and across in strobe-effect spin  
of spokes I keep endlessly passing incognito  
into the flame-licked night of my native land.

[*Poems and Problems* 105, 113]







*Eugenia oregoni*

### Some Aspects of Collecting

From a letter to Edmund Wilson, August 9, 1942

From West Wardsboro, Vermont.

I am going to Cambridge on the 31st of August as my duties at the Mus. Comp. Zool. begin on the 1st of Sept. We have taken a flat there—8 Craigie Circle. It is amusing to think that I managed to get into Harvard with a butterfly as my sole backer. I am capturing a good deal of them here, chiefly moths. It is one of the most perfect pleasures I know of—to open the window wide on a muggy night and watch them come. Each has its own lampside manner: one will settle quietly on the wall to be boxed in comfort, another will dash and bang against the lampshade before falling with quivering wings and burning eyes upon the table, a third will wander all over the ceiling. The system is to have several tumblers with a piece of “carbona” soaked cotton-wool stuck to the bottom, and you overturn the tumbler upon the bug. When stunned it is transferred to another jar to be pinned later. Tonight I shall sugar for them: you mix: a bottle of stale beer, two pounds of brown sugar (or treacle) and a little rum (added just before applying); then just before dusk you smear (with a clean paint brush) a score of tree trunks (preferably old lichenized ones) with the concoction and wait. They will come from nowhere, settling on the glistening bark and showing their crimson underwings (especially brilliant in the flashlight) and you cover them with a tumbler beginning with the lower ones. Try, Bunny, it is the noblest sport in the world.

[Nabokov-Wilson Letters 69]

*Arctia* [a genus of Tiger Moths] covered with slender red figure eights?

Or, finally, the epic of how the author found, on a cliff in the Altai, a *Tephroclystia* [an inchworm genus, *Eupthechia*] that, until then, had only been identified in the Maritime Alps and on California summits—the “Madonna’s window” as it is fondly called by old hunters in aurelian clubs when they secretly gather, and fragments of recollections float in the undulating smoke: “Once in Uganda where I was collecting for Rothschild, I saw and missed...” — “... Und war es schön in Mouli-net, Hans—schöner als auf Sumatra?” — “... Moi, qui a chassé le Calimuchus dobrugensis avec le roi de Bulgarie” — “... Come, come, von Nolte, I’d give a good deal to have seen your face on that particular summer morning auf dem Campolungo Pass...” — “... Car je soutiens qu’il existe entre celle de la rave et celle de Mann [the Small white and Mann’s white] une espèce méditerranéenne, à l’abdomen fin et poudré, non encore reconnue...” — “... Here, Walsingham, how’s this for a pursuer of moths—a species that’s been found on the island of Chuma, an unattractive but touching creature...” — “... Now, Professor, tell us about your dog, how, a hundred years ago, it went into a point under some Castilian pines before the first *isabella* (sitting on a stump, green with russet eyespots). . . .”

“... Oh, to be dying again in the rich reek of that hot steaming swamp among the snakes and the orchids, and with those dear flies flapping about me...”

**B**UTTERFLIES and Moths of the Russian Empire, published fifteen years ago [Fyodor was writing in 1927], was at the same time translated, under the author’s supervision, into English, as was done with the most important sections of *Lep. Asiat.*, but the author died, publication of the translation was delayed, and I have no idea where the manuscript is now. The independence and proud stubbornness that had made my father write his work in his mother tongue, devoid even of the Latin synopses that, for the benefit of foreigners, were included in Russian scientific journals, did much to slow the book’s westward penetration—which was a pity, for, in passing, it resolves a good number of problems regarding western fauna. Nonetheless, even if very slowly, and thanks more to illustrations than text, my father’s views of relationships among species within various “difficult” genera have to a degree already made their mark on the literature in the West. Things would speed up considerably if the English translation appeared at last.

When, on one occasion, Count B., the governor of one of our central provinces, a boyhood friend and distant relative of my father’s, addressed to him an official, friendly request for a radical means of dealing with some highly energetic caterpillar that had suddenly gone on a rampage against the province’s forests, my father replied, “I sympathize with you, but do not find it possible to meddle in the private life of an insect when science does not require it.” He detested applied entomology—and I cannot imagine how he could work in present-day Russia, where his beloved science is wholly reduced to anti-locust campaigns or class struggles against agricultural saboteurs. This horrid debasement of “sublime curiosity” and its hybridization with unnatural factors (social ones, for instance) explain (apart from the general numbing of Russia) the artificial





## The Americans

*From a letter to Edmund Wilson,  
November 25, 1942*

From Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*[From a catalog of curious encounters on his lecture tour.]*

4) Man in shirtsleeves at my hotel. Stuck out his pink head as I was walking along the passage to my room about 10 P.M. and suggested a night-cap. I did not want to offend him, so we sat on his bed and had some whiskey. He had evidently been bored to death and was now making much out of my skimpy company. Began telling me, with copious details, all about his sugar business in Florida, his reasons of coming to Valdosta (to hire colored labor) and lots of extravagant particularities about his factory. My whole body felt like one big yawn. I kept peeping at my watch—thought I'd give him another 10 minutes and then turn in. As I was fumbling in my pocket for matches, a little pill-box I used for collecting moths on lighted porches fell out and rolled on the floor. He picked it up and remarked: "might be mine: I use these for collecting moths." He turned out to be an entomologist who had at one time been in touch with the Am. Mus. Nat. His. where I had worked. I did not look at my watch any more. It is the second time I have been fooled that way (first time was with Prof. Forbes in a Boston subway).

*[Nabokov-Wilson Letters 88]*

*From a letter to Véra Nabokov, October 2–4, 1942*

From Coker College, Hartsville, South Carolina.  
In Russian. Unpublished.

*My darling,*

A million butterflies and a thousand ovations (to make allowance for fervent Southern cordiality). About ten I came back with Mrs Coker, and after noticing some very interesting moths on the brightly lit columns of the pediment spent about an hour gathering them in a glass with carbona. You can imagine how tired I was after this mix-up of a day, but I had a marvelous sleep and the next morning read the Tragedy of Tragedy lecture (to finish with the lecture theme: today's, the third and last, also in the morning, was a reading of "Mlle O"; for all this I got a cheque today, a hundred dollars, which I'll change on Monday).

oblivion that has befallen his work in his homeland. No wonder that even the crowning achievement among his biological reflections, that wonderful theory of "natural classification," to which we must now turn, has so far found no followers in Russia, and has penetrated abroad rather haphazardly and in incomplete, muddled form.

This theory, which even today strikes the dominant factions in the scientific world as lawless fantasy, a knight's move off the board into space (a consequence of the utter failure to assimilate the author's premises), came to my father in his last year of scientific activity. Densely set forth on only thirty pages, as a supplement to his last published volume, *Lep. Asiat.*, it retroactively reduced generally accepted classification to trivial absurdity. . . .

☆☆☆

**A**LAS, as for what follows, namely the exposition itself of the "principles of natural classification," I do not know whether I correctly convey the author's reasoning, and dissect correctly the mysterious sentences (retranslated by me!). My main difficulty is that I am insufficiently versed in such matters as, for instance, paleontology or genetics, so that, as I step into the pitch-blackness, the labyrinth of ice, I lack even a lantern. And, if I nevertheless decide upon this adventure, it is only because of the abstruse kinship, that poetic bond that, independent of the scientific essence of the subject, connects me to the author.

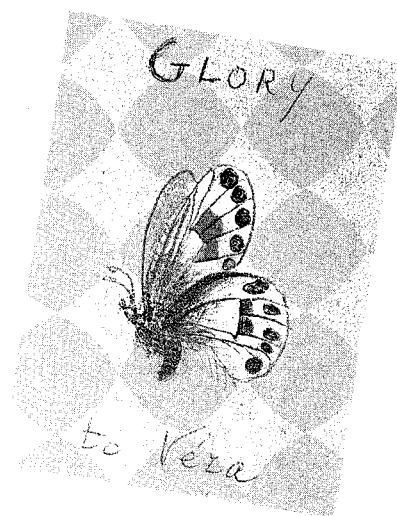
Let us begin, as he did, by defining the concept of species. By "species" he intends the original of a being, nonexistent in our reality but unique and definite in concept, that recurs ad infinitum in the mirror of nature, creating countless reflections; each one of them perceived by our intelligence, reflected in that selfsame glass and acquiring its reality solely within it, as a living individual of the given species. Aberrations, chance deviations, are but the consequence of less "faithful" areas of the mirror, while the recurrent falling of a reflection on one and the same flaw may yield a stable local race, the idea of which tends toward the periphery of the circle, the center of which, in turn, is the idea of the species. These races remain on the circumference of the species insofar as the spatial link (i.e., one with a locus on earth at a given point in time) between the type (i.e., the most precise sample at a given moment) and a local variant is supported by intermediate variations (that can manifest themselves as local races or chance deviations), in other words, so far as the species circle remains unbroken. Potential interbreeding with the type, and the permanence of a certain basic scheme (in butterflies the veinage, scale shape, leg structure, and so forth) delineates boundaries within which the variety conforms to the species. In exactly the same way, the repetition of individual reflections in time (limited by the span during which a given species conserves its basic identity) may, if the process lasts long enough, generate certain modifications that, however, are just as unanchored as spatial variations, with which they may even coincide if we have come upon the species in its ideal period, i.e., at the moment of full harmony among its radial components. Here we must designate as the current type of a species not the first described individual (resolutely rejecting this sophism of nomenclature, which taints science with possessiveness, happenstance, and childish competition), but that form which represents either the obvious

center of a species' variational boundaries, or (in the case of a severe distortion of the given species circle) can only be defined by analogy with the behavior of other species points on the circumference of the genus that controls each of them. Roughly speaking, if one imagines a sphere, then its equator will denote the spatial cycle of a species in its ideal period, and an average meridian the cycle of possible changes of the type in time. And at the center resides the heart of the species, its idea, its original.

When we affirm the conformity between the cycles of a species in time and in space, we are very far from the concept of evolution. In both time and space the development of variational distinctions is subordinate to the circle enclosing the species. One more step and we are out of the circle and have entered the domain, equally delineated and autonomous, of a different species. When a paleontologist aligns a row of progressively larger skeletons purporting to represent the evolution of the "horse," the deception is that, in reality, no hereditary connection exists; the concept of species is hopelessly confused here with those of genus and family; we are faced with such a number of different species of animals that *at one time* formed, with other species related to each of them, a specific spatial cycle of a particular genus, to which a particular cycle corresponds in time; all these spheres of species (and genera) have long ago disintegrated; and the various species of *Equus* that we currently encounter on earth in a far from typical period of the species' harmony, nonetheless represent more fully the "history of the horse" than a series of heterogeneous animals arranged on an evolutionary ladder. By this we certainly do not mean to say that the work of evolutionists has no scientific significance. The value of biological observations is in no sense diminished by the fact that deductions from them might have either been made *a priori*, or else have tempted thought into a vicious circle. . . . One is tempted to compare the evolutionist to a passenger who, observing through a railroad-car window a series of phenomena that implies a certain logic of structure (such as the appearance of cultivated fields, followed by factory buildings as a city approaches), would discern in these results and illustrations of movement the reality and laws of the very force governing the shift of his gaze.

Yet that a certain development of forms, from which the "bubbles of species" arose, somehow grew, for some reason burst, is beyond doubt. It is this path that we must now explore.

**R**EACHING again into the basket of generally accessible examples, let us recall the analogy noticeable between the development of individual and species. Here an examination of the human brain can be most fruitful. We emerge from darkness and infancy and regress into infancy and darkness, completing an entire circle of existence. In the course of life we learn, among other things, the concept of "species," unknown to the ancestors of our culture. Yet, not only is the history of mankind parodied by the developmental history of the writer of these and other lines, but the development of human ratiocination, in both the individual and historic senses, is extraordinarily linked to nature, the spirit of nature considered as the aggregate of all its manifestations, and all the modifications of them conditioned by time.



In front of the house is a huge garden, huge trees around, various kinds of live oaks, and in one corner flowerbeds and the surprising candy smell of "tea olive"—all this in the blue of a Crimean summer—with masses of butterflies. I caught them there after my lecture, and after lunch the biologist of the college (rather like Miss McCosh) drove me to the woods or rather coppices by the lake, where I caught wonderful Hesperids and various sorts of Pierids. I wanted to send to my dear Mityushenka one of the very broad local Papilios, but they are torn so I'll send *eubule*, the most prominent local butterfly, which I'll soften and spread when I get back. . . .

I hope that at the next lecture stop there will be as many butterflies but less cordiality and less scotch on the rocks. I haven't spent a cent here so far and Fisher writes me that in Valdosta they are ready to put me up as long as I want. Tomorrow apart from still another Coker dinner with the local gentry there don't seem to be any engagements, and I'll go off on a longer butterfly hunt. Here there is one large long-tailed Hesperid, with a kind of peacock fluff on its body, charming. A great many here have read my little things in the *Atlantic* and the *New Yorker* and in general the atmosphere is the same middle-brow one as at Wellesley. . . . The minister and I collected many interesting caterpillars, which *he* will raise. I'd like a drink—all the glasses have carbona. . . .

One lady, who was complaining about a caterpillar in the garden, and to whom I said they give rise to swallowtailed butterflies, answered: "I don't think so. I have never seen them grow wings or anything."

[Vladimir Nabokov Archive, Montreux]



## More Aspects of Collecting

From a letter to Mark Aldanov, August 6, 1943

From Sandy, Utah. In Russian. Unpublished.

We are living in wild eagle country, terribly far from everything, terribly high up. There used to be mines here, 5000 miners, shooting in bars and all that a captain unknown to the Americans regaled us with in our childhoods. Now there is no one, a rocky remoteness, a "ski" hotel on an open slope (8600 feet high), the grey ripple of aspens amid black firs, bears crossing the roads, mint, Saffron crocus, lupin flowering, Uinta ground squirrels (a kind of suslik) stand upright beside their burrows, and from morning till night I collect the rarest butterflies and flies for my museum. I know you're no nature lover, but all the same I tell you it's an incomparable pleasure to clamber up a virtual cliff at 12000 feet and there observe, "in the neighbourhood" of Pushkin's "God," the life of some wild insect stuck on this summit since the ice ages. The climate here is harsh, icy winds, loud thunder, and as soon as the sun beats down, painful blackflies stick to one—which they especially enjoy when you go dressed as I do in nothing but shorts and tennis shoes; but the collecting here is magnificent, and I have rarely felt so good.

[Bakhmeteff Archive, Columbia University]

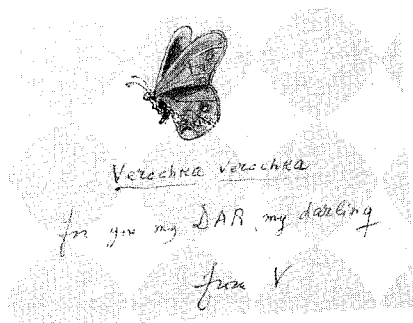
## Corporal Concerns

From a letter to Elena Sikorski,  
c. November–December 1947

From Cambridge, Massachusetts. In Russian.

After an amazing sweat-inducing summer in Colorado, from where I brought some wonderful butterflies, I have again got fat and flabby.

[*Perepiska s sestroy* 52]



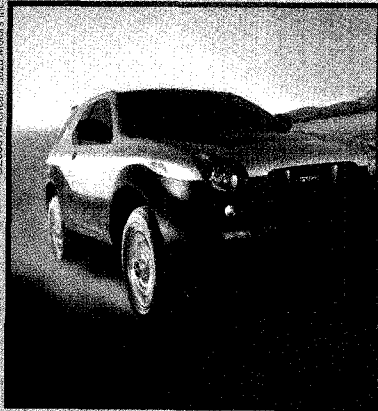
How is it conceivable, in fact, that amid the huge jumble containing the embryos of countless organs (of which up to forty-three are currently represented), the magnificent chaos of nature never included *thought*? One can doubt the ability of a genius to animate marble, but one cannot doubt that one afflicted by idiocy will never create a Galatea. Human intelligence, with all its limitations and rights, inasmuch as it is a gift of nature, and a perpetually repeated one, cannot fail to exist in the warehouse of the bestower. It may, in that dark storehouse, differ from its species seen in sunlight as a marble god is distinct from the convolutions of the sculptor's brain—but still it *exists*. Certain whims of nature can be, if not appreciated, at least merely noticed only by a brain that has developed in a related manner, and the sense of these whims can only be that—like a code or a family joke—they are accessible only to the illuminated, i.e., human, mind, and have no other mission than to give it pleasure—we are speaking of the fantastic refinement of "protective mimicry," which, in a world lacking an appointed observer endowed with artistic sensitivity, imagination, and humor, would simply be useless (*lost upon the world*), like a small volume of Shakespeare lying open in the dust of a boundless desert. This fact, even taken alone, implies a silent, subtle, charmingly sly conspiracy between nature and the one who alone can understand, who alone has at last achieved this comprehension—a spiritual alliance concluded above and beyond all the seething, the stirring, the darkness of roaming reveilles, behind the back of all the world's organic life.

Just as an increase in the brain's complexity is accompanied by a multiplication of concepts, so the history of nature demonstrates a gradual development in nature herself of the basic concept of species and genus as they take form. We are right in saying quite literally, in the human, cerebral sense, that nature grows wiser as time passes, that in a given period it has reached this or that specific stage. The only nit that can be picked is that we do not know what we imply when we say "nature" or "the spirit of nature." But, as we shall see, this monstrous "X" to which, taking advantage of its infinite spaciousness, we ascribe responsibility even for our ignorance about its true countenance, does not avoid us in some inviolable mist, but merely does not turn our way. This particularity, in turn, opens the way toward identification, and strikes the first blow toward concrete comprehension, promising us what we, who were raised on the idea of orbits, can naturally expect, upon the sighting of anything revolving away from us, that it will keep rotating until it turns back to face us.

Until that happens we must be content with the half-smile of averted lips, a conspiratorial sign, an elusive glance from narrowed eyes. In order to bring into focus the concrete subject that interests us—the formation of the species concept in nature's mind—this sign should suffice; but the path of thought pursuing the given objective is such a mirror-slippery slope—follows, like any correct but barely passable path, such a narrow ledge above such a chasm of nonsense—that its very novelty can already give a sense of falling.

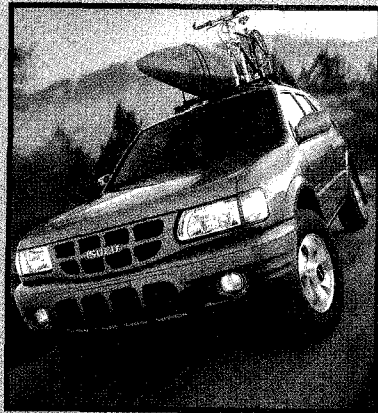
We must imagine a certain remote time on earth, when the concept of species (or genus) was as foreign to nature as it is foreign to the infancy of a human or of humanity. A three-year-old child thinks a cow is the wife of a stallion, and a dog the husband of a cat. Even the Stagirate, al-





# 10 YEARS OR 120,000 MILES

(FINALLY, A POWERTRAIN LIMITED WARRANTY  
FOR VEHICLES THAT ARE MADE TO RUN OVER THINGS\*)



# GO FARTHER

Consider a 10-year /120,000-mile powertrain limited warranty. On a car that takes you to work, it's no big news. On an SUV that takes you places cars can't go, it's a different story. At Isuzu, we back all our 2000 SUVs (the Trooper, Rodeo, Amigo, and VehiCROSS) with America's longest warranty. Because we expect you to go places in an Isuzu truck. And we want you to go with the knowledge that your vehicle is built to withstand the beating. Call 1-800-795-9779 for your local Isuzu dealer or visit [www.isuzu.com](http://www.isuzu.com).

CAR COMPANIES BUILD SUVs THAT ARE AFRAID TO  
LEAVE THE ASPHALT BEHIND. WE'RE NOT A CAR COMPANY.

## ISUZU

\*Warranty coverage for defects in materials and workmanship only. No coverage for damage caused by misuse. See your Isuzu dealer for warranty details. Powertrain Limited Warranty excludes commercial or fleet vehicles and is transferable to immediate family members only.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



APRIL 2000

though he could distinguish between a “cabbage butterfly” and a moth that flew flamewards (that, apparently, was the extent of Aristotle’s lepidopterological erudition), understood less about this distinction than a child or a layman today. Yet, long before the dawn of mankind, nature had already erected stage sets in expectation of future applause, the chrysalis of the Plum *Thecla* [*Strymonida pruni*, the Black Hairstreak] was *already* made up to look like bird droppings, the whole play, performed nowadays with such subtle perfection, had been readied for production, only awaited the sitting down of the foreseen and inevitable spectator, our intelligence of today (for tomorrow’s, a new show was in preparation).

However, in that most remote of times that we must now imagine, none of this had yet been conceived. Nature was ignorant of genera and species; the specimen reigned supreme. As a crude illustration of the position it occupied one might say that a squirrel that mated with a goose would give birth to a giraffe, a sturgeon, and a garden spider. In reality, of course, such common creatures did not yet exist and, if so clamorous an example is given, it is only to jar the reader’s imagination from its habitual stance. . . .

★ ★ ★

At this point we shall take the liberty of digressing somewhat, or, rather, of opening some parentheses, with a reminder that numerous accumulated observations had persuaded [my father], in the first place, of the absolute impossibility that given similarities were attained through evolution, through the gradual accumulation of resemblance, or through the fixation of magical mutations (the very thing that caused him to reexamine and reject the more “logical” theory of the origin of species); and, secondly, of the utter uselessness (which incidentally disproves the obtuse *lex parsimoniae* of the old-time naturalists) of such resplendent masks for the well-being of mimetic forms. . . .

Let us also consider that, through a natural concomitance of circumstances (and it could not be otherwise), we arrived in time for the main act of the comedy of mimicry. In nature as it exists today one does not note forms of half- or quarter-resemblance that would indicate that we are present as well at certain intermediate stages of the phenomenon in question, together with some closer to accomplishment. Obviously one cannot number among such approximations the ability of a certain caterpillar to assume, impromptu, the color of a plant or a net with which the experimenter has surrounded it. Perfection of color tonality is attained immediately. At the same time, this does not represent a “new” manifestation of protective coloration occurring before our eyes, but rather a play of the same nature-inspired possibilities inherent in the object under investigation, and withholding its secret from forced demonstration. Thus, not only the “aimlessness” of the accomplishment (the “aimlessness” of pure art), but also the absence of transitional forms, the ultimate clarity of observed phenomena, arouses strong doubts about the evolutionary progressive character of their genesis. The impossibility of achieving false similarities via a gradual accumulation of corresponding traits, whether by chance or as a consequence of “natural selection,” is proven by a simple lack of time. If the former process occurred, then, by the most generous calculation, by the removal of the mime’s birth date into the most

## Tranquillity and Harvard

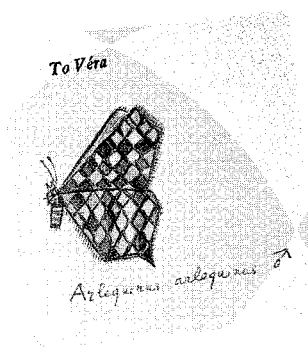
*From a letter to Elena Sikorski, November 26, 1945*

From Cambridge, Massachusetts.

At about half-past-nine I too set out, carrying my lunch (a flask of milk, two sandwiches). It is about a quarter hour’s walk to the museum, along tranquil streets (we live in a suburb, in the Harvard area), then past the university tennis courts—a multitude of courts, totally overgrown with gigantic weeds during the war years, when there has been no one to care for them. My museum—famous throughout America (and throughout what used to be Europe)—is the Museum of Comparative Zoology, a part of Harvard University, which is my employer. My laboratory occupies half of the fourth floor. Most of it is taken up by rows of cabinets, containing sliding cases of butterflies. I am custodian of these absolutely fabulous collections. We have butterflies from all over the world; many are type specimens (i.e., the very same specimens used for the original descriptions, from the 1840s until today). Along the windows extend tables holding my microscopes, test tubes, acids, papers, pins, etc. I have an assistant, whose main task is spreading specimens sent by collectors. I work on my personal research, and for more than two years now have been publishing piecemeal a study of the classification of American “blues” based on the structure of their genitalia (minuscule sculpturesque hooks, teeth, spurs, etc., visible only under a microscope), which I sketch in with the aid of various marvelous devices, variants of the magic lantern. When the weather is good I take a short break around midday. Other curators, from various floors, of reptiles, mammals, fossils, etc.—all wonderful people—also gather on the steps. My work enraptures but utterly exhausts me; I have ruined my eyesight, and wear horn-rimmed glasses. To know that no one before you has seen an organ you are examining, to trace relationships that have occurred to *no one* before, to immerse yourself in the wondrous crystalline world of the microscope, where silence reigns, circumscribed by its own horizon, a blindingly white arena—all this is so enticing that I cannot describe it (in a certain sense, in *The Gift*, I “foretold” my destiny—this retreat into entomology). Around five I come home, already in the blue darkness of winter, the hour of evening newspapers, the hour when . . . are rolling home, and radio phonographs burst into song in the illumined apartments of large ivy covered buildings. . . .

[Selected Letters 1940–1977, 58–59]





## Sphingids Over Water

Lepidopterological note. Written in 1947.

Published in *Lepidopterists' News* I (November 1947).

On a hot August day, from a bridge in Estes Park, Colo., my wife and I watched for almost a minute a striped Hawk Moth (*Celerio*) poised above the water, facing upstream against a swift current, in the act of drinking. The delicate wake produced by the immersion of the proboscis was a special feature of the performance. This should not be confused with the dipping-the-abdomen habit noticed by me—and other Russian collectors—in the case of *Smer. populi* and *S. amurensis*.

V. Nabokov

[*Lepidopterists' News* I: 82]

## Moths, Butterflies, and Bad Writers

From a letter to Elena Sikorski, August 3, 1950

From Ithaca, New York. In Russian.

Don't read Sartre—fashionable nonsense, already forgotten, and Miller is talentless obscenity. When I want good reading, I reread Proust's *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* or Joyce's *Ulysses*. Moth lure: treacle and beer (flat) half in half, prepare in the afternoon, before use add a little glass of rum (per half-bucket), smear at head-height with a painter's brush the bark (coarser) of leafy trees (oldish), 20–30 trees before dark. Cover the moths with a glass or jar, with cotton wool soaked in chloroform at the bottom. Did I write you that I had discovered and described several new species and that there exist several named *nabokovi* in my honor? I must say that I have changed ridiculously little over all these years.

[*Perepiska s sestroy* 63]

distant depths of centuries, the line beyond which lie fossil species whose organic harmony coincides with the existence of other, extinct representatives of the animal kingdom could in no way harmonize with the existence of any species (or genus) familiar to us—that line confines its history to some kind of limits susceptible to some kind of calculable extremes. Yet a trillion light years would hardly be sufficient, even thanks to a series of happy coincidences, to disguise a multitude of disparate species by one and the same process (for instance, endowing a folded butterfly with the exact appearance of a certain variety of leaf with the artistic bonus of a realistic flaw: a small hole eaten through it by somebody's larva). . . .

The duration of a species, its sitting as a model, its presence before nature's mirror, cannot be measured in increments of time that would presuppose radical changes incompatible with the preservation of its idea. To say that, over the centuries, one species evolves into another by a genealogical line is to disrupt, to the same degree, the basic idea of species, as would admitting that between two extant species intermediate forms were to be represented as well. Yet the appearance of species is unarguable; and neither the evolutionist "how" nor the metaphysical "whence" can be answered until we agree to admit it was not species that evolved in nature, but the very concept of species.

To return to the question of the state of nature before the origin of this concept, and imagine the immeasurably distant times when "the specimen reigned supreme," we can, with the aid of parlor verse, if not of arm-chair science, indistinctly perceive this undulating, iridescent world, and nature's first attempts at stabilizing something. A crawling root, the extremity of a tropical creeper vivified by the wind, turned into a snake solely because nature, noticing movement, wished to reproduce it, as a child amused by the flight of a forest leaf picks it up and tosses it back up. But it is only in nature's fingers that the leaf could turn into a Kallima. It would be more accurate to say, though, that it was not the work of the wind, but some energizing, thought-engendering rotation—not just the earth's rotation, but the even force that so festively animates the Dance of the Planets that is the universe. The idea of rotation acting upon the ferment of life, and provoked by that ferment itself, is what gave rise in nature to the lawlike regularity of repetition, of recognition, and of logical responsibility, to which the apparatus of human ratiocination, all the fruit of the same agitated woodlands, is subordinate. A reminder is in order: so far, all this is but an approximate image, in the same way as it would be purely allegorical for us to start affirming that the initial division of all earthly specimens into two groups were a separation of two halves under the influence of centrifugal force, and that the dual sexuality of today is a surviving signpost of that first separation, which, in itself, was not yet a differentiation of the sexes.

Here we traverse the most precarious part of the trail, where thought, with lowered gaze and aware of its direction, is therefore fearful of a superfluous nudge—the effort of double-checking, a flawed appellation, a misstep and a slip, the way the surrounding vista from the precarious path is liable to provoke, instead of a flow of reason and memory, a fatal vertigo. But what one must establish clearly for oneself, something that will, incidentally, lead us out onto relatively safe ground, is that all of nature's subsequent work on the differentiation and definition of the notion

## Four Interviews

*From an interview with Robert Hughes, September 1965*

Filmed for Television 13 educational program, New York.  
Broadcast February 1966. Published in part in *Strong Opinions*.

[Nabokov's selection from transcription of interview,  
cameras rolling.]

Late September in Central Europe is a bad season for collecting butterflies. This is not Arizona, alas.

In this grassy nook near an old vineyard above the Lake of Geneva, a few fairly fresh females of the very common Meadow Brown still flutter about here and there—lazy old widows. There's one.

Here is a little sky-blue butterfly, also a very common thing, once known as the Clifden Blue in England.

The sun is getting hotter. I enjoy hunting in the buff but I doubt anything interesting can be obtained today. This pleasant lane on the banks of Geneva Lake teems with butterflies in summer. Chapman's Blue and Mann's White, two rather local things, occur not far from here. But the white butterflies we see in this particular glade, on this nice but commonplace autumn day, are the ordinary Whites: the Small White and Green-Veined White.

Ah, a caterpillar. Handle with care. Its golden-brown coat can cause a nasty itch. This handsome worm will become next year a fat, ugly, drab-colored moth.

[*Strong Opinions* 60]

*From an interview with Robert Robinson, February 1977*

For the BBC-2 *Book Programme*. Published in *The Listener*, March 24, 1977. Reprinted in *Vladimir Nabokov: A Tribute*, ed. Peter Quennell.

Q: Do you find that you re-read your own earlier work, and if you do, with what feelings?

A: Re-reading my own works is a purely utilitarian business. I have to do it when correcting a paperback edition riddled with misprints or controlling a translation, but there are some rewards. In certain species—this is going to be a metaphor—in certain species, the wings of the pupated butterfly begin to show in exquisite miniature through the wing-cases of the chrysalis a few days before emergence. It is the pathetic sight of an iridescent future transpiring through the shell of the past, something of the kind I experience when dipping into my books written in the twenties. Suddenly through a drab photograph a blush of colour, an outline of form, seems to be distinguishable. I'm saying this with absolute scientific modesty, not with the smugness of ageing art. . . .

Q: The world knows that you are also a lepidopterist but may not know what that involves. In the collection of butterflies, could you describe the process from pursuit to display?

A: Only common butterflies, showy moths from the tropics, are put on display in a dusty case between a primitive mask and a vulgar abstract picture. The rare, precious stuff

is kept in the glazed drawers of museum cabinets. As for pursuit, it is, of course, ecstasy to follow an undescribed beauty, skimming over the rocks of its habitat, but it is also great fun to locate a new species among the broken insects in an old biscuit tin sent over by a sailor from some remote island.

Q: . . . Have you any sense of having narrowly missed some other role? What substitute could you endure?

A: Oh, yes, I have always had a number of parts lined up in case the muse failed. A lepidopterist exploring famous jungles came first, then there was the chess grand master, then the tennis ace with an unreturnable service, then the goalie saving a historic shot, and finally, finally, the author of a pile of unknown writings—*Pale Fire*, *Lolita*, *Ada*—which my heirs discover and publish.

*From an interview with Pierre Dommergues, September 7, 1967*

In French.

In summer, [my life] is calmer. My wife and I set off traveling in search of butterflies. I adore mountains, in Switzerland, in Italy, in the south of France. I like staying at a thousand meters and climbing every day up to at least two thousand meters to chase alpine butterflies there. I know few things sweeter than to go out early in the morning with my net and take the chairlift towards a cloudless sky, following underneath myself, at the side, the shadow of the airborne chair with my seated silhouette, the shadow of my net in my fist, sliding along the slopes, waving under the alders, still climbing, slim, supple, rejuvenated and stylized by the effect of projection, crawling graciously in an almost mythological ascension. The return isn't so pretty, since the sun has changed place, and you see the shadow stunted, you see two big knees, everything has changed.

[*Les Langues modernes* 62 (January–February 1968)]

*From an interview with Simona Morini, February 1972*

Published in *Vogue*, April 15, 1972.

Q: *Lolita* is an extraordinary Baedeker of the United States. What fascinated you about American motels?

A: The fascination was purely utilitarian. My wife used to drive me (Plymouth, Oldsmobile, Buick, Buick Special, Impala—in that order of brand) during several seasons, many thousands of miles every season, for the sole purpose of collecting Lepidoptera—all of which are now in three museums (Natural History in New York City, Comparative Zoology at Harvard, Comstock Hall at Cornell). Usually we spent only a day or two in each motorcourt, but sometimes, if the hunting was good, we stayed for weeks in one place. The main *raison d'être* of the motel was the possibility of walking out straight into an aspen grove with lupines in full bloom or onto a wild mountainside.

[*Strong Opinions* 198–200]



## An Example of Technical Writing

*The female of Lycaeides argyrognomon sublivens*

Lepidopterological paper. Written in January 1952.

Published in *Lepidopterists' News* 6 (August 1952).

... Here is a brief description of *L. sublivens* female: Upperside of a rather peculiar, smooth, weak brown, with an olivaceous cast in the living insect; more or less extensively dusted with cinder-blue scales; triangulate greyish blue inner cretules generally present in the hindwing and often accompanied by some bluish or greyish bleaching in the radial cells of the forewing; aurorae reduced: short and dullish in the hindwing, blurred or absent in the forewing, tending to disappear in both wings and almost completely absent in 3 specimens; lunulate pale greyish blue outer cretules very distinct in both wings; underside similar to that of the male.

[*Strong Opinions* 315–318]

## Long and Hazy the Evening

Poem ("Večer dymchat i dolog," in  
"Nepravil'nye yamby")

Written in Ithaca, September 1953.

Published in *Novyy Zhurnal* 46 (1956). Translated by DN.

Long and hazy the evening,  
and I stand, as in prayer,  
a young entomologist,  
with some honeysuckle near.

How I crave, unexpected,  
Midst those flowers to glimpse,  
With proboscis projected,  
a heavenly sphinx!

A quick throb—and I see it.  
At an angel I hit,  
and a demon's entangled  
in the haze of my net.

[*Stikhi* 288]

of species (as well as of genus and family), through a special property of its agitation, was fated to follow the laws of spherical entities burgeoning, disintegrating, and newly developing, out of the disintegrated elements, into newly intricate clusters. As we study this method of nature via reflections that have reached us, we involuntarily come away with the impression that in its implementation, at once obediently carefree and subtly rational (as a painter alternately whistles and narrows his eyes), nature found immense delight, whose exact quality is familiar to us in the joy we derive from a witty problem, from harmony, from creativity. At times nature found it amusing, or artistically valid, to retain, near a selected species, an elegant corollary, generically quite unrelated, but simply picked up from the ground simultaneously back in the times when a dragonfly might simultaneously be a butterfly. Or else it pained nature to disjoin two of its initial creations, which, despite the abyss of differences separating them, nonetheless modulated between one another. From one angle, you see a lichen; from another, an inchworm moth. Whatever subsequent alterations this plant and this insect underwent, the ripply-grayish something that, in the depths of ages, corresponded to them was conserved by nature (which had not given up mythogenesis for the sake of scientific system, but had cunningly united them). As soon as a creature capable of appreciating the unexpected resemblance, its poetry and magical antiquity, had matured on earth, this phenomenon was proffered to him by nature for admiration and amusement, as a precious symbol of the homogeneousness (*oneness*) in which she had once found the prime compound for the creation of the first denizens of her kindergarten. It is remarkable that, assuming the spatial classification proposed below, based on an annular principle and organized in a ringlike pattern forming new ringlike systems, mime and model perforce exchange glances from the nearest points of rings that pertain to totally disparate genera of butterflies.

\*\*\*

**A** PRELIMINARY outline of . . . a classification of Lepidoptera is presented by the author, concisely and without commentary, at the conclusion of the "Addendum" (where in many families even the parentheses of genera are not opened). It is only an illustration of principles, the assimilation of which will leave to the reader the pleasure of figuring out for himself the author's reasons for adopting this particular distribution. Here I shall get no help from Murchison [the author of a 300-page explanation of Count Godunov's thirty-page treatise], whose lepidopterological knowledge is very limited. My father's work interests him only for its biological-philosophical refraction. But the lapidary concision of the present schema probably gratified two senses highly developed in its author: that of proportion and that of humor. In an essay where, judging by excerpts, every sentence is like an opaquely glazed door with a sign to halt intruders, and inside everything is replete with knowledge that calls for bridges where the reader, notwithstanding the pesky prodding of the wayward Murchison, would otherwise sink into the murky ooze—in such an essay, where the author's goal, essentially, was to provide a minimum of words and a maximum of thought, an elaborate exposition of its deductions would have been uneconomical. At the same time, anticipating the perplexity, and even the irritation, that a con-

servative scientist must experience when faced with a blueprint for classification at the conclusion of an incomprehensible essay, caused its author no little amusement. But of course the main thing is that he had intended, at his leisure, to dedicate a separate study to the question raised here, and at the same time believed that, if the precariousness of human life, and the fog settling on Russia, and the danger of a new hunt far afield projected in such an unpropitious year thwarted it, a maximally accurate exposition of the principles of such a study would still allow minds that at last understood them a chance to consummate the plan outlined by the author. I like to think he was not mistaken here, and that, in time, men will appear who are more alert than Murchison, more educated than I, more talented and lively than the terrible turtles who direct learned journals, and that the elaboration of my father's thoughts, jotted in the hasty hand of a testament in the night preceding a dubious departure, when holster, gloves, and compass intrude momentarily on the sedentary life of the desk, and pursued here in a haze of filial love, piety, inspiration, and mental helplessness, will create a worthy monument to him, visible from every corner of natural science. The bitterness of interrupted life is nothing compared to the bitterness of interrupted work: the probability that the former may continue beyond the grave seems infinite when compared to the inexorable incompletion of the latter. There, perhaps, it will seem like nonsense, but here it still remains unfinished. Whatever may lie in store for the soul, however fully earthly mishaps may be resolved, there must remain a faint hum, vague as stardust, even if its source vanishes with the earth. That is why I cannot forgive the censorship of death, the prison officials of the other world, the veto imposed on the research envisioned by my father. It is not for me, alas, to complete it. Here I recall, with no connection to this eternal hurt or, at least, no rational connection, how, one warm summer night, a boy of fourteen, I sat on the veranda bench with some book—whose title, too, I shall surely recall in a moment, when it all comes into focus—and my mother, smiling as in a dream, was laying out on the illumined table cards that were particularly glossy against the thick, velvet heliotrope-soaked chasm into which the veranda glided. I had difficulty understanding what I read, for the book was difficult and strange, and the pages seemed out of order, and my father, with someone—with a guest, or with his brother, I cannot make out clearly—was walking across the lawn, slowly, judging by their softly moving voices. At a certain moment, as he passed beneath an open window, his voice drew nearer. Almost as if he were reciting a monologue, for, in the darkness of the fragrant black past, I have lost track of his chance interlocutor, my father declared emphatically and cheerfully, “Yes, of course it was in vain that I said ‘by chance,’ and by chance that I said ‘in vain,’ for here I agree with the clergy, especially since, for all the plants and animals I have had occasion to encounter, it is an unquestionable and authentic. . . .” The awaited final stress did not come. Laughing, the voice receded into the darkness—and now I have suddenly remembered the title of the book. 🦋

*The sketches and drawings in “Nabokov’s Butterflies”  
come from Nabokov’s letters and also from inscriptions to his wife,  
Véra, on dedication copies of his books.*

## How I Loved the Poems of Gumilyov!

*Poem in Russian (“Kak lyubil ya stikhi Gumilyova!”).*

Written July 22, 1972.

How I loved the poems of Gumilyov!  
Reread them I cannot,  
But traces have stayed in my mind,  
such as, on this think-through:

“ . . . And I will die not in a summerhouse  
from gluttony and heat,  
but with a heavenly butterfly in my net  
on the summit of some wild hill.”

[Stikhi 297]

## One Last Thought

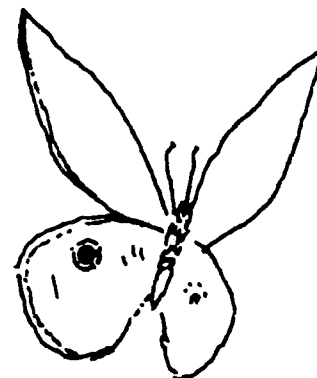
*From a letter to Hugh Hefner, December 28, 1968*

From Montreux. Published in part  
in *Playboy*, January 1972.

Have you ever noticed how the head and ears  
of your Bunny resemble a butterfly in shape,  
with an eyespot on one hindwing?  
Happy New Year.

*Yours sincerely,*  
VLADIMIR NABOKOV

[Selected Letters 1940–1977, 439–440]



DMITRI NABOKOV





From the top left by row: XR400R, Accord EX V-6 Sedan, portable generator, Honda Harmony lawnmower, BF130 outboard, FourTrax Foreman ES, Acura NSX, string trimmer, snowblower, Gold Wing SE, Honda Masters lawn tractor. ©1999 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. [www.honda.com](http://www.honda.com)

# Why some garages are happier than others.

Have you ever noticed how some garages have all the luck? Imagine being home to not just one Honda product, but many.

Sure, we're best known for our automobiles. But we are, first and foremost, an engineering company. And, along with our world-renowned cars, we manufacture some of the world's most reliable motorcycles, marine engines, generators, snowblowers, lawnmowers, all-terrain vehicles and tillers. Products designed to balance your desires for fun and performance with society's needs for better fuel efficiency and cleaner air. And, all powered by Honda.

From our low-emission automobiles to our tremendously clean and quiet marine engines, Honda thinking has led to many breakthrough innovations in virtually every product we make. Which, ultimately, helps improve the quality of your life. Not to mention your garage.

**HONDA**  
Thinking.™



# THE PRESENCE OF THE PAST

## FLASHBACKS: CONFLICT IN THE BALKANS

[www.theatlantic.com/unbound/flashbacks/balkans](http://www.theatlantic.com/unbound/flashbacks/balkans)

### THE BALKAN CRISIS (January 1913) by Roland G. Usher

*This portrait of the region at the time of the Balkan Wars of 1912–1913 illustrates not only the roots of more-recent conflicts but also how the Balkans have been perceived by the West.*

"Poverty-stricken (until lately), individually and collectively, isolated (until lately) from the world and from each other by the difficulties of communication, they became inevitably narrow, bigoted, fiercely partisan, unprogressive, certainly in no way fitted to influence the affairs of Europe.

"Yet, as certainly, since the days of imperial Rome, no European state has been more often the subject of anxious inquiry; for those mountain valleys are the keys of Europe. . . . The racial antipathy of the Occidental for the Oriental, the fierce religious hatred of the Christian for the Mohammedan, are motives actuating the Balkan peoples to a degree inconceivable in America. . . . This war is a gigantic blood feud, a racial struggle, a crusade."

### THE BUILDING OF THE ROADS (December 1962) by Tomislav Badovinac

*The author was in charge of 49,000 youths who were at work building the Yugoslav highway "Brotherhood and Unity" from April to November of 1961.*

"Assembled from all over the country, from all the republics, boys and girls come to know one another better, to understand one another, as they are brought together by joint efforts and problems to joint victories, joys, and recreation. . . .

"Our country is a multinational state. As Cedo Samardzic, a member of the youth brigade from Pristina, wrote: 'Our brigade is formed of youths from thirty villages. Earlier we had never known one another. The fact that members of the brigade were of the Albanian national minority or were Serbs or Montenegrins was no obstacle to their getting to know one another quickly and becoming good friends. . . .'"

### EUROPE'S THIRD WORLD (July 1989) by Robert D. Kaplan

*Writing just months prior to the fall of the Berlin Wall, the Atlantic correspondent Robert D. Kaplan saw the specter of a Balkan war looming as the Communist system collapsed.*

"Ethnic divisions that date back to the breakup of the Hapsburg Empire not only threaten relations between Hungary and Romania but also threaten to tear up another Balkan state, Yugoslavia, from within. . . . The miracle of a cohesive Yugoslavia under Tito was due in no small measure to repression. . . . With Tito's death, in 1980, a gradual process of liberalization ensued in Yugoslavia. . . . At the same time, the very process of liberalization has resulted in a resurgence of the Serbian nationalism that Tito had managed to contain. . . .

"In the 1970s and 1980s the world witnessed the limits of superpower influence in places like Vietnam and Afghanistan. In the 1990s those limits may well become visible in a Third World region within Europe itself. The Balkans could shape the end of the century, just as they did the beginning."

Articles from  
*The Atlantic's*  
archive—still  
resonating  
today

**A**tlantic Unbound is not only *The Atlantic Monthly's* home on the Internet—it's an online publication offering a weekly assortment of Web-only columns and interactive features.

In addition to articles from *The Atlantic's* archive, you'll find timely commentary on politics, books, and the arts; explorations of digital culture; online dispatches from foreign correspondents; interactive roundtable discussions; poetry readings; and more.

Atlantic Unbound is also home to an online community engaged in continual conversation and debate in Post & Riposte, our reader forum. Come introduce yourself, and join the conversation.

A complete index of Atlantic Unbound Flashbacks is available at  
[www.theatlantic.com/unbound/flashbacks.htm](http://www.theatlantic.com/unbound/flashbacks.htm)

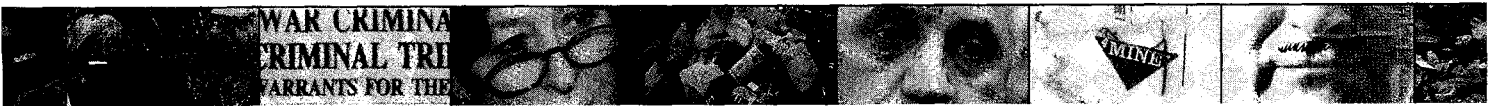
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Atlantic Unbound**  
[www.theatlantic.com](http://www.theatlantic.com)



# AFTER THE WARS

## YUGOSLAVIA AND THE WORLD



**F**OUR years have passed since the Dayton Accords brought a complicated, bitter peace to Bosnia. Almost a year has passed since NATO air strikes drove Serbian forces out of the Yugoslav province of Kosovo, making possible another complicated, bitter peace. Soldiers from the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and many other countries—all told, some 65,000 strong—are now stationed as peacekeepers in the Balkans. Besides a considerable reduction in violence—no small achievement—what has the world's intervention wrought? Our correspondents, taking stock, address three subjects. Charles Trueheart looks at the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia, which is investigating war crimes and putting alleged perpetrators on trial, and at the surprising precedent the tribunal may have set. Chuck Sudetic explains why indicted war criminals can live with impunity in the sector of Bosnia controlled by the French. And David Rieff, who lived in and reported from Sarajevo during its years of siege, returns to a city that may represent a portent for Kosovo: physically safe but spiritually and socially ravaged, it owes such life as it has to foreign money and foreign troops.



# A New Kind of Justice

by CHARLES TRUEHEART

*The International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia is the world's first war-crimes tribunal since Nuremberg. The major powers have accepted the tribunal's jurisdiction and submitted to its authority, which is far broader than most people understand. Although not even idealists would have predicted it a decade ago, something like this tribunal may soon become a permanent feature in the world*

**T**HERE is a living monument to one possible fate for international justice in a world of sovereignty. It is the Peace Palace, home of the International Court of Justice. The court sits in The Hague, the charming Dutch city, in soaring chambers within an eclectic 1913 brick palace in a campus of fountains and tidy gardens. More often called the World Court, it has been weighing claims among nations and dispensing opinions of right and wrong since just after World War I. It is a vestige of Wilsonian idealism, a burst of conscience and good intentions that opened the brackets on the twentieth century, just as another burst has closed them.

The World Court adjudicates civil disputes among nations—quarrels over borders, or fishing rights, or the meaning of treaties, or the right to deem another country an aggressor. It has no power of enforcement or credible threat of punishment for noncompliance. Its only leverage is moral gravitas. The court weighs in, and lets opprobrium or vindication fall where it may. Many states ignore it when they wish. The United States sharply restricted its conditions for accepting the court's jurisdiction after Reagan-era decisions against it in a dispute with Nicaragua.

Powerlessness is insidious, as the history of the United Nations reminds us. And powerlessness is the constant menace threatening another, entirely separate and much younger world court: the International Criminal Tribunal, which is responsible for prosecuting and judging war crimes committed in both the former Yugoslavia and Rwanda. It, too, sits in The Hague, down a wooded avenue from the Peace Palace, in a heavily guarded V-shaped office building that once housed a big insurance company. The tribunal's home is a cold, func-

tional, secretive place, staffed not only by judges but also by hundreds of prosecutors and investigators and translators and clerical workers and security guards.

In the fall of 1996, three and a half years after the tribunal was established, a new chief prosecutor arrived. She was Louise Arbour, a Canadian law professor and jurist, and she knew little of the substance of her enormous dossiers, or of the uncharted international law she would be seeking to define and then to enforce. But she understood what the real agenda was: to establish the war-crimes tribunal as an institution of truth *and* consequence.

The truth was far from easy to discern, given the vastness of the crimes Arbour was prosecuting—a quarter of a million people slaughtered in a three- or five- or seven-headed ethnic conflict in the Balkans that has lasted through much of the nineties (and is not over); more than half a million massacred in 1994, in the space of a few weeks, in Rwanda.

Making the tribunal effective and credible meant not just establishing the historical record and determining where justice lay. It meant delivering. It meant testing, in the real world, the question of whether acts of genocide, crimes against humanity, and violations of the code of war would have real consequences for the people responsible.

Unlike the World Court, which judges states, the International Criminal Tribunal judges individuals. But in practice, this is a distinction without a difference. Individuals acting in the names of states perpetrate war crimes. Individuals acting in the names of states decide whether or not to cooperate with the war-crimes tribunal. Getting states to cooperate with the tribunal became Louise Arbour's daunting task. The unfolding horrors in Kosovo brought matters to a head.



GEORGI LICOVSKI/AFP/CORBIS

## “The Bottom of the Page”

**O**N Friday, January 15, 1999, in the Kosovar village of Racak, forty-five ethnic-Albanian men, women, and children were rousted from their homes, driven into the nearby woods, and executed at close range by hooded Serbian security forces. Some were mutilated; one was decapitated. News of the Racak massacre reached Arbour in The Hague on Saturday morning, when she got home from grocery shopping to find a message asking her to call William Walker, the head of the international unarmed monitoring force—under the aegis of the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe—known as the Kosovo Verification Mission.

“Turn on your TV,” Walker said when she reached him. “It’s even worse than what you’ll see.”

On Monday morning Arbour flew to Macedonia, next door to Kosovo. There she and Walker’s deputy, Gabriel Keller, boarded a bright-orange armored vehicle and headed to the border to make plain Arbour’s determination to investigate the grisliest single atrocity in nearly a year of Serbian repression.

*January, 1999: Louise Arbour, the war-crimes prosecutor, on the Yugoslavia-Macedonia border*

Arbour did not think it likely that she could get past the frontier, but the Racak massacre had, she felt, compelled her to demand the access the Yugoslav government had been refusing her investigators for months. Launched on this effort, she wondered if the world was behind her, and she had good reason to wonder. Arbour had been frustrated for much of 1998, as the Serb-led government of what remains of Yugoslavia persisted in driving out and killing Kosovo’s ethnic Albanians. These were war crimes, and the International Criminal Tribunal had asserted its jurisdiction over Kosovo early on. Western governments hoped that the threat of a tribunal investigation might cause Slobodan Milosevic, the President of Yugoslavia, to desist. The United Nations Security Council, the tribunal’s sole institutional superior, had backed up the tribunal’s authority in three resolutions, which were bolstered by tough pronouncements from Western leaders.

The tribunal’s obvious agenda was to bring war-crimes charges all the way up to Milosevic. Arbour’s slow, methodical compilation of a case against the Yugoslav President, and her stated desire to meet the toughest standards of evidence, had sometimes drawn scorn from impatient humanitarian organizations and Western governments. She had heard them say that she was moving too gingerly on the Kosovo dossier,



that she ought to “go to Kosovo.” She mocked the assumption that it fell to her to “take soil samples and witness testimony.”

But in her two and a half years at the tribunal Arbour had discovered the great extent to which international decision-making was driven by the news media. She had also learned, after what many observers thought was a clumsy start, to use the media. Racak was the provocation she needed.

After Racak, Arbour had asked the NATO high command—the so-called extraction force, known to insiders as “the dentists”—to take her over the border to Racak under its protec-

**The weight of law in the making hangs heavily on the war-crimes tribunal. With every assertion of jurisdiction, every prosecution, every sentence, the tribunal is setting precedent.**

tion, without visas or border formalities. As she put it later, dryly, “We wanted the insertion of the prosecutor by the extraction force.” By diplomatic norms the request had been an outrageous one; Arbour had been refused. So she set out on her own.

Arbour and her team handed their official authorizations from the United Nations to enter Yugoslavia to the border guard, who took them away for inspection. Later she would see Serb state-run-television footage of the guard holding her passport open to show that she had no visa. The team was, of course, denied entry, despite Arbour’s aggressive confrontation with the sergeant in command. Arbour is five feet tall, and she had left her body armor behind in the car. “Do you know who I am?” she asked the sergeant. He said he did. Arbour later told me, “I asked if he had instructions from Belgrade to refuse me, and he said no. I did not believe him for one minute.” She and her party turned back.

The week after Racak was Arbour’s lowest moment—“the bottom of the pit,” as she put it in one of the conversations we had last year, while events in the Balkans and in The Hague unfolded. I had been covering the International Criminal Tribunal for *The Washington Post*, and had met Arbour socially a few times during a previous assignment, in Canada, where she was an Ontario appeals-court judge. I had not gone along on the trip to Racak, so pointless did it seem to my editors and to me—as a few days later it seemed to Arbour, too. “I felt very abandoned,” she recalled. “I felt very alone. The pictures told the story: I had in a physical sense gone as far as I could, and I had to turn back.”

But when Arbour returned to The Hague, she was surprised to find that the incident had crystallized the work the tribunal had been doing for six years. It framed the issues squarely: evidence of crimes, international condemnation, refusal of the

sovereign authority to permit an investigation that its membership in the UN required. The foiled effort to enter Kosovo in January had propelled the tribunal from the sidelines into the center of the action—and toward the first indictment of a sitting chief of state: Slobodan Milosevic.

It would be the International Criminal Tribunal’s agenda, in the broadest sense, that provoked and then justified the first full-scale military operation in Europe in half a century, and the first operation of its magnitude to address a humanitarian disaster—the killing of thousands of Kosovar Albanians and the deportation of nearly a million. NATO and the allied powers may have had other reasons to launch the bombing campaign against Milosevic, but the humanitarian argument was the one they advanced most aggressively. That they made the argument constituted an endorsement, not entirely witting, of an idea: The humanitarian imperative can transcend sovereignty.

This confluence of justice and power politics was at times turbulent, and remains deeply uneasy. Regardless, an extraordinary amount of rhetoric as well as of ordnance was deployed over Kosovo on behalf of the human-rights precept that undergirds the philosophy of the tribunal: There can be no real peace without justice.

The tribunal is an awkwardly growing institution without clear judicial parentage. No one lets the Yugoslavia tribunal forget that to date it has tried only a handful of mostly low-level war criminals. How this institution does its work will have a powerful bearing on whether a permanent International Criminal Court comes into existence. A hundred and twenty nations voted in Rome in 1998 to establish such a court—the United States not among them.

In her first interview with *The Washington Post* after arriving in The Hague, Arbour referred to “what diplomats do.” She said, “They try to get others to act in their own self-interest. I can’t imagine that it’s that hard.” What she said of the diplomats’ role could be said of what she herself set out to do—but she found it very hard. Arbour, who had spent most of her career in law-school classrooms and judges’ chambers, would soon be deeply immersed in criminal investigations, legal strategies, and international jurisprudence. She would also find herself daily, hourly, lobbying governments or the United Nations for money, for personnel, for classified information about her targets, for resources to exhume mass graves, and, most important, for acts of courage and political will: the arrest of indicted war criminals.

Enforcement and apprehension are the realms in which friendly states show their true colors. The tribunal has no police powers, no high-tech SWAT team responsible for snatching architects and agents of mass murder. In effect, the tribunal serves at the pleasure of the major powers—especially the United States. “If I were in her shoes and I wanted the tribunal to work, I’d feel compelled to go along with the United States,” observes M. Cherif Bassiouni, a war-crimes scholar who helped to lay the basis for the tribunal in work he did for the United Nations. “How far is a question each one of us must decide.”

The tribunal can complain that it doesn't get enough help from its powerful friends, but Serbian leaders or any others who might come under the scrutiny of a permanent international court in the new century can ask themselves, reasonably enough, whether a court that is essentially the creature of their enemies can dispense justice fairly. The appearance of justice, as well as the reality of it, hangs heavily on the tribunal. Every assertion of jurisdiction, every move to prosecute, every procedural appeal, every sentence—all these things may be decided on the merits, but always with the burden of knowing that the tribunal is also, and always, setting precedent.

## Sealed Indictments

UNTIL the outbreak of hostilities in disintegrating Yugoslavia no one but scholars and a few idealistic or zealous public figures had thought much about the need for a war-crimes tribunal. The post-World War II trials of Nazi and Japanese leaders had set a precedent, but one hobbled by the nature of the justice being done: however fairly, victors were trying the vanquished. The United Nations after the war had sought to codify crimes against humanity, genocide, violations of the customs of war, and the like. But during the Cold War the documents embodying these ideas, which would provide the legal and political underpinnings for the tribunals of the 1990s, existed in the realm of pure theory.

The International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia was established in 1993, two years after the conflict in the Balkans began. Western nations had been confounded by this southeastern European crisis, and they had been roundly accused of spinelessness and dithering as mounting numbers of casualties—in particular, civilian fatalities—were reported on global television.

The cynical view still propounded by some diplomats is that the tribunal was established to give the appearance of doing something—anything—when economic sanctions, arms embargoes, armed intervention, and negotiations were either ineffective or impossible.

*By 1996, when this Wanted poster was circulated, the war-crimes tribunal had issued dozens of indictments*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

"I've heard it all," Arbour told me, commenting on this view. "But as a lawyer I find it difficult to believe that those who voted for [the tribunal] didn't realize what they were launching. On its face, they were launching a pretty robust and well-equipped institution, and one that is very difficult to recall. If it was a cynical act, my God, was it ever stupid." One evening, to describe what the tribunal stands for, she touched the lapels of her suit jacket and said, "When criminal law puts on its Sunday suit."

The first chief prosecutor, Richard Goldstone, had enjoyed a distinguished career as a judge in South Africa. He had headed up investigations, just before the collapse of the white-minority government, into atrocities committed against black civilians by agents of the South African state. He had a sure sense of media relations, a fine pedigree with respect to worthy causes, and a determination to put the tribunal on the map. When the Security Council, in 1994, added war crimes in Rwanda to his brief, Goldstone already enjoyed a good reputation—for a white jurist—in black Africa. (The story of the International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda, which Arbour also headed subsequently, is a separate, vexing case that will not be covered here.)

After a slow start, Goldstone began to issue indictments, making prosecutorial decisions that would be fateful for the early years of the tribunal. By 1996, when he left, seventy-six people had been indicted—most of them Bosnian Serbs, for crimes against Bosnia's Mus-





lims. In what some critics inside and outside the tribunal believe was a mistaken signal of moral equivalence, Goldstone also brought indictments against Croats (reasonably enough, given evidence of their violence against Serbs and Muslims alike) and against Bosnian Muslims, who at the time were by far the most victimized of the ethnic populations in the Balkans.

In 1994 the tribunal received its first prisoner, when the German police arrested Dusan Tadic, who was living in Munich. In 1995 the tribunal issued indictments against two Bosnian Serb leaders for organizing the ethnic-cleansing and extermination campaign against Croats and Muslims during the war—the political leader Radovan Karadzic and his military chief, Ratko Mladic. At this writing Karadzic and Mladic are still at large and remain the most wanted men in the Balkans, symbols of the impunity that the tribunal is struggling to expunge.

In 1996 the tribunal began to try Tadic, whose small-fry status and agonizingly ponderous trial (appeals of his conviction stretched into this year) would come to epitomize the shortcomings of justice in The Hague. In April of 1996 a bigger fish, the Bosnian Croat general Tihomir Blaskic, surrendered less than voluntarily to the tribunal, to face charges of command responsibility for atrocities. By the time Goldstone left, in September, only one trial had been completed, and only one confession had been recorded. Of the seventy-six indicted suspects only eight were in custody, and only one of them was a Serb.

Justice is slow in The Hague for many reasons. Some involve the hybrid form of law that the tribunal practices. Its adversarial proceedings and rules of evidence are borrowed largely from British common law. But, as in the continental European tradition, defendants have no right to a jury, defendants can be questioned, and all cases are decided by a three-judge bench, with two votes sufficing to convict. In The Hague prosecutors may appeal acquittals (and have done so). Hearsay is permissible; so is a diluted form of trial in absentia.

This mishmash of legal traditions is made all the more troublesome by simultaneous but not always perfect translation into the three languages of the court—French, English, and Serbo-Croatian. In the Goldstone era only a single courtroom was available; the judges heard two cases alternately, slowing whatever trials were under way to half speed. (The tribunal now has three courtrooms.)

Goldstone, who knew Arbour from the legal circuit, invited her to dinner one day in late 1995 when he was visiting Ottawa. Arbour recalls that he asked her point-blank, “How would you like my job?” The thought had never crossed her mind. He urged her to consider it. In December, Boutros Boutros-Ghali, then the UN Secretary-General, called her and asked if she would accept the appointment.

Arbour had no experience in international law or as a prosecutor. She had taught criminal law and law relating to her passion for civil and human rights, and had recently chaired a commission investigating conditions in Canadian women’s prisons. She had been a law-school student in Montreal when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau suspended civil liberties during

a notorious crackdown on radical Quebecois separatists. She clerked for a Canadian Supreme Court judge, though at the time she spoke only a few words of English. (She is now fluent.) She says she was no more a Quebecois nationalist than her peers, but she grew up and trained and thought about the law in a place that had experienced a mild version of the ethnic passions that roil the Balkans.

In The Hague, Arbour focused her attention on two broad areas: getting surrenders or arrests, and culling the indictments. She had an untested tool at her disposal, one that was both enormously valuable and enormously frustrating: NATO’s Stabilization Force (SFOR), the multinational peacekeeping force that succeeded one brought into being by the Dayton Accords—the 1995 agreement that ended four years of strife in Bosnia. Its mandate to arrest war-crimes suspects had been the subject of some of the most difficult negotiations during the three weeks of talks in Dayton, Ohio, that were brokered by the U.S. diplomat Richard Holbrooke.

The reasons for Western unease about arrests were several. First, American and other NATO military leaders feared that arrests would lead to violence—against their own troops. “Force security” has been an obsession of the U.S. military’s high command since the Somalia debacle. Second, they worried that with substantial numbers of Bosnian Serbs still owing fealty to Karadzic, the peace that SFOR was in Bosnia to keep might be shaken apart by arrests. Third, there were the sensitivities of the leaders in the area, notably Milosevic and Franjo Tudjman, then the President of Croatia (he died in December). However complicit in the horrors that had come before, these two men were now signatories to the Dayton Accords, and as such were guarantors of the new order in the Balkans. Western military commanders knew (and still know) very well where Karadzic and Mladic were. But they didn’t have the say-so of their governments to “encounter” them and then pick them up for dispatch to The Hague.

Arbour was impatient with SFOR’s nervousness, and became downright skeptical and even contemptuous over time. But in some respects momentum was shifting her way. In July of 1997, with SFOR better rooted, the peace more durable, and the power of the suspects shrinking, the first SFOR arrest took place.

Other arrests followed, one upon another, by British, Dutch, and American forces, and “World War Three didn’t happen,” as Arbour put it later. This was the first message that got through to the tribunal’s hesitant military partners. The second message was that the threat of arrests, made credible by actual arrests, persuaded guilty parties to turn themselves in, in the hope of avoiding a violent confrontation and perhaps of getting a better deal from prosecutors. In the year and a half that followed, 46 percent of those who came into custody in The Hague did so by surrendering.

Arbour had a complementary strategy that, she now believes, was even more effective in fostering arrests: she disclosed that there were suspects facing criminal charges whose identities



MIADORA.COM

18" 14K WHITE GOLD STERLING SILVER CULTURED FRESHWATER PEARL & CITRINE CHAIN NECKLACE, 18" LENGTH, \$975 #123503  
14K WHITE GOLD STERLING SILVER CULTURED FRESHWATER PEARL BRACELETS, 8" \$175 #123504 MATCHING EARRINGS, 395 #123505

30-day Money Back Guarantee  
1-800-328-6141



had not been made public. This policy of issuing sealed indictments became, intermittently, a cause for outrage among officials of the targeted countries and of Russia, and, strangely, among NATO commanders, too. They all railed against “secret” indictments, as if the procedure somehow amounted to a suspension of fair play. Arbour argued that she was simply using a strategy that any criminal prosecutor in North America uses routinely.

Arbour’s sealed-indictment strategy had a utilitarian purpose: to strike fear in suspects who might well worry that they were under indictment and might conclude that surrender would be preferable. Its larger purpose was “to put lead in SFOR’s pencil,” as one of Arbour’s prosecution staff told me. A secret arrest warrant gave SFOR troops an advantage against the target and a better chance of effecting a bloodless arrest. And the secret warrant itself carried the implicit threat of exposure if military commanders and their political superiors failed to act on it. Arbour was essentially telling SFOR, “Arrest so-and-so, or I will say publicly that you didn’t when you could have.” An American diplomat put it to me this way: “It gave [SFOR] an excuse, or took away their excuse.”

Meanwhile, she scrutinized the viability of existing indictments, and in May of 1998 she announced that charges had been dropped against fourteen people. The move was read at the time as a repudiation of Goldstone’s indictments policy, and as a symptom of disarray. But mainly it marked a shift in the priorities of the tribunal. Henceforward the prosecutor meant to concentrate her resources on fewer and more-important suspects. “We had to regain control of the agenda and curtail our exposure,” she told me, “so that *we* could decide who to try and in which order.”

### “Withdrawal of Affection”

**A**RBOUR was learning that an independent prosecutor could not afford to be a passive prosecutor. The job required charm and bravado and endurance, and the wise use of spare resources, untested influence, and the power of public statements and private warnings.

The exertion of influence went in both directions. Everyone involved in the relationship between The Hague and Washington insists that no unseemly political pressure was ever put on the prosecutor or her senior staff. But U.S. officials had ways of steering investigations by simply turning on or off the faucets of information and cooperation sought by the tribunal. In the minuet of information-sharing and prosecutorial shoptalk the United States made sure that it always knew what was going on in The Hague, and that its preferences were known. When Washington was unhappy with her, Arbour would get treatment that she calls “withdrawal of affection”—gentle reminders that she could be part of the inner circle, but only if she behaved. One of her aides described the dynamic between the prosecutors in The Hague and the bureaucrats in Washington: “It’s better to have a dance partner than none at

all, even if he’s stepping on your feet. Yes, they were uncooperative, but they can do more to help us than anyone else.”

Arbour had an ally, at least at first, in the new U.S. Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, who had celebrated Arbour’s appointment at the United Nations and had come to the Department of State with war crimes high on her agenda. Albright established the department’s first Office of War Crimes. It was headed by an ambassador-at-large whom Albright trusted, David Scheffer, who would become the Clinton Administration’s point man with the tribunal. The tribunal had a supporter in Kofi Annan, also new as Secretary-General of the United Nations, whose reputation had been sullied by his inaction as the UN’s peacekeeping chief during the genocide in Rwanda in 1994. The tribunal was also aggressively backed by the new British government of Tony Blair.

After Dayton the former war zone in Bosnia was divided into three geographic peacekeeping sectors that overlay the political entities created by the accords. One sector each is commanded by U.S., French, and British officers, with troops of other nations under their command. In 1997 and 1998 a pattern began to emerge with respect to executing the tribunal’s arrest warrants. The British were far ahead. Dutch, German, and American troops had picked up a few suspects. The French had no score—and they had Karadzic and Mladic, among other high-priority suspects, living in their zone.

The French were something of a special case here, as they have often seemed to be elsewhere. They had suffered far more casualties in the Balkans than any other non-Balkan nation—seventy-five soldiers killed. They had been stung by denunciations of pusillanimity, not only in the Balkans but also, in the spring of 1994, in Rwanda. French officials had reason to be worried about more casualties, and about the political consequences in France and, potentially, the prospect of French military officers being called to account in The Hague. [For a fuller discussion of France and the former Yugoslavia see “The Reluctant Gendarme,” by Chuck Sudetic, on page 91.]

The French attitude toward the tribunal in this period was framed indelibly by a single remark by the French Defense Minister, Alain Richard, in an interview in *Le Monde* in December of 1997. What Richard said, apropos of tribunal requests that French military officers testify in The Hague about events on the ground during the war, is that French officers would “never” go to The Hague to participate in any “justice spectacle.”

The words are often translated as “show trial,” but Richard’s meaning was probably closer to “media circus.” In any case, the remark brought down the house on Richard and the government of Prime Minister Lionel Jospin. French newspapers of every stripe denounced his attitude, wondering if France still believed officially in international justice. Arbour could not resist piling on, also in *Le Monde*, asserting, “In the French sector can be found lots of war criminals, and they feel absolutely secure there.”

Relations between France and the tribunal have improved.

French officers have been permitted to testify, and Arbour eventually pronounced France in “full compliance” with the tribunal’s needs. Arbour says she regrets the incident. “It singled out the French as pariahs, which was not accurate. There were others who fit the bill.” The issue was never really France—it was *any* major nation’s commitment to the tribunal and its cause (or so she insisted). One U.S. official cannot resist pointing out, however, that Arbour’s remark about the French zone remains accurate.

The French were, however, neatly on the side of the blessed—and the United States was on the other side, from the perspective of the international human-rights and justice communities—in July of 1998, when 160 nations, and roaming armies of well-briefed, well-funded representatives of humanitarian agencies, set to work in Rome on a treaty to create a permanent International Criminal Court.

Books will be written about the compromises made in Rome. It is enough here to say that in the closing days of the conference the future International Criminal Court nearly foundered over the power of an independent prosecutor to bring actions against suspected war criminals. Would a Security Council referral be required—or a veto permitted? Could a prosecutor choose to investigate *anything*, even without a state’s referral?

The final text gave a prosecutor such power, in extremis. The treaty also insisted that the International Criminal Court could override the primacy of national courts if they were judged to be in default of their obligations to dispense justice fairly or adequately.

In the face of these two provisions, and whatever its own judgment, the Clinton Administration felt compelled to echo the reservations of Republican critics on Capitol Hill. Jesse Helms and others had vowed that any treaty permitting even the remote possibility that some future Lieutenant William Calley or Robert S. McNamara would stand trial in a “foreign” court would be dead on arrival. The Clinton Administration decided not to deliver the body. It has continued to work with other signatories to find ways of squaring the circle—“fixing” the treaty, from a U.S. perspective, without “changing” it, a task only a diplomat could envisage. As even the treaty’s strongest supporters understand, an International Criminal Court without the United States will have neither credibility nor authority. After Rome, Arbour pointed out repeatedly that the treaty creates an institution in many ways weaker than the existing UN tribunal.

### Going After Milosevic

**W**HEN the framers of the International Criminal Tribunal’s 1993 statute designated the tribunal “for the former Yugoslavia,” they were thinking of a clear and general rubric to encompass the conflicts of the day: Croatia and Bosnia. Some of the framers say now that they understood even then that the rubric might come to include

Kosovo, the 600-year-old cauldron of Serb-Albanian animosity and the place where Milosevic initiated his campaign of ethnic domination. Louise Arbour and Gabrielle Kirk McDonald, the federal judge from Texas who was the presiding judge of the tribunal’s court, read the founding statute to mean *every part* of the former Yugoslavia.

In early 1998, as reports of Serb police atrocities against Kosovar Albanian civilians began to trickle into the news, Western officials at increasingly high levels began to threaten the Milosevic government with a tribunal investigation and

**What flabbergasted Arbour was a public attempt  
by the Clinton Administration to imply that  
the U. S. government had delivered the intelligence  
that made the Milosevic indictment possible.**

possibly war-crimes trials. Governments in the West understood that Milosevic’s own forces were beginning to carry out exactly what his Bosnian Serb proxies had carried out in the early 1990s. But now there was a tribunal up and running, and expressly charged with investigating such crimes, without any statute of limitations.

Arbour and her staff began to study possible indictments. “It was apparent to anyone that we had a chain-of-command approach that was a lot easier,” she told me, the comparison being to Bosnia and Croatia, where proxy forces responsible for atrocities were insulated from the ultimate source of authority, in another country. According to Graham Blewitt, the Australian deputy prosecutor, who had arrived in The Hague even before Goldstone, “Everybody knew Milosevic had the real power over the Bosnian Serbs, but his *de jure* power was very difficult to establish. If we were going to indict Milosevic, then Kosovo would be the direct route, because he had clear *de jure* power there.”

To establish the chain of command, Arbour needed help. Just as the tribunal does not have its own police unit (although some at the tribunal believe that it should), it also lacks its own intelligence service. To know who was giving orders to whom, as atrocities and ethnic cleansing spread in Kosovo in 1998, Arbour required the sort of information that only modern spying can provide: agents on the ground overhearing conversations, drones in the sky taking pictures of vehicle traffic and killing fields, high-tech telephone intercepts of command-and-control conversations.

The United States, with the biggest arsenal of intelligence technology, presumably had much to offer tribunal investigators. Getting their hands on this material would come to obsess Arbour and her staff as the Kosovo investigation neared the indictment phase. The chief prosecutor has always had access to





*In May of 1999 Louise Arbour asked a tribunal judge to sign indictment papers for five men: Dragoljub Ojdanic, Nikola Sainovic, Vlatko Stojiljkovic, Milan Milutinovic, and Slobodan Milosevic*

what is called “lead” information from the United States and other countries—information that the tribunal can use to develop evidence on which indictments can be brought. But the sources of that information are too sensitive ever to be used as proof in open court, so it cannot be used to obtain a conviction.

These constraints reflect not just a clash of interests but an occupational divergence. The intelligence community is used to thinking that the value of intelligence lies in the finished product. “For them,” Arbour says, “it’s the analysis that’s important, the conclusions they’ve drawn from the information. For a prosecutor, it’s the proof of the information—otherwise the defense can say it’s unverifiable.”

Arbour was still looking for intelligence, and making no secret of her determination to indict Milosevic, when the NATO bombing campaign began. The Western governments—the British most unreservedly—gave powerful endorsements to the war-crimes process. Robin Cook, Britain’s Foreign Secretary, laid out the legal test plainly for Milosevic and his associates on March 29, 1999: “Anyone who carries out atrocities against the civilian population, anyone who gives orders for them to carry it out, or is complicit in those orders being given, and anyone who fails to prevent such orders or to prevent those orders being carried out—anyone in any of those categories is liable to face indictment.” Cook also released a list of the likely suspects, with Milosevic at the top.

At about the same time, Arbour announced the existence of an eighteen-month-old sealed indictment against one of Milosevic’s most infamous disciples, Seljko Raznatovic, usually known by his nom de guerre, Arkan. Arkan had been responsible for a notorious paramilitary force that had carried out atrocities against Muslims in Bosnia; his thugs were now reputedly doing the same thing in Kosovo. After receiving the news, Arkan appeared on ABC’s *Good Morning America*, protesting his innocence and repeatedly calling Arbour “a bitch.” (Arkan was assassinated last January 15, in Belgrade.)

The following week Arbour began touring Western capitals, to push the governments to deliver more evidence that would help her build her indictments, always reminding them that arresting Karadzic and Mladic in Bosnia would be a potent signal to Milosevic and his allies that they themselves could not escape justice. The British, whose special forces were already providing help on the ground, were the most lavish in what they bestowed.

In May of last year, as the bombing campaign at last began to take its toll, talk of a peace deal with Milosevic was suddenly in the air. Arbour feared that the tribunal might be sold out, perhaps with a grant of protection for Milosevic and the Serb leadership. It would be best to remove that option from the table, she decided, before the talks got serious. Holbrooke and others had been glad to have the tribunal indictments of Karadzic and Mladic, as a reason to exclude them from the Dayton conference. Arbour thought that a Milosevic indictment might prove to be just as useful—and the lack of one might prove hazardous to the tribunal itself.

Many if not all U.S. officials seemed to agree. A U.S. diplomat involved in the Kosovo negotiations during this period told me, “It would have been unconscionable not to indict this guy. It would have looked ridiculous.”

During the second week of May, Arbour and her staff began negotiating with U.S. and British military authorities about giving tribunal investigators access to Kosovo in the immediate aftermath of a bombing halt and a Yugoslav military withdrawal from the province. She didn’t want to be “sneaking in,” she told me. “I want to be on their shoulders when they roll into Kosovo.” Again counting on the self-interest of her partners, she told them, “The Serbs will say [that all the damage and killing] was from NATO air strikes. If they do, you need me in there to prove otherwise.”

### The Primacy Precedent

ON the night of Saturday, May 22, Arbour and her staff in The Hague asked Judge David Anthony Hunt, of the International Criminal Tribunal, to sign indictment papers and arrest warrants for five men: Slobodan Milosevic, the President of Yugoslavia; Milan Milutinovic, the President of Serbia; Nikola Sainovic, the Deputy Prime Minister of Yugoslavia; Colonel General Dragoljub Ojdanic, the military leader of Serbia’s Kosovo forces; and Vlatko Stojiljkovic, the Interior Minister of Serbia and the head of its police forces. Early the following week the tribunal began passing the word to Washington and other capitals that the indictment, sealed until Thursday at Arbour’s request, was forthcoming. It was a notification, not a request for approval.

The most obvious concern in Washington was that the indictment might enrage Milosevic and harden his refusal to

Left to right: Darko Vojinovic/AP; Jerome Delany/AP; AFP/Corbis; Reuters Newmedia Inc./Corbis

come to terms in the extremely delicate negotiations being carried out by Finnish and Russian envoys, or might quicken his fear of the consequences. Some at the White House and the State Department were taken aback that the indictment was so sweeping. In the view of one diplomat, by indicting the top leadership of Yugoslavia and Serbia, the prosecutor was depriving negotiators of important interlocutors—or plausible successors should Milosevic be forced from office. There was talk of trying to persuade Arbour to keep the indictment under seal until the cessation of hostilities.

Arbour says she heard none of this at the time. But she did receive word that Madeleine Albright was trying to reach her in the hours before the indictment was to be announced. Arbour sent word back that “she should think long and hard before making that telephone call.” It never came. “We were in a mild withdrawal-of-affection phase,” she recalls, “until the press said bravo. Then it was okay to love me.”

Arbour could only acknowledge that the indictment put Milosevic and those who dealt with him in a significantly more awkward position. “The evidence upon which this indictment was confirmed,” she said on the day she announced her action, “raises serious questions about [the indictees’] suitability to be the guarantors of any deal, let alone a peace agreement. They have not been rendered less suitable by the indictment; the indictment has simply exposed their unsuitability.”

The war-crimes indictment, analysts and diplomats now concur, tightened the pressure on Milosevic to capitulate, in a withdrawal agreement brokered by third parties. They believe Milosevic knows that he cannot hide from the indictment, that his country is his prison, and that within the country his position is highly vulnerable. Some diplomats believe that he will one day actually stand trial, if he doesn’t take his own life first. Arbour’s promise, in the announcement of the indictment, to pursue Milosevic through asset seizures in offshore banks was designed not just to intensify his isolation but to remind all the objects of his corrupt largesse over the years that they, too, are implicated in this web.

What flabbergasted Arbour, and still incenses her staff, was a public attempt by the Clinton Administration to imply that the U.S. government had in the nick of time delivered the intelligence that made the indictment possible. “Everyone in the office was throwing up,” said a prosecutor who worked on the case. The United States had given the tribunal very little that was not openly available. When Arbour was asked by an American diplomat if the indictment’s confirming materials—which the judge has seen, but which remain under seal—included any of the last-minute information the United States turned over, she said no. Tribunal sources confirmed that it had arrived too late, it wasn’t necessary, and it consisted largely of a collection of videotapes of Milosevic’s public speeches.

When the trials take place and the evidence comes out, “history will know who had it and who gave it to us,” Arbour says. “I think some people will be put to shame for taking credit.”

The bombing of Yugoslavia ended on June 10, 1999. And

the tribunal’s investigators did indeed go rolling into Kosovo with NATO’s armed contingents. The tribunal’s work now had international priority and media exposure, as it had not in Croatia and Bosnia. The U.S. government had put a bounty of up to \$5 million each on the heads of Milosevic and his fellow indictees. What is more, the tribunal had an unprecedentedly full and fresh trove of war-crimes evidence: photographs, marching orders, soil samples, blood samples, gunpowder samples, eyewitness statements, and all manner of intelligence delivered by Western governments, by humanitarian groups, by journalists.

The prosecutors had to perform triage—focusing on Racak and six other villages that had provided the existing indictment with its core accusations. They concentrated on leadership structures to bolster their case about the chain of command, and on particularly heinous acts of murder, torture, rape, and other savagery. The perpetrators of crimes that might have constituted a major focus in the early years of the tribunal are being consigned to the jurisdiction of local courts, yet to be established. Arbour’s successor, the Swiss Attorney General, Carla del Ponte, has followed suit, saying that the Kosovo investigation would concentrate on the five indicted leaders.

Louise Arbour was appointed to the Canadian Supreme Court the day after the bombing stopped. By early September she was in Ottawa, living in temporary quarters. We talked there for a couple of days, going over her work at the tribunal. At one juncture she mentioned her surprise that “no one” had paused to consider that the world had crossed a threshold in Kosovo or was willing to admit it.

Actually, she herself had paused to consider it, though her remarks were not quoted widely. Her observation was delivered expansively, and tartly, in a speech given in The Hague on May 13—seven weeks into the NATO bombing campaign: “On 24 March, 1999, nineteen European and North American

**Arbour mentioned her surprise that “no one” had considered—or was willing to admit—that the world had crossed a threshold in Kosovo, concerning the possible surrender of national sovereignty.**

countries have said with their deeds what some of them were reluctant to say with words. They have voluntarily submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of a pre-existing international tribunal, whose mandate applies to the theater of their chosen military operations, whose reach is unqualified by nationality, whose investigations are triggered at the sole discretion of the prosecutor, and [which] has primacy over national courts.”

Arbour told me, when we talked in Ottawa, that she would bring up this issue of jurisdiction in private meetings during



the bombing campaign, just as a friendly reminder, and draw blank stares, or confused frowns, "as if they didn't understand what I meant." To the diplomats this surrender of sovereignty was a non-issue, or one too preposterous or threatening to examine closely. When Jamie Shea, the NATO spokesman in Brussels, was asked about it during the air war, he said of course the tribunal had jurisdiction over everyone, but no one believed that NATO would engage in war crimes.

Graham Blewitt, at the tribunal, told me that the whole matter was taken seriously in-house. "After the attacks started, the high-level bombing campaign caused us a real problem. If they didn't see what the targeting was, it might come down to some kind of negligence. We assume the targeting was subjected to a rigorous internal legal process, to be sure they were appropriate military targets. But we were urging them to make statements indicating that they themselves would bring legal actions against anyone suspected of war crimes, reminding them that the tribunal's jurisdiction is triggered only when the state judicial system has failed. They refused to make such a statement." Apparently, to do so might have dignified the idea that the tribunal could investigate what it chose.

After the accidental bombing of the Yugoslav railway car, and then the accidental bombing of the Yugoslav television station, and then the accidental bombing of the Chinese embassy in Belgrade, the tribunal had little choice, in Arbour's view, but to open an internal review of potential war crimes on the part of NATO countries. Investigators prepared a report on their findings and turned it over to Del Ponte in December. The mere fact that such an investigation is going on has already provoked the tribunal's enemies on Capitol Hill. One does not have to be a cynic to expect that no NATO leaders will be indicted for the conduct of the Kosovo operation. But one does not have to be naive to believe that, like it or not, the major powers are now accountable to justice bigger than they are.

"I was not appointed to make politicians' lives miserable or happy," Arbour said in Ottawa. "I was paid to make sure nobody escapes scrutiny." Going after NATO leaders for war crimes is hardly the point. The essential matter is simply this: that the nations of the world, including the United States, are already living under a system of international criminal justice that they themselves created. Their words have simply not caught up with their deeds.

On July 24 of last year, six weeks after the bombing stopped, Arbour left one of her last marks on the tribunal by making the same point in still another way. She opened an investigation into the killing of fourteen Serbs near Lipljan, Kosovo, which the evidence indicated was an act committed by Kosovar Albanians doing their own ethnic cleansing. The tribunal "has jurisdiction over all serious violations of international humanitarian law committed in the territory of the former Yugoslavia, including Kosovo, since 1991," the prosecutor said through her spokesman, Paul Risley. "This jurisdiction includes offenses committed before and after the formal end of the NATO bombing campaign on 20 June, 1999."

## "Just Another UN Program?"

**A**T a meeting with her staff one day in October of 1998, when the Bosnia and Croatia prosecutions were dragging and the pressure to investigate Kosovo war crimes was intensifying, Arbour detected a certain lack of determination in the room. Everyone seemed tired, even broken, by the frustrations of the tribunal. Perhaps sensing a reflection of her own frustration, Arbour exploded at her staff: "What's gotten into you? When I got here, everyone was dripping with mud, just back from Sarajevo, begging to be sent back in. . . . Why aren't you banging on my door? Do we want to be just another UN program?"

Just another UN program is what, in the bleakest scenario, the proposed International Criminal Court might become. The court will not exist officially until sixty states have ratified the treaty (so far seven have). Yet already, in the wake of Kosovo, there is political movement to create more ad hoc international criminal tribunals—for East Timor, for Cambodia, for Iraq, for Chechnya.

Whether a war-crimes court can work will depend on whether powerful nations are willing to commit themselves to an ideal that carries risk and requires humility. We create democracies and laws and creeds because we believe in something that transcends national interests. What distinguished Kosovo from the other wars of the past half century is that the West was acting on behalf of rights and standards that are not ethnic or national but simply human. And, as Arbour points out, the West acted knowing full well that an independent prosecutor had an eye on NATO, too.

Kosovo revealed two, perhaps three, things. First, the commission of atrocities and the pursuit of ethnic cleansing are now accepted justifications for military intervention, sometimes rendering state sovereignty irrelevant. Second, war-crimes charges have been shown to be powerful weapons, although they are necessarily unmanageable ones. Third, international criminal justice may have become integral to what the civilized world believes and does.

Louise Arbour had a matter-of-fact assessment of how the tribunal's place in the world had shifted: "When I arrived in The Hague, all the commentary—the praise, the suspicion, all of it—came from a circle of humanitarian organizations, from Human Rights Watch and others. They were our friends. When I left The Hague, all the evaluations and assessments came from the politicians, the military, the national-security thinkers. I'm not saying they were always our friends, but the tribunal was inside a new circle."

The tribunal's role in the last war of the century constituted a remarkable passage for the countries involved. I was tempted to believe Arbour when she declared, at a press briefing in Sarajevo last July, "We have moved international criminal justice to the point of no return. We made this process entirely irreversible." Knowing her, and knowing the odds, I understood this to be a dare. ☸

# The Reluctant Gendarme

by CHUCK SUDETIC

*Why is France protecting indicted war criminals in the sector of Bosnia it controls?*

**M**ILAN Lukic may have killed more people during the Bosnian war than any other one person. Witnesses interviewed by investigators for the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia implicate this thirty-three-year-old Serb in hundreds of killings of unarmed Muslim civilians in and around the Drina River town of Visegrad from 1992 to 1995.

I have interviewed many of these witnesses over the past seven years. They include two men who survived an execution by one of Lukic's "firing squads" and a woman who watched Lukic and his cousin Milos shove her mother and sister from the parapet of Visegrad's famous Ottoman bridge, over the Drina, and rake them with bullets as they tumbled into the water. Witnesses also say that Lukic and another cousin, Sredoje, imprisoned Muslim women in a rape camp, and that Lukic and his thugs incinerated scores of women, children, and old men inside two locked houses. Lukic was spotted abducting Muslim men from the Bosnian town of Srebrenica on July 12, 1995, the opening day of the largest massacre in Europe since Tito's Communists took over Yugoslavia, after World War II. Serbs have blamed Lukic for hijacking a bus and a train from which dozens of Muslims were abducted and killed, and for assassinating a leader of Visegrad's nationalist Serb political party. This grim inventory takes on added significance for tribunal prosecutors because Lukic's family includes General Sreten Lukic, for years the top commander of Serbia's police-terror op-

eration in Kosovo, and Mikailo Lukic, the secret-police chief in Bajina Basta, a Serbian border town used as the staging area for bloody offensives against Visegrad and Srebrenica.

In the fall of 1998 a French military-intelligence officer used an informal

*A poster of the Bosnian Serb leader and indicted war criminal Radovan Karadzic, put up by his allies in a Sarajevo suburb*

channel to pass on a message urging the tribunal to indict Lukic. "The French were saying Lukic was causing trouble, smuggling, intimidating people, getting in the way of the French troops," one Western diplomat says. "They were saying they'd arrest Lukic within a few weeks of receiving a warrant." The tribunal prosecutor submitted a draft indictment against Lukic and two other men to a judge a few weeks after receiving the message. Acting like a grand





jury, the judge handed down a sealed indictment just before Halloween, and within a day or two issued a warrant for the arrest of Lukic and the others. At this writing both the indictment and the warrant against Lukic remain sealed.

Confident tribunal investigators in Sarajevo told me just before Christmas

to step between the warring armies in Bosnia and to oversee the storage of their weapons. NATO's American, British, French, and other contingents divided Bosnia up into sectors and completed much of this work within a few weeks of their arrival there, in December of 1995. But the success of the peace, as

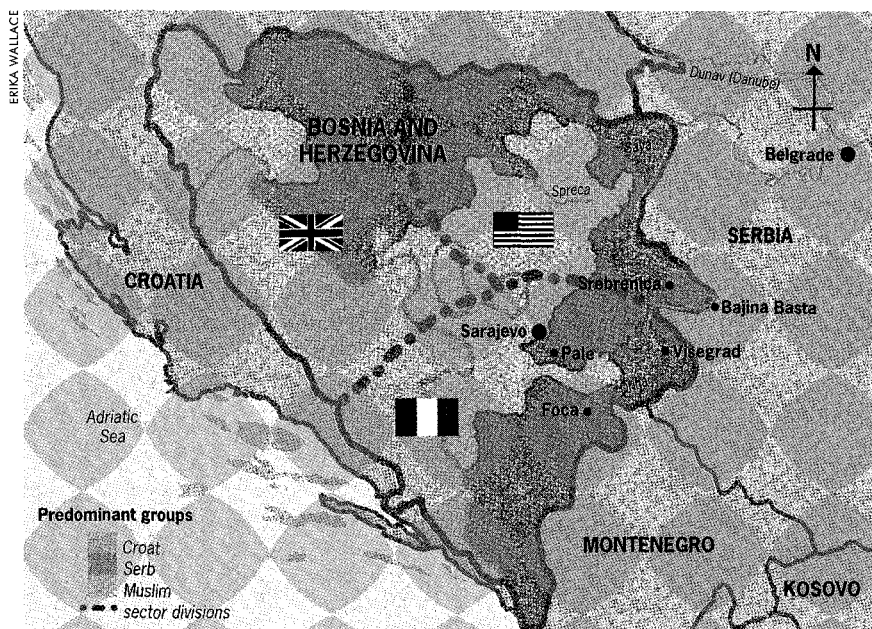
Yugoslavia, calling it a "spectacle." Louise Arbour, the tribunal's former chief prosecutor, has said that NATO's French sector in eastern Bosnia is a "safe haven" for Serb war criminals. [For an extensive discussion of the tribunal see "A New Kind of Justice," by Charles Trueheart, on page 80.] French soldiers, unlike their counterparts in the British and American sectors of Bosnia, have become regulars at cafés frequented and sometimes owned by indicted Serbs. And a French military-intelligence officer compromised operations to drive the twice-indicted Bosnian Serb leader, Radovan Karadzic, from his hideout in the French sector—something about which NATO commanders have expressed great anger.

At NATO's military headquarters in Bosnia and Belgium, off-the-record commentary about the French army's behavior is venomous. One former tribunal official says that French and U.S. diplomats working on a task force to arrest war criminals have at times berated each other using "terms they don't use even in referring to the Serbs." France's reluctance to arrest men indicted by the tribunal has baffled the diplomats, political scientists, and analysts who know the country best. "I don't have an answer for the present situation," says Stanley Hoffmann, a Harvard professor who is among the most well-respected analysts in the United States of French politics. "It is very bizarre."

So what have the French authorities done—or not done—to arrest Serbs indicted for war crimes? And why?

### To Arrest or Not to Arrest

IT has been almost forgotten everywhere except in France that the Dayton Accords were actually signed in Paris, during a ceremony hosted by President Jacques Chirac. Annex 1A of the accords requires Bosnia's Muslim, Serb, and Croat authorities to cooperate fully with the war-crimes tribunal. The Muslims have made efforts to comply with Annex 1A; they have arrested and handed over indicted war criminals. But for the most part the nationalist Serbs



of 1998 that they had high hopes for a speedy arrest of Lukic. The waiting continues. For months Lukic has cruised around Visegrad, often alone, in the town's hottest sports-utility vehicle, a dark-green Nissan Terrano. He owns a small café and hangs out almost every day in another, The Godfather. Practically every Serb in town knows Lukic, fears him, and can identify him. But late last year, fourteen months after the message asking for Lukic's indictment, the French military informed the tribunal that its men couldn't positively identify one of Bosnia's most notorious killers.

### "Bizarre"

THE United States military and its major NATO allies have never wanted to be a police force. The purpose of an army, they say, is to kill the enemy's soldiers until the enemy submits, not to chase criminals or to make the streets and highways safe for commerce. The Dayton Accords, signed on December 14, 1995, required NATO

the accords say in plain English, depends on Bosnia's becoming safe for thousands of refugees to return to the homes from which they were expelled from 1992 through 1995. This means establishing law and order; and because the local authorities in many areas of Bosnia are the same thugs who drove the refugees out, it is up to NATO's Stabilization Force in Bosnia, known as SFOR, to act like a police department and arrest men indicted for war crimes.

Disagreements about this task have worsened already strained relations between France and the other major NATO allies. American diplomats and NATO military officers say that the French army has reneged on its commitments and has lagged behind the other contingents in Bosnia by refusing to arrest Milan Lukic and other Serbs linked with the most heinous violence Europe has witnessed in fifty years. Grounds for this allegation are not hard to find. France's Defense Minister, Alain Richard, has mocked the credibility of the International Criminal Tribunal for the former

and Croats have flouted Annex 1A and many other provisions of the peace agreement. They prosecuted the war in order to seize Bosnian territory, expel the Muslims from it, and merge it with Serbia and Croatia. If Dayton is abandoned and Bosnia is partitioned and the return of refugees is forgotten, these goals can still be achieved.

Even before SFOR landed in Bosnia, the Muslim authorities in Sarajevo began calling on NATO's generals to arrest indicted war criminals living in the Serb- and Croat-held areas of the country, which are outside Sarajevo's control. But during its first eighteen months in Bosnia, NATO arrested no one indicted for war crimes. With the memory of the eighteen U.S. soldiers killed in Somalia in 1993 still fresh, the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff had signed off on the peace agreement only after receiving assurances from the White House that U.S. troops would not be ordered to hunt down war criminals. The White House wanted to minimize the risk that U.S. soldiers would be killed, especially during the 1996 presidential campaign. So American troops sent to Bosnia were required to wear flak jackets at all times—even in the dressing rooms beside their shower stalls. NATO soldiers were ordered to take into custody people indicted for war crimes only if they surrendered or happened to stumble into a NATO patrol or base. For some months NATO personnel actively avoided making any contact with suspected war criminals. "The mindset was that this would be a very dangerous and difficult period," William Nash, the general who led the U.S. NATO contingent into Bosnia in 1995, says. "The war-crimes thing was easily passed over. It was one of those problems we hoped would go away."

It didn't. Prodded by Louise Arbour and by Dutch diplomats, some officials on the National Security Council and in the Pentagon—notably General Wesley Clark, who would become NATO's top military commander a year later—began to argue that unless the killers were removed from Bosnian society, the peace agreement could not be successfully implemented and NATO's troops would be bogged down for years in a costly

peacekeeping mission. The rule of law could not be established while war criminals were at large, these officials asserted. Refugees would never return home. The effects of reconstruction and development grants would be blunted, and no healthy market economy could develop, because the worst of the killers had become local-mafia leaders and were demanding a cut of everything. The major NATO governments responded to this argument in late 1996 by setting up a task force to coordinate arrest operations carried out by the Special Air Service of the British army, the U.S. Army's Delta Force, the Navy SEALs, and similar units from France, Holland, and Germany. No arrests were actually made until after the British Labour Party's election victory in May of 1997. Special Air Service commandos undertook the first seizure that July. The Dutch brought in two indicted Croats that December. And the Americans, who had not pressed for arrests until after Clark's appointment to lead NATO, made their first capture a month later.

Based in The Hague, the International Criminal Tribunal, which employs about 830 people and has an annual budget now approaching \$96 million, has managed since 1994 to indict only ninety-three men publicly, and the charges against some of these defendants were ultimately dropped. Western diplomats say that about a dozen other men face sealed indictments. According to the Washington-based Coalition for International Justice, an independent watchdog organization monitoring the tribunal, thirty-eight men indicted for war crimes in Bosnia have been jailed at the Scheveningen prison, on the Dutch seacoast. Of these, fifteen surrendered voluntarily, six were arrested outside Bosnia, and seventeen were grabbed by SFOR. The British contingent has carried out ten arrest operations, and diplomats say that about eight more indicted men are still living in the British sector of Bosnia. The Americans have captured three indicted men, including a Serb general who, diplomats said, was picked up coming out of the French sector. David Scheffer, the U.S. ambassador-at-large for war-crimes issues, says that "no more

indicted men are living in the U.S. sector of Bosnia, though some may travel through the area unnoticed."

At press time the French army had arrested only two men, one in December and another in January. The first was a low-ranking militiaman wanted on rape charges. The second was Mitar Vasilje-

**Practically every Serb in Visegrad knows Milan Lukic, but after the message asking for his indictment, the French informed the tribunal that they couldn't positively identify one of Bosnia's most notorious killers.**

vic, a Serb army grunt named in the Lukic indictment. A Serb police commander in Visegrad, Vuceta Sipic, says the French army had apparently tricked Vasiljevic by renting a house from him several months before the arrest. But NATO officials said that by arresting Vasiljevic the French had blown any chance of capturing the far bigger prize, Lukic. "They've basically compromised the sealed indictment with this action," a NATO officer says. A Western diplomat adds that tribunal officials now believe Lukic has left Visegrad and is living in Serbia.

#### **Karadzic and Gagovic**

**T**HE symbol of the French government's refusal to arrest men indicted for war crimes is the Bosnian Serbs' paramount political leader, Radovan Karadzic. Karadzic lives in the French sector, in and around Pale, a ski village above Sarajevo. He felt enough at ease in December to attend the baptism of his newest grandchild. Karadzic was driven from public life in 1996, and the international authorities in Bosnia



are not supposed to have contact with him. U.S. officials allege, however, that the French authorities have maintained contact with Karadzic, and that they buy fuel from him through his brother, Luka, and other old cronies.

The French army's first attempt at an arrest was a controversial operation, in

**Despite French government  
denials, ever since the Serbs  
released captured French pilots,  
in 1995, there has been  
speculation that French negotiators  
made promises not to arrest  
Serbs indicted for war crimes.**

January of last year, to capture Dragan Gagovic, a former police chief of Foca, which lies upriver from Visegrad. The indictment against Gagovic, issued in 1996, alleged that he had command responsibility for rape camps in Foca and that he had sexually assaulted a Muslim woman who told investigators that she had gone to the police to complain about the mistreatment of the town's Muslim women. Former tribunal officials say that the case against Gagovic was weak. "The sexual-assault charge was based upon the testimony of one woman, whose credibility was called into question," one says.

Michael Montgomery has covered Yugoslavia for years, most recently as a documentary journalist working on an investigative series for National Public Radio on the Serb killings in Kosovo. Montgomery met Gagovic about six times after his indictment and maintained telephone contact with him over the next two years. "Gagovic was seriously considering turning himself in," Montgomery says. "His main reason to talk with me was to open a channel of communication with the tribunal.

Gagovic said he was innocent. He said he did not rape the woman who made the charges in the indictment, and that he had done more than anyone else in Foca to save Muslim lives. He spoke proudly of his friendships with the Muslims and his Muslim colleagues in the police whom he helped get out of Foca. And I've talked with many Muslims who said it was Gagovic who enabled them to leave Foca safely. They expressed a willingness to testify in his defense. Tribunal officials also told me there was a lot of exculpatory evidence in the case."

The real organizers of the violence in Foca, according to numerous Serb and Muslim witnesses and a 1998 Human Rights Watch report, were the members of the town's Serb "crisis committee," a group of nationalist leaders that included Velibor Ostojic, Karadzic's one-time propaganda chief. "Gagovic knew a lot about the workings of the crisis committee," Montgomery says. "He witnessed several meetings. He told me he heard Ostojic order the leader of a paramilitary group to begin a terror campaign against the town's Muslims. Gagovic couldn't believe the tribunal hadn't indicted any members of the crisis committee or the military leaders who were on record as having run the show. The tribunal had indicted only some low-level hit men and Gagovic."

Understand this and you will understand that Gagovic was an easy target for the French—and, indeed, could have been a fall guy. He was also someone who would be considered expendable by Foca's hard-liners, including Ostojic, who, Western diplomats say, has still not been indicted by the tribunal.

A French military arrest team set up a roadblock to snare Gagovic in December of 1998, according to one diplomat, who told me, "He avoided it by turning his car down a back road." On January 9 of last year, however, Gagovic was driving home from a youth martial-arts tournament on Mount Tara, in Serbia. Gagovic, who was a coach, had five members of his team riding with him, and he was unarmed. In the late afternoon they crossed a metal bridge over the Drina and turned onto an unpaved road that climbs the river valley's eastern wall. Gagovic spot-

ted a roadblock at a curve in the road. French soldiers signaled him to stop. On the outside of the curve was a steep ravine, so there was no turning back. One of the children in the car later said that Gagovic told them to get down and then attempted to drive through the roadblock. The soldiers opened fire, riddling the car with bullets and hitting Gagovic in the left side of his head. The car swerved to the inside of the road, hit a rock, and flipped onto its roof. The children survived, but Gagovic was killed.

NATO's secretary-general, Javier Solana, almost immediately declared the use of deadly force appropriate, because, according to the French, Gagovic had driven directly at soldiers manning the roadblock. High-ranking NATO military commanders, however, suspect that at the very least the French resorted to lethal force unnecessarily, because Gagovic could have been picked up walking along the streets of Foca any day of the week. One diplomat says that SFOR's former commander, U.S. Army General Montgomery Meigs, asked the French army to let him view copies of the videotapes that are routinely recorded during such an operation. Clearly, his intention was to see how close Gagovic actually came to a French soldier. "They wouldn't show Meigs the video," the diplomat says. "They stiff-armed him."

### **Excuses, Prejudices, and Susceptibilities**

**F**RENCH diplomats and political analysts say that only a few high-echelon people in Paris have knowledge of how France's decisions are made about the arrest of indicted war criminals. These diplomats are, however, quick with explanations and excuses for France's behavior. "We are the way we are," one French ambassador began when I interviewed him in December. Another diplomat went on the attack, saying that an American journalist wouldn't show up in Paris asking about the war-crimes issue unless he intended either to put pressure on the French authorities to arrest Karadzic (so that General Clark can claim the credit before he retires) or to bolster U.S. opposition to a

# THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

by Edward Gibbon

EIGHT VOLUMES

WORTH

\$350

Yours for only

**\$19.95**

Plus

The Cambridge Biographical Encyclopedia

Yours **FREE**

just for replying

## 'The greatest historical work in our language...

...and certainly of no modern work, may be reading it than in The Folio Society's elegant volumes.

Hugh Trevor-Roper,  
Professor Emeritus of History, Oxford University.

As your introduction to The Folio Society, we are offering you a handsome eight-volume edition of Edward Gibbon's *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (worth \$350) for only \$19.95 (including shipping) – a saving of over \$330. This magisterial account of fourteen hundred years – from the birth of Christ to the fall of Constantinople – is enhanced by a classical binding design and two gold-blocked slip-cases.

Also, the latest edition of the critically acclaimed *Cambridge Biographical Encyclopedia*, the most comprehensive single volume collection of biography available, is yours FREE – just for replying.

No publisher devotes more attention to book design and production than The Folio Society.

Authentic bindings, rare typefaces and illustrations by notable artists combine to make Folio editions unique. Every title has a fully sewn binding and comes with a protective slip-case. Only the finest materials are employed including acid-free paper – so that future generations will also enjoy your books.

The Folio Society does not send you unsolicited books or 'choices of the month'. You simply choose four books from our sixty-page catalogue to fulfil your membership.

### Your choice

Our current publications include history, eyewitness accounts, memoirs, notable biographies, classic and modern fiction, children's books, short stories, humour, poetry, legend and authoritative books on the classical world. Prices start as low as \$24.50, and the majority of our books sell for less than \$45.

Remember, we publish our books for

dedicated readers who wish to rediscover the pleasures of the fine edition. Why not join us now? Simply fill out and return the coupon today or call Toll Free (24 hours) on 1-800-353-0700 to take advantage of this special introductory offer.

### What the literary world have said about us

'The Folio Society produces books that will add beauty as well as substance to any library.'

HISTORIAN ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.

'Once I had discovered Folio, I found things on their list every year that I wanted, and I have never been disappointed in what I received.'

NOVELIST ROBERTSON DAVIES



**THE FOLIO SOCIETY**

P.O. Box 693, Holmes, PA 19043

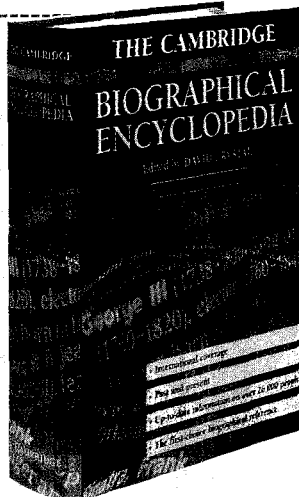
**Worth  
\$54.95**

**Yours**

**FREE**

just for replying

- 1176 pages
- 26,000 entries
- Fully illustrated
- Hardback edition



**NO OBLIGATION ACCEPTANCE – SEND NO MONEY NOW**

To: The Membership Secretary, The Folio Society Ltd,  
P.O. Box 693, Holmes, PA 19043. Fax: 1-610-532-9001.

☒ **Yes!** Please accept my application for FREE trial membership of The Folio Society and send me *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, together with the Folio catalogue and my FREE copy of *The Cambridge Biographical Encyclopedia* (worth \$54.95). If I agree to buy at least four books from your catalogue I will be billed only \$19.95 (including shipping and handling) for the entire *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (worth \$350). If I am not satisfied – for any reason – I may return the introductory set within 10 days. My membership will be cancelled, and I will owe nothing. I understand that, as a member of The Folio Society, I have the right to return any book if I am not completely satisfied. *The Cambridge Biographical Encyclopedia* is mine to keep whatever I decide.

Signature

Date

Name (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

Address

City

State

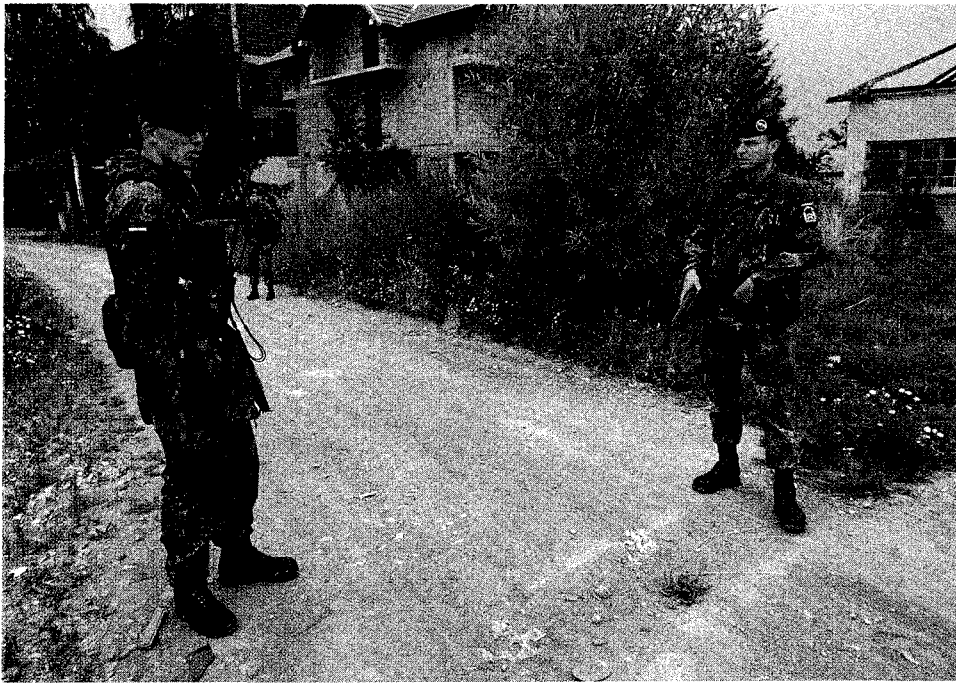
Zipcode

PLEASE ALLOW 21 DAYS FOR DELIVERY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OX12M1





LEIF SKOGGFOSS/WOODFIN CAMP ASSOC.

French-backed European defense force that would cut into NATO's monopoly. French diplomats also say that the French army, like the Pentagon, fears casualties and won't take unnecessary risks. But France lost seventy-five peacekeepers during the Bosnian war, more than any other nation, and the French officers I've talked with never expressed any second thoughts about the casualties. The French ambassador told me that the lesser war criminals were best left to themselves. "We have to help them become democratic," he said. "Look at Germany. After the war we had a lot of criminals who became nice guys with families." Other French diplomats say that Dayton was an American show, and that France should not have been reduced to playing a bit part. These people say that France wants to mount an operation with its NATO partners to capture Karadzic, and that it is up to the NATO military commander to call for one. American officials reject that argument. General Clark said in an interview with me in December that France knows and understands that it is bound to arrest war criminals in its sector. White House officials and other U.S. military officers say that a joint operation is out of the question, because France cannot be trusted.

A pro-Serb bias has for decades been strong in the French army and intelli-

***A French-German patrol near Sarajevo. The French army has so far arrested only two indicted war criminals***

gence service, which harbor anti-Muslim sentiments left over from France's colonial experience—especially the traumatic war in Algeria, forty years ago. French generals learned about Bosnia by reading briefing papers that could have been written in Pale. In 1998 a French officer, a graduate of France's elite military academy, Saint-Cyr, was caught by the Americans and arrested by French authorities for allegedly passing information about likely NATO bombing targets to a Serb agent. *Le Monde* reported that the officer, Major Pierre-Henri Bunel, later confessed to disclosing the information out of sympathy for the Serb cause.

Jacques Chirac's election to the French presidency, in May of 1995, brought at least a temporary radical change in the pro-Serb policy toward Bosnia of his Socialist predecessor, the late François Mitterrand. Chirac is a Gaullist and an activist, and he served in Algeria with the French army, but he has no personal bias in favor of the Serbs. He was incensed by the Bosnian Serbs' humiliation of French soldiers in the UN peacekeeping force, and personally or-

dered the French army in Sarajevo to retake an observation post that had been taken by Serbs disguised in French army uniforms. The fall of Srebrenica outraged him. He supported strengthening the UN peacekeeping force with rapid-reaction ground troops and advocated using NATO's might to end the war. So Chirac might be expected to approve operations to arrest Serb war criminals. Is his failure to do so a lack of will? Or has he been co-opted or compromised by a bureaucracy and an army that have a different world view and a conflicting agenda?

### **Some Real Reasons**

**A** SENIOR French government official who has years of experience with the Balkans, including direct involvement in the war-crimes situation, gave compelling answers to these questions during an interview in Paris in mid-December. He offered up no excuses for France's long hesitancy to arrest small-time war criminals, the grunts who did most of the killing and raping. But the unifying theme of his answers regarding the failure to arrest indicted leaders, such as Radovan Karadzic and his top military commander, Ratko Mladic, was a concern for the damage they could inflict on Chirac's presidency, the French government, and the army during a court trial in The Hague. Such a trial, the official said, would become a media circus. This is because—despite all the indisputable evidence of atrocities, mass expulsions, and rapes—political and military leaders from the world over climbed the winding road to Pale to negotiate with Karadzic and Mladic throughout the Bosnian war. French, American, and Dutch generals met with them and supped with them and drank toasts to peace with them, and spoke warmly about Serb "hospitality." General Clark was photographed trading caps with Mladic.

"The trial of Karadzic would be a trial of the inconsistencies, contradictions, failures, and hypocrisies of the entire Western world," the official said, stressing that political leaders in Washington have no more interest than the French in arresting the top Bosnian Serb leaders. "If Mladic were brought to trial, his de-

fense lawyers would be able to call half of the French army that served in Bosnia during the war to testify. He could not be denied the right to call them as witnesses. No one has worked out a strategy on how to handle Karadzic's prosecution if he is arrested. If he ever comes to trial, he'll say he was in permanent contact with all the countries of the Western world. He'll say he received permanent commitments."

The tribunal is incapable of handling the Karadzic case, the official said: "The prosecutorial wing is weak. It has only handled cases of the small fish. This would be a big show. And once these people are in front of the tribunal, you can't control the situation anymore."

What specific embarrassments might the French President, government, and army have to fear in testimony by Karadzic or Mladic during a judicial spectacular in The Hague?

*Srebrenica.* France led the diplomatic campaign in 1993 that moved the UN Security Council to declare the town of Srebrenica a "safe area" and promise to protect its 40,000 Muslims. On July 10, 1995, Ratko Mladic launched the first of two final assaults on the town. General Bernard Janvier, the French commander of the UN troops in Yugoslavia, refused to call for NATO air action that could have thwarted the Serb attack. Janvier has yet to explain his decision publicly. But UN officials, along with diplomats and military officers from other countries, believe that he balked because French negotiators, including Janvier himself and other high-ranking French military and intelligence officials, had a month earlier given the Serbs a pledge to block NATO air action in exchange for the release of several hundred Serb-held UN hostages. Mladic's men overran Srebrenica on July 11; by July 18, Serb firing squads had executed about 7,000 Muslim prisoners. A French general told me in 1997 that Janvier had been instructed to remain silent about why he let Srebrenica fall without calling on NATO, and diplomats who have seen Janvier say that he is a broken man. Even if Janvier and other French officials did not make the Serbs any promises, Karadzic and Mladic and other se-

nior Serb leaders could make outrageous claims in The Hague. They could call Janvier to testify and claim that he gave them a green light. They could point to the minutes of meetings and telephone conversations. Negotiations for release of the hostages were going on at the highest levels, too—including between Chirac and Slobodan Milosevic, the President of Yugoslavia, by telephone.

*The pilots.* The most intensive round of hostage negotiations between the French government and the Serbs took place in December of 1995, just before the signing of the Dayton Accords. Chirac sent a special agent, Jean-Charles Marchiani, to Serbia and Bosnia to negotiate the release of two French pilots who had been captured by the Serbs after bailing out of their plane during a NATO bombing run the previous August. According to *Le Monde*, Marchiani, a shadowy right-wing political leader and an experienced hostage negotiator, used a spy, Yugoslav Petrusic, a dual French-Yugoslav national, to keep tabs on the captive pilots as Marchiani traveled between Pale, Belgrade, and Paris. It is rumored in Paris that in late November and early December, Chirac had almost a dozen telephone conversations with Milosevic about the pilots, and perhaps one talk with Mladic, who had already been indicted by the tribunal and linked with the Srebrenica massacre. Reports by UN officials indicate that Mladic had for months expressed concern about being arrested for war crimes, and it is clearly possible that he sought immunity from prosecution. Despite French government denials, ever since the pilots' release, on December 12, 1995, there has been speculation in Paris and abroad that the French negotiators made promises not to arrest Serbs indicted for war crimes.

*Economic links.* French diplomats have for years advocated lifting all economic sanctions against Serbia, and another potential embarrassment to the French President and government could be a revelation of the extent of government involvement in business dealings between the Milosevic regime and French companies. According to a new book by Florence Hartmann, a former Belgrade correspondent for *Le Monde*,

on August 11, 1998, one of Milosevic's cronies, Miodrag Zecevic, was arrested by the authorities in France on fraud charges. Milosevic called Chirac, and several days later Zecevic was effectively released on his own recognizance. He fled to Belgrade and never returned.

Another questionable business link involves Jean-Pierre Rozan, a Paris-based minerals trader. Rozan said during an interview that he has been buying ores from Serbian mines for the past ten years, including the entire period when doing business with Milosevic's Yugoslavia was banned by the UN Security Council. Rozan said that in July of last year he acquired a stake in a mine in Kosovo whose other owners are Milosevic-controlled companies and banks. About half of the mine lies in a patch of northern Kosovo patrolled by French troops that are part of the NATO force occupying the province; these troops have prevented the area's Albanians from returning to their homes. "I've kept the President and the Prime Minister very well informed of what I am doing," Rozan said, referring to Chirac and Lionel Jospin. "I am getting increasing

**One former tribunal official says  
that French and U.S. diplomats  
working on a task force to  
arrest war criminals have at  
times berated each other using  
"terms they don't use  
even in referring to the Serbs."**

French government cooperation with my efforts to renew economic links with Serbian companies."

*Psycho killers.* Rozan said that purely by coincidence, in the offices a floor below his is a company that has also had dealings with Milosevic's network. This company is a telecommunications firm



known as Geolink, and it is involved in another blooming embarrassment for the French President and government. Geolink has been named in a percolating scandal whose main players are a gang of Serb gunmen, the Yugoslav government, and France's intelligence service, La Direction générale de la sécurité extérieure. In 1997, according to U.S. intelligence reports, the DGSE hired a group of Serb mercenaries and three Yugoslav combat airplanes, with pilots and mechanics, for the armed forces of Mobutu Sese Seko, the dictator of Zaire, who was unsuccessfully attempting to avoid being overthrown. Citing U.S. intelligence reports and the French press, *The New York Times* reported that a Geolink official had offered, in a letter to the office of President Chirac, to recruit the Serb mercenaries. One of the fighters was later identified as Yugoslav Petrusic, the same spy who had kept tabs on the hostage French pilots. Petrusic,

the *Times* reported, ruled over one town in Zaire "like a petty tyrant, summarily executing dozens of people."

The scandal erupted again last November 25, when the Yugoslav government's press spokesman, Goran Matic, announced that the Serbian police had arrested five members—one of them Petrusic—of a spy cell, code-named Spider and set up by the DGSE to assassinate Slobodan Milosevic. Matic said that Petrusic had been a member of the French Foreign Legion and was a DGSE agent who had been run by a case officer named Patrick Fort for ten years. Matic also alleged that Petrusic had participated in spying missions in Bosnia, assassinations in Yugoslavia, a 1994 massacre in Algeria, the 1995 executions in Srebrenica, the 1997 mercenary operation in Zaire, and the killing of Albanians in Kosovo during the NATO bombardment last year.

Matic's charges looked preposterous

at first, and some of them still do. But some of the arrested men have indeed been linked with the Srebrenica massacre. The DGSE's chief, Jacques Dewatre, lent credibility to others among Matic's allegations by resigning a few weeks later. Government spokesmen denied it, but *Le Monde* wrote that Dewatre had probably been fired because DGSE operations in Yugoslavia had gone awry.

**L**AST November, at a conference in Dayton marking the fourth anniversary of the Bosnian peace talks, a French diplomat working in Sarajevo told a group of U.S. political analysts that Bosnia is not a "real" country. In time, he said, it will be partitioned. Its Serb-held territory will ineluctably be merged into Serbia—what Radovan Karadzic, Ratko Mladic, Milan Lukic, and other Serb nationalists have wanted from the beginning. If half of Bosnia will eventually become part of Serbia, the logic goes, there is no reason to assume any serious political risk by arresting Serb war criminals. General Clark's appeals to carry out arrests can be pigeonholed as an effort to capture Karadzic as a trophy before Clark's forced departure from NATO next month, rather than an attempt to do something that would benefit thousands of Serbs.

"The Americans are more than happy to put pressure on us," a senior French government official told me, pointing out that with the exception of Clark, no one from the Pentagon or the White House has displayed much interest in pursuing war criminals. "I have nasty stories about the Americans, too," the official said. "Nasty stories about how the Americans have tried to pass the buck. What if you've got intercepts of orders being given for a massacre and you do nothing about them?" He was clearly referring to still-unsubstantiated reports that U.S. spy agencies had timely indications of Serb preparations for the Srebrenica killings and did not act on them. There was confidence in his voice—as if he knew that with time and patience and a long and expensive NATO deployment in Bosnia, and with the threat of a little blackmail always hanging in the air, the French position would prevail. ☸

## DISTRESSED HAIKU

In a week or ten days  
the snow and ice  
will melt from Cemetery Road.

I'm coming! Don't move!

\*

Once again it is April.  
Today is the day  
we would have been married  
twenty-six years.

I finished with April  
halfway through March.

\*

You think that their  
dying is the worst  
thing that could happen.

Then they stay dead.

\*

Will Hall ever write  
lines that do anything  
but whine and complain?

In April the blue  
mountain revises  
from white to green.

\*

The Boston Red Sox win  
a hundred straight games.  
The mouse rips  
the throat of the lion  
and the dead return.

—DONALD HALL

# Midnight in Sarajevo

by DAVID RIEFF

*A city that was once the center of the world's horrified attention is now a safe place again—but a sad place, where corruption reigns, opportunities are rare, and the young and the talented only want to get out*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEIF SKOOGFORS/WOODFIN CAMP ASSOC.

*A schoolyard in Sarajevo, mined by departing Serbs*

**I**T was always difficult to get into Sarajevo. The city sits in a bowl at the bottom of steep hills leading up to a series of mountains. Topographically, the nearest thing in America to the Bosnian capital is Aspen, Colorado, another place where the hills seem to rise right out of the town. Before the collapse of Yugoslavia and the beginning of the siege, Sarajevo, too, was a resort. But even in those last good days it was a peculiarly inaccessible resort. The airport was undependable and subject to fogs that closed it for days at a time. The roads into the city were indifferently maintained and in places badly graded.



During the war Sarajevo's weather and Sarajevo's isolation were constant preoccupations, weighing on both the Sarajevans—for whom they were matters of life and death—and the journalists and aid workers who regularly traveled in and out of the city. Paradoxes abounded. On a foggy or snowy day the snipers could not see well enough, even through their high-powered scopes, to hit their targets—the civilians in Sarajevo's streets—with any degree of accuracy. But bad weather also meant that humanitarian airlifts probably would be halted and visits from foreign dignitaries delayed. In the metaphorical sense as well as the literal, the situation on the ground would be frozen. The killing would temporarily be brought to a halt, which was welcome—but Sarajevo would disappear, fall off the television screen of international attention, as the snows fell or the mists descended. This was dangerous; attention was all that kept the Serbs from escalating to wholesale slaughter.

There was always a duality in Sarajevo's status during those years of horror. On one level was the symbolic Sarajevo.

educated, affluent people in Western Europe and North America in a way that few human catastrophes of the past half century had done. On another level was a place you might call Sarajevo in its own right. This was a mid-sized Yugoslav city, where before the war people had lived relatively well, worked relatively little, and not asked themselves very deep questions. It had been in a modest way cosmopolitan, yes, but it had not been on the front line of anything except perhaps the Balkan *dolce vita*, and it had not been the capital of anything except Bosnia-Herzegovina.

During the siege the two Sarajevos were almost in competition. Four years after the shelling stopped, the Sarajevo that endures is the smaller, more provincial one. In retrospect it is clear that the other, grander, identity was as much the function of the world's expectations as of local Bosnian realities. There is nothing surprising about this. The high expectations the world had placed on Sarajevans had cost them dearly—and I am not speaking only of the 10,000 dead, 3,000 of them children, during the four years of what a United Nations peacekeeping spokesman was once pleased to call "a tactically advantageous position."

What did surprise me was that on the night after this past Christmas, when I drove into Sarajevo for the first time in winter since the end of the siege, the city seemed almost as isolated as it had been during the war. It had snowed hard the week before—one of those Balkan storms in which the sky simply opens and dumps three feet of snow on the ground. But it had not been snowing as I had set out from Zagreb earlier in the day, and it was not snowing in the mountains outside Sarajevo. Still, the roads were virtually impassable. No one was firing at us, but in no other manner of difficulty did the trip seem all that different from trips in the days of the siege, when the only route into Sarajevo involved the old foresters' track over Mount Igman.

Stampi, a friend from Sarajevo who had come to pick me up in Croatia, just shrugged his shoulders when I expressed surprise that there were no

snowplows or even traffic policemen along the route. "The government does nothing," he said matter-of-factly. "It was different before."

"When?" I asked.

Stampi looked at me for a moment, his usually impassive face for once expressing almost exaggerated bewilderment. The question was too obvious to merit a response. But he gave one: "In Tito's time, of course."

During the siege Stampi had worked variously as a driver for journalists and on the front line with a commando unit that he and his comrades dubbed "the Black Mambas." Like many ex-fighters, he now owns a small café. His is called the Lady Bug, and it is located just behind the Holiday Inn where most of the journalists stayed during the siege. With his wife, Jadranka, he is now trying to start a flower shop. Business was okay, he said, though Jadranka would later confide to me that they were barely making a profit, and managing that only by working twelve or fourteen hours a day.

Stampi and Jadranka are in better shape than most couples in Bosnia these days. They are extremely enterprising people, and have little of the mixed resignation and sense of entitlement that may be communism's most subversive legacy, not just to Bosnia but to the former Yugoslavia as a whole. Stampi and Jadranka simply got on with things. If he had to drive to Hungary to get parts for his car, he did so, and was hard at work the morning after his return. If she had to smile as the same small circle of customers regaled her with the same stories each day, that was what she did. And yet even if they said so only when pressed, it was clear that they both felt stymied, and that postwar Sarajevo felt to them more like an emerging backwater than a place of opportunity, which the end to the shelling and sniping had permitted them to hope it might become. "Everyone I know talks of cars and clothes," Jadranka told me. "For them, it's as if the future doesn't exist."

SOON discovered that this diagnosis was shared by most of my old friends in the city. "Nothing is moving here," Haris Pasovic, a theater director, said.

**"I would not say for a moment that I miss the siege. That would be inhuman. I do not miss children's being murdered and people's being blown to bits on water lines. But I do miss the way I was during the siege."**

vo. This Sarajevo could at times dominate the world stage; it was the most famous place on the globe, the battleground where ethno-fascists and those who believed in nationality based on citizenship were fighting it out. The sufferings of the inhabitants of this Sarajevo weighed on the collective conscience of

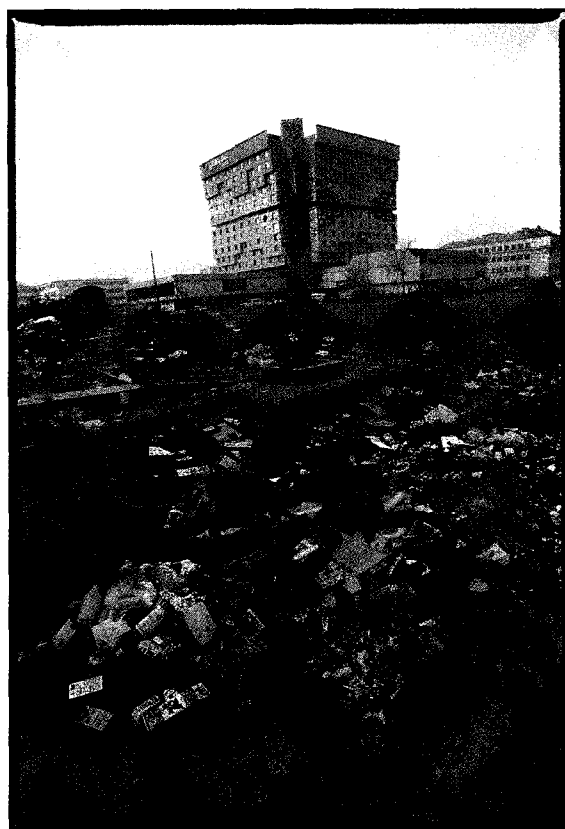
"The war is over, but nothing is really happening." "I am so angry," he said. "I want my streets cleaned—like in New York or Uppsala. That's not too much to ask of a government."

Pasovic was a well-known director in Novi Sad, in Serbia, before the war. After the siege began, he moved to Sarajevo, in the summer of 1992. He entered the city in what in those days was the common fashion—making his way in the middle of the night to the edge of the last bit of Bosnian-controlled land, and then sprinting across the no-man's-land of the airport tarmac to be arrested by the UN troops guarding the airport and escorted into the city. Pasovic was one of the handful of people who tried to keep Sarajevo's cultural life going during the siege, producing and directing plays, working on films chronicling the siege, and organizing festivals. Now, he told me, he is no longer interested in creating theater. "I want to know why this happened," he said. "That's what obsesses me." And he paraphrased the German Marxist Theodor Adorno: "After Auschwitz it is impossible to write poetry."

No doubt Pasovic has personal reasons for going into a kind of internal exile. At the same time, though, his choice closely mirrors that of too many members of the Sarajevan elite for it to be without broader significance. Ademir Kenovic, the best filmmaker to remain in Sarajevo during the siege, lives in Mexico now. The arts and humanities departments at the University of Sarajevo have suffered crippling defections—not only many of the best professors but also the best students have left the country. The journalists who risked their lives daily to produce the newspaper *Oslobodjenje* in a ruined building less than a hundred yards from the Serb front line have mostly emigrated. The paper's editor, Kemal Kurspahic, lives in Washington; his deputy, Gordana Knezevic, works for Reuters in Toronto; and the foreign

editor, Zlatko Dizdarevic, moves between Sarajevo and Italy.

Among the children of this cultural elite the situation is, if anything, even more extreme. At a New Year's Eve party at the French-government-supported André Malraux Cultural Center, Dizdarevic told me that his son had been visiting Sarajevo from the college in the American Midwest that he has attended for two years. "I knew he didn't want to come back here except for a holiday," he said. "But what I hadn't realized was



LEIF SKOGGERS/WOODFIN CAMP ASSOC.

*If foreigners won't maintain the city, why should anyone else?*

that all his friends feel the same way. All they're thinking about, as far as I can see, is leaving for good."

Zdravko Grebo, a law professor and a political activist who during the siege exemplified for foreigners and Sarajevans alike the genuinely liberal values that Sarajevo at its best really did embody, was still more emphatic. During the first two years of the war he ran George Soros's Open Society Fund here and started the first truly independent radio station, Radio Zid. Now he interests

himself all but exclusively in his work at the university. But he told me, "The best ones all want to get out of here."

"And what do you tell them?" I asked. "What do you want me to tell them?" he demanded. "I tell them that if they must go, then they should go." He continued, "The funny thing is that they don't just seem to want to leave Bosnia—they seem to want to get as far away from here as they possibly can. One of them told me recently that he wanted to go to New Zealand. When I asked him why, he said, 'Professor, it's simple. If I go to Vienna or Frankfurt, I'm bound to get drunk, start feeling nostalgic, and buy a ticket back here. But if I move to New Zealand, then coming back will be too damn expensive, and I'll just wake up the next day with a hangover, rather than spoiling everything!'"

For foreigners committed to Bosnia, including Francis Bueb, the director of the Malraux Center, these realities are painful and disconcerting. Bueb told me that he suspects that many of the promising young people who visit the center are really hoping to find a way to start a new life in France. "All most people here think of is money and emigration," he said. "There was a brilliant young student who had the chance for a scholarship in Paris and wanted me

to recommend her. For a long time I kept saying no, telling her that much as I esteemed her, I knew she would never come back to Bosnia once she left. But she insisted and insisted, and finally I gave in. Well, you can imagine the rest. She's left for good!"

Grebo and Bueb find themselves in impossible positions. Their own views of the future of Sarajevo, though generally kept to themselves, are even gloomier than those of the young people they mentor. "A bottle with twenty glasses—that's the economy here," Grebo told me. Despite \$5 billion in aid, the Bosnian authorities have proved largely incapable



of restarting the economy. Unemployment is more than 50 percent, and although there is a vibrant café life, a growing bureaucracy, and an ever-increasing black market, there is no economy in any serious sense of the term, nor any realistic prospect that one will develop anytime soon. Meanwhile,

**Bosnia's leaders are incapable of thinking about the needs of ordinary people. They think only about problems that pit nationality against nationality. Snow removal simply does not register with them.**

the money from the so-called stabilization fund is scheduled to run out at the end of this year, and it is by no means clear that either Washington or the European Union will continue to pour funds into Bosnia.

Like many Sarajevans, Grebo was harsh in his indictment of the Bosnian authorities—Muslim, Croat, and Serb alike. “Nothing has changed here politically,” he told me emphatically. “The same people who were in power when the war started are still in power, and you saw where their genius got Bosnia. You don’t have a state here. Or, rather, you have three ethnic groups in a Dayton state, but no society. Sarajevo looks all right, but inside it is destroyed. And people vote for the parties they think will protect them from the other national groups.”

**T**HERE are those in Sarajevo who believe that the problem has been the West’s unwillingness to really take charge. Once the fighting stopped, the major powers were content to pursue a thoughtless, hollow democratization. “We weren’t ready for local elections in

1996,” Zlatko Dizdarevic told me, “but the Europeans and the Americans were determined that they take place, even though they knew that only the national parties had any chance of winning. So the result is that we have formal democracy but in reality a system in which ordinary people complain about their respective leaders but wind up voting for them anyway, if only because they are more afraid of the other national groups than they are disgusted with the leaders they have.”

Dizdarevic believes that Bosnia’s leaders are incapable of thinking about the needs of ordinary people—not just because they are venal but also because they have been conditioned to think only about problems that pit nationality against nationality. A problem like snow removal simply does not register with them. Something of this same attitude was present during the siege. I remember returning to Sarajevo after a fairly prolonged absence and realizing that the streets, which UN peacekeepers had begun to clean up in the summer of 1994, were now filthy again. It turned out that the explanation for this was a change in UN force commanders in Sarajevo. Sir Michael Rose had been obsessed with clean streets; his successor, Rupert Smith, was as interested in confronting the Serbs as Rose had been in understanding them, but he did not think that Sarajevo’s sanitation problems were his or his soldiers’ affair.

By chance, I was able to put the question to Hasan Muratovic, the Bosnian government minister then charged with relations with the UN. Even though there was little shelling in this period, Muratovic was categorical: “Cleaning the streets is the UN’s job.”

This attitude so permeates Sarajevo that only on January 3, two weeks after the most recent snow had fallen, were the perfectly serviceable snowplows and street sweepers—bought for the municipal authorities with European Union funds—actually deployed. In the interim I did not see a single Bosnian sweeping a street or even clearing a passage to his or her own place of business. The assumption seemed to be that if the foreigners wouldn’t do it and the local authorities could not be bothered with it,

there was no reason for anyone else to do a thing.

“Of course we would have done such things in Tito’s time,” Hrvoje Batinic, an official of the Open Society Fund in Bosnia, declared flatly. “But in those days there was a punishment if you did not do such civic-minded things, whereas today there are no such consequences.” Batinic, who is a gloomy person at the best of times, mused over the changes in Sarajevo since the siege ended. “This is not a city anymore—it’s a village,” he said. “And it’s not even a proper village.”

He continued, “I would not say for a moment that I miss the siege. That would be inhuman. I do not miss children’s being murdered and people’s being blown to bits on water lines. But I confess that I do miss the way I was, the kind of person I was, during the siege. I was better; many of us were. You may say that this is a ridiculous feeling, but I believe that it is an accurate one. So many of us were better during the siege.”

To be nostalgic for a great ordeal is probably hard-wired into most of us. What made this sentiment different, and more troubling, was that it seemed to have paralyzed ordinary Sarajevans, rendering them almost incapable of living productively in the present, let alone preparing themselves for the future. And yet that future is likely to prove as challenging as anything they have faced since the siege ended.

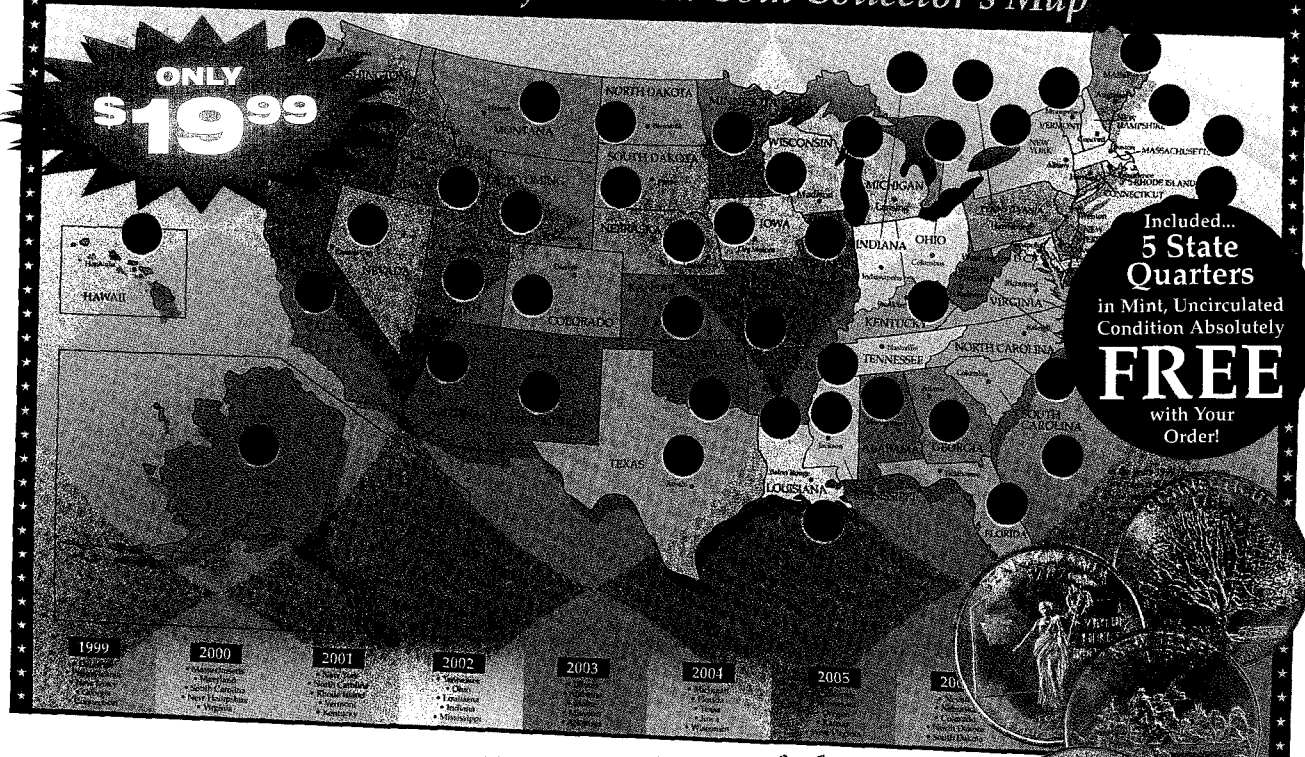
For Sarajevo, as for Bosnia generally, 2000 is not just the overcommercialized commencement of a new millennium (for the Muslims of Sarajevo, after all, the year is 1421; for the dwindling population of observant Jews it is 5760). It is the year when the country will either begin to right itself or begin to be abandoned by what is called the international community—because the foreigners are getting more and more fed up. To them, the Bosnians seem content to remain permanent wards of Europe and America. When foreign diplomats and aid workers are among themselves, they speak contemptuously of this attitude. They tell stories of corruption with the same obsessiveness with which residents of large U.S. cities used to tell stories of street crime. And even leftists

# Collect All 50 States!

Commemorative Quarters Issued by the U.S. Mint  
Honoring the Fifty United States of America!

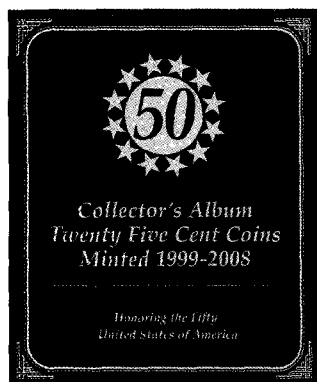
AS SEEN ON  
**TV**

United States of America Coin Collector's Map



Now, You Can Collect All 50 Designs of the  
United States of America State Commemorative  
Coins in this Fine Collector's Album.

Between the years of 1999 through 2008 the U.S. Mint will issue 5 new quarters each year. Each of the new U.S. quarters represents one of the 50 states and its history. Demand is tremendous, the first 5 coins have already been released. But if you order now, you can



get 5 state quarters in  
**MINT, UNCIRCULATED**  
condition absolutely free.  
Don't let this historical  
event pass you by.  
Limit 3 per customer.

**ORDER TODAY!**

**LIMITED  
TIME OFFER!**

*This fine Coin Collection Map will provide  
an attractive way to display your collection for  
family and friends to enjoy for years to come.*

You also get a book listing educational items such as:

- Official State Capitals
- Official State Flowers
- State Nicknames
- Official State Birds
- Official State Songs
- ...for all 50 United States!

**CALL NOW!**  
**1-800-664-9955**

**YES!** I Would Love to Collect All 50 United States  
Commemorative Quarters in a Fine Album!

Please send me the following 50 State Coin Collection Map(s):

- ☐ One United States of America Coin Collection Map for only  
\$19.99 plus \$5.99 S&H. Total \$25.98
- ☐ **SAVE!** Two Maps for only \$34.98 plus \$5.99 S&H. Total \$40.97
- ☐ **BEST BUY!** Three Maps for only \$43.97 plus \$5.99 S&H.  
Total \$49.96

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (NJ, PA & CT residents add 6% sales tax.  
CA add 8.25%.) **U.S. CURRENCY ONLY**

Payment Method (Check One)

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover

Make checks payable to: **TRISTAR PRODUCTS**

Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. # \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone # \_\_\_\_\_

Mail Your Payment Today To: **TRISTAR PRODUCTS**  
P.O. Box 3127, Dept. US204, Wallingford, CT 06494



©2000 Tristar Products. Please allow 4 - 6 weeks for delivery.



who loathed Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan routinely use language that either of those two scourges of the “undeserving” poor would have found comfortingly familiar.

A European diplomat I know told me that he believes there is little hope that things will get back on track. “We’re willing to station troops here indefinitely, to make sure the war doesn’t break out again,” he said. “But we will not take political responsibility for Bosnia. My sense is that slowly the foreigners will leave. The Soros foundation is already on the brink of closing, and others will certainly follow. Soros has all but said that he thinks the Bosnians are failures. He can be frank because he’s a billionaire. But I assure you that this is what a great many people in the embassies, in the Office of the High Representative, and in other foreign offices in this city believe as well. The Bosnians had better be careful. If they aren’t, they may find themselves alone again.”

Many Sarajevans, and not just members of the elite like Grebo, understand the ramifications of this perfectly. A depressingly large number of the people

were to close the center, I would effectively leave almost a hundred people without support. Pensions are nonexistent; local salaries are pitiful. There are only the foreigners. The foreigners and corruption.”

**D**URING the early summer of 1994, at the beginning of the third year of the siege, my friends in the city took to making elaborate predictions about what the Bosnian capital would be like at the turn of the millennium. Sarajevans had much better things to do than worry about where they would be in 2000. Just getting through the day unscathed was a sufficiently ambitious undertaking. But somehow there was something appealingly ironic to my Sarajevan friends about the idea that their city was on the brink of destruction only a few years before the beginning of a new century.

“I don’t even know if there will be a Sarajevo in the year 2000,” my young friend Una Sekerez, who worked for the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, once said to me. To the Bosnian poet Ferida Durakovic, the future seemed likely to hold something more grotesque. “We are already a theme park of suffering for you foreigners,” she said, “so if we lose, maybe the Serbs will turn the whole place into some kind of commemoration of Greater Serbia—like Kosovo field, only this time commemorating a great Serb victory, not a defeat.” Her friend the painter Branka Vukic nodded in agreement. “And if they don’t, maybe the UN and you in the West will turn Sarajevo into some kind of living monument to the way things used to be here, before we were all killed or dispersed, complete with UNESCO certification.”

In those days the millennium was an idea in much the way that “multicultural” Sarajevo was an idea. For some of the young Sarajevans I came to know during the siege, it became inseparable from the idea of survival. “I would like so much to be here when the millennium turns,” a young soldier told me one evening in a black-market restaurant directly across from the Orthodox cathedral in the center of town. “That would be our greatest revenge on the world that

is content to feed us and let the snipers do their work. We would have survived. I would walk with my parents from one end of the city to the other, from the tower blocks of Alipasino Polje to the old town, and then up into the hills beyond, where the first line is today. I’d dance in front of the National Theater, and stand along the Miljacka by that stupid bridge where that cretinous Serb killed the archduke, and kiss my girlfriend. And when I heard the fireworks, I wouldn’t run for cover, or flinch, or look around to see if anyone had been hit. I’d shout with excitement, the way I did when I was a child. If I’m alive, I’ll be here.”

I have no idea if that soldier survived the war, let alone whether, like me, he was at the celebration in front of the National Theater on the night of December 31, 1999. What I do know is that in many ways the evening was just as he had imagined it. The fireworks did go off, to the delight of the young and the visible dismay of the few middle-aged and elderly people in the crowd. The rock music blared late into the night. Young couples were making out along the river, or walking through the streets of the old town, past refurbished shops and under strings of Christmas lights.

I have been back to Sarajevo at least once a year since the war ended, and I expect I will continue to return—if only because of what I lived through during the siege. Sarajevans I know are rather startled by this, so deep is their sense of defeat. There is, after all, not a single negative thing an outsider can say about Sarajevo that Sarajevans themselves will not say first, and usually more forcefully. The fact that there is a Sarajevo at all seems miraculous to me. Still, I cannot deny, any more than my Sarajevan friends can, that the city we knew during the war’s worst moments is gone, probably for good. “In 1992 and 1993 we had a chance to become the city we thought we could be,” Zdravko Grebo told me. “It did not happen. This has become a little town again, a little town in the middle of nowhere, off in a corner of Europe.”

A little town that was briefly the most famous place in the world, I said.

“That town existed,” he replied. “But now it’s gone.”

**“Nothing has changed. The same people who were in power when the war started are still in power. You have three ethnic groups in a Dayton state, but no society. Sarajevo looks all right, but inside it is destroyed.”**

who are doing well in the city these days are doing so only through contact with foreigners. Francis Bueb illustrated the point succinctly. “Unemployment here is sixty-five percent,” he said. “I employ twelve people and pay them a decent salary. And they, in turn, are probably each supporting six or eight people. If I

# THREE POEMS

by Robert Pinsky



## JERSEY RAIN

Now near the end of the middle stretch of road  
What have I learned? Some earthly wiles. An art.  
That often I cannot tell good fortune from bad,  
That once had seemed so easy to tell apart.

The source of art and woe aslant in wind  
Dissolves or nourishes everything it touches.  
What roadbank gullies and ruts it doesn't mend  
It carves the deeper, boiling tawny in ditches.

It spends itself regardless into the ocean.  
It stains and scours and makes things dark or bright:  
Sweat of the moon, a shroud of benediction,  
The chilly liquefaction of day to night,

The Jersey rain, my rain, soaks all as one:  
It smites Metuchen, Rahway, Saddle River,  
Fair Haven, Newark, Little Silver, Bayonne.  
I feel it churning even in fair weather

To craze distinction, dry the same as wet.  
In ripples of heat the August drought still feeds  
Vapors in the sky that swell to smite the state—  
The Jersey rain, my rain, in streams and beads

Of indissoluble grudge and aspiration:  
Original milk, replenisher of grief,  
Descending destroyer, arrowed source of passion,  
Silver and black, executioner, font of life.

---

## BIOGRAPHY

Stone wheel that sharpens the blade that mows the grain,  
Wheel of the sunflower turning, wheel that turns  
The spiral press that squeezes the oil expressed  
From shale or olives. Particles that turn to mud  
On the potter's wheel that spins to form the vessel  
That holds the oil that drips to cool the blade.

My mother's dreadful fall. Her mother's dread  
Of all things: death, life, birth. My brother's birth  
Just before the fall, his birth again in Jesus.  
Wobble and blur of my soul, born only once,  
That cleaves to circles. The moon, the eye, the year,  
Circle of causes or chaos or turns of chance.

The line of a tune as it cycles back to the root,  
Arc of the changes. The line from there to here  
Of Ellen speaking, thread of my circle of friends,  
The art of lines, chord of the circle of work.  
Radius. Lives of children growing away,  
The plant radiant in air, its root in dark.

## VESSEL

What is this body as I fall asleep again?  
What I pretended it was when I was small—

A crowded vessel, a starship or submarine  
Dark in its dark element, a breathing hull,

Arms at the flanks, the engine heart and brain  
Pulsing, feet pointed like a diver's, the whole

Resolutely diving through the oblivion  
Of night with living cargo. O carrier shell

That keeps your trusting passengers from All:  
Some twenty thousand times now you have gone

Out into blackness tireless as a seal,  
Blind always as a log, but plunging on

Across the reefs of coral that scrape the keel—  
O veteran immersed from toe to crown,

Buoy the population of the soul  
Toward their destination before they drown.



# The Raft

by PETER ORNER

**M**Y grandfather, who lost his short-term memory sometime during the first Eisenhower Administration, calls me into his study because he wants to tell me the story he's never told anybody before again. My grandmother, from her perch at her beauty table, with the oval mirror circled by little bulbs I used to love to unscrew, shouts, "Oh, for God's sake, Seymour. We're meeting the Dewoskins at Twin Orchards at seven-thirty. Must you go back to the South Pacific?"

My grandfather slams the door and motions me to the chair in front of his desk. I'll be thirteen in two weeks. "There's something I want to tell you, son," he says. "Something I've never told anybody. You think you're ready? You think you've got the gumption?"

"I think so."

"Think so?"

"I know so, sir. I know I've got the gumption."

He sits down at his desk and rips open an envelope with a gleaming letter opener in the shape of a miniature gold sword. "So, you want to know?"

"Very much."

"Well then, stand up, sailor."

My grandfather's study is carpeted with white shag, which feels woolly against my bare feet. I twist my toes in it. Many cactuses are also in the room. My grandfather often encourages me to touch their prickles to demonstrate how tough an old boy a plant can be. My grandfather captained a destroyer during World War II.

"It was late," he says. "Someone knocked on my stateroom door. I leaped up. In those days I slept in uniform—shoes, too." My grandfather smiles. His face is so perfectly round that his smile looks like a gash in a basketball. I smile back.

"Don't smile," he says. "Just because I'm smiling, don't

assume I couldn't kill you right now. Know that about a man."

"Oh, Seymour, *my God*," my grandmother protests through the door. "Isn't he supposed to be at summer camp, anyway? Call his mother."

He looks straight at me and snarls at her, "Another word out of you, ensign, and I'll have you thrown in the brig, and you won't see Beanie Dewoskin till V-J Day."

"I'll make coffee," my grandmother says.

"It was late," I say. "Someone knocked."

"Two knocks," he says. "And by the time he raised his knuckle for the third, I'd opened the door. 'A message from the watch, sir. A boat, sir, three miles due north. Very small, sir. Could be an enemy boat, sir; then again, it might not be. Hard to tell, sir.' I told the boy to can it. Some messengers don't know when to take a breath and let you think. They think if you aren't saying anything, you want to hear more, which is never true. Remember that. I went up to the bridge. 'Wait,' I told them. 'Wait till we can see it. And ready the torpedoes,' I told them, or something like that. I forget the lingo."

"The torpedoes?" I say.

"Yes," he says. "The torpedoes. I couldn't see it clearly, but the chance that it wasn't a hostile boat was slim. You see what I'm driving at?"

"I do, sir."

"No, you don't, sailor."

"No, I don't," I say. "Don't at all."

"We'd been warned in a communiqué from the admiral to be on high alert for kamikaze flotillas. Do you have any idea what a kamikaze flotilla is?"

"Basically," I say, "it hits the side of your boat, and whango."

"You being smart with me? You think this isn't life and death we're talking about here?"

"Sorry, sir."

"It had zero to do with war," my grandfather said, "and everything to do with the uniform I was wearing. Because my job was to make decisions. Besides, what the hell would I have done with a boatload of naked Japanese?"



“So I waited. It took about a half hour on auxiliary power for us to get within a quarter mile of the thing—then I could see it with the search.”

My grandfather pauses and then opens his right-hand desk drawer, where he keeps a safety-locked pistol and a stack of tattered pornographic comic books. They are strange books. In the cartoons men with long penises with hats on the ends of them and hair growing up the sides, so that to me they look like pickles, chase women with skirts raised over their heads and tattoos on their asses that say things like “Uncle Sam’s my Daddy” and “I never kissed a Kaiser.” He whacks the drawer shut and brings his hands together in front of his face,

moving his thumbs around as if he’s getting ready either to pray or to thumb-wrestle.

“Japs,” he says. “Naked Japs on a raft. A raftload of naked Jap sailors. Today the bleedyhearts would probably call them refugees, but back then we didn’t call them anything but Japs. Looked like they’d been floating for days. They turned their backs to the light, so all we could see was their backsides, skin and bone fighting it out and the bone winning.”

I step back. I want to sit down but I don’t. He stands and leans over his desk, examines my face. Then he points at the door and murmurs, “Phyllis doesn’t know.” On a phone-message pad he scrawls “BLEW IT UP” in capital letters. He whispers, “I



*gave the order.*" He comes around the desk and motions to his closet. "We can talk in there," he says, and I follow him into his warren of suits. My grandfather has long ago moved all his clothes out of my grandmother's packed-to-the-gills closets. He leaves the light off. In the crack of sun beneath the door I can see my grandfather's shoes and white socks. He's wearing shorts. He was working on his putting in the driveway.

"At ease, sailor," he says, and I kneel down amid the suits and dangling ties and belts. And I see now that it's not how many times you hear a story but where you hear it that matters. I've heard this before, but this is the first time I've been in a closet alone with my grandfather.

"Why?" I say. "Why, if you knew it wasn't—"

"Why?" he says, not as if he's repeating my question but as if he really doesn't know. He sighs. Then, still whispering even though we're in the closet, he says, "Some men would lie to you. They'd say it's war. I won't lie to you. It had zero to do with war and everything to do with the uniform I was wearing. Because my job was to make decisions. Besides, what the

hell would I have done with a boatload of naked Japanese? There was a war on."

"But you just said—"

"Listen, my job. Just because men like me made the world safe for men like your father to be cowards doesn't mean you won't ever blow up any civilians. Because you will. I do it once a week at the bank." He places a stumpy, powerful hand on my shoulder. "*Comprende?*"

"Never," I breathe.

"Good," he says, and we are standing in the dark and looking at each other and the story is the same and different—like last time except this time his tears come so fast they're like lather. He blows his nose into his hand. I reach and offer him the sleeve of one of his tweed jackets. "I'll let myself out," he says, and leaves me in the confessional, shutting the door behind him.

I don't imagine anything, not even a hand that feels like a fish yanking my ankle. Another door opens. "Seymour? Seymour?" my grandmother says. "Where's the kid?" ☘

## EVERYONE WHO LEFT US

Everyone who left us we find everywhere.  
It's easier now to look them in the eyes—  
At gravesites, in bed, when the phone rings.  
Of course, we wonder if they think of us.

It's easier, now, to look them in the eyes,  
Imagine touching a hand, listening to them talk.  
Of course, we wonder if they think of us  
When nights, like tonight, turn salty, warm.

Imagine touching a hand, listening to them talk—  
Hard to believe they're capable of such coldness.  
When nights, like tonight, turn salty, warm,  
We think of calling them, leaving messages.

Hard to believe they're capable of such coldness—  
No color, no pulse, not even a nerve reaction.  
We think of calling them, leaving messages  
Vivid with news we're sure they'd want to know.

No color, no pulse, not even a nerve reaction:  
We close our eyes in order not to see them.  
Vivid with news, we're sure they'd want to know  
We don't blame them, really. They weren't cruel.

We close our eyes in order not to see them  
Reading, making love, or falling asleep.  
We don't blame them. Really, they weren't cruel,  
Though it hurts every time we think of them:

Reading, making love, or falling asleep,  
Enjoying the usual pleasures and boredoms.  
Though it hurts every time we think of them,  
Like a taste we can't swallow, their names stay.

Enjoying the usual pleasures and boredoms,  
Then, they leave us the look of their faces  
Like a taste we can't swallow. Their names stay,  
Diminishing our own, getting in the way

At gravesites, in bed, when the phone rings.  
Everyone who left us we find everywhere,  
Then they leave us, the look of their faces  
Diminishing, our own getting in the way.

—STEVEN CRAMER



8:37 P.M. Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.  
Going on-line.

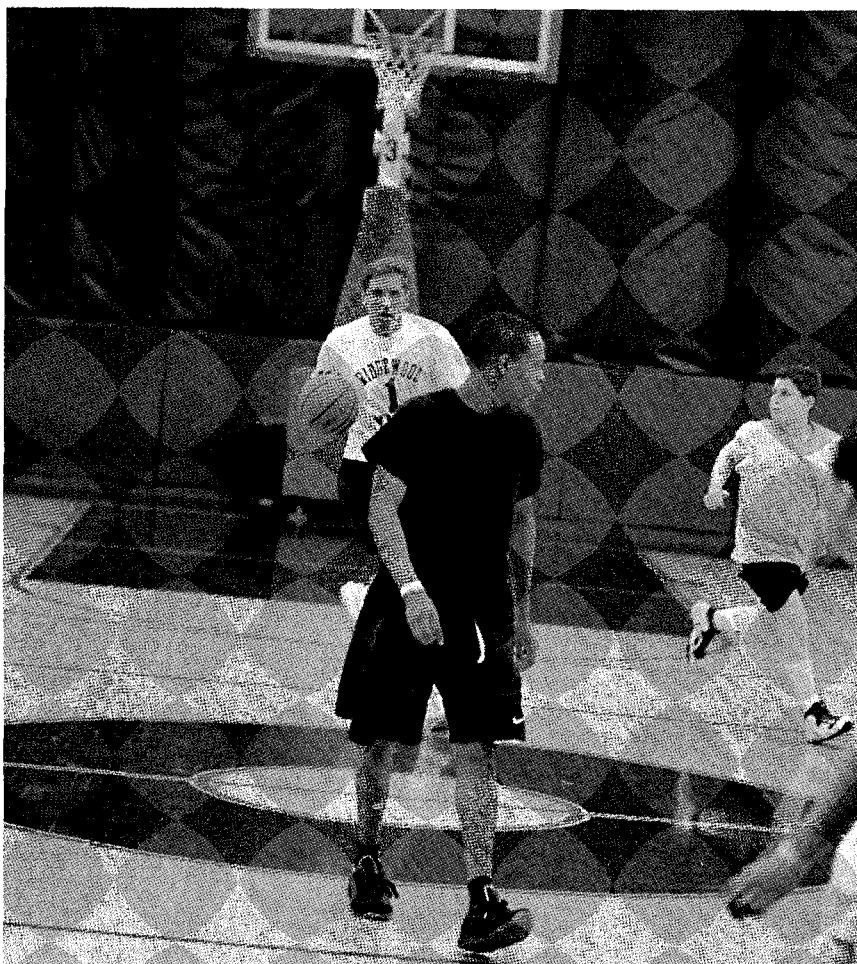
Not the latest thing. The genuine thing.



THE FINEST KENTUCKY BOURBON. MADE IN LAWRENCEBURG.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





## The Best Pickup-Basketball Player in America

*The man any true basketball devotee wants to play with or against*

**L**ATE on a Saturday afternoon the best pickup-basketball player in America is ready to look for a game. He is wearing battered low-cut sneakers, sagging mismatched socks that may once have been white, a logo-free T-shirt that is fraying at the seams, plain cotton shorts that are unfashion-

**by Timothy Harper**

ably unbaggy and several inches above the knee, and a brace on his left leg. He is fifty-one years old, and his name is Allan Dalton.

Other husbands and fathers of his age in the leafy suburb of Franklin Lakes, New Jersey, are kicking back, stowing golf bags, putting away garden tools, firing up gas

grills. Dalton climbs into his BMW and weaves along the winding lanes, past lawns tended by gardeners better dressed than he is, toward the spare, hard playgrounds of New York City: Harlem, Riverside Park, West Fourth Street, Chinatown, Battery Park, Brooklyn. He will keep driving until he finds a good pickup game. He may be the only white person on the court, and he will almost certainly be the oldest, by twenty or thirty years. The other players may argue over who has to play with this old guy. At first no one will pass Dalton the ball. Within an hour, however, the other players will be touching knuckles with Dalton and hoping to play on his team in the next game.

Dalton is living the hoop dreams of many aging pickup players who refuse to give up the game of basketball. "You still play?" they are asked, often skeptically, sometimes incredulously. At some point they were told, or they recognized on their own, that they were not good enough to play with a certain team, in a certain league, or at a certain level. But they keep playing, sometimes with old friends, sometimes with strangers—with whoever shows up on the court. They no longer dream of playing for the high school team, or for a major college, or in the NBA. They dream of doing what Dalton does: getting in pickup games anywhere and everywhere they can, playing good team basketball within their limitations, and winning not just games but also the respect of the other players.

Allan Dalton is not always the most skilled player on the court, although he was good enough to rate a mention in a 1995 *Boston Sunday Herald* article about Boston's best playground players ever (Dalton is a Bostonian born and raised). He can't dunk anymore, and every year he encounters more young guys he can't beat off the dribble. But he's the player—or at least the kind of player—that any true pickup-basketball devotee wants to play with or against. Physically he's not intimidating: six feet two, about 185 pounds, with a weakened left knee that probably should have surgery someday, if he ever quits playing. He has broken his foot, his arm, some

*A winter Saturday in Manhattan:  
Allan Dalton dribbles upcourt*

ribs, and his nose playing basketball. He once had a herniated disk that kept him off the courts for six months, and he still gets occasional backaches. His vision is fading, and he is talking about getting contacts or having laser surgery on his eyes. He still plays any position, depending on what talent is on the court with him, but he usually takes over as point guard. He controls games.

He will play with anyone. At the end of a grueling two-hour session in August heat he'll put his shoes back on to go one-on-one against a sixty-seven-year-old who can't find anyone else to play. He will play with disabled guys and with young girls. "Dalton would shovel off a court at three A.M. in a snowstorm and then bang on the door of a convent till he got three nuns to come out and go two-on-two" is the admiring comment of a regular at the YMCA in Ridgewood, New Jersey, one of Dalton's frequent pickup haunts.

He's good enough to play at almost every level of competition. He more than holds his own in games with college players. Despite his age and declining skills, he's a good individual talent and still usually the best player on the floor. He doesn't hog the ball or show off. His most spectacular plays and moves are often passes, but he can score one-on-one with a variety of moves: a drive with either hand, a bump-and-turnaround, a little stepback pop, a deadly jumper from twenty-two feet, a running bank high off the glass, even a hook shot. He takes over on offense only rarely—usually late in a game, when his efforts represent the only way his team can win. His teams win a majority of their games, but win or lose, his emphasis is on team play. He gets everybody involved. The more his teammates run the floor, the harder they work to get rebounds or play defense or get open, the more often he'll get them the ball—if they want it. If a teammate sets a pick for him, he'll set a pick for that teammate later.

Teammates quickly learn that Dalton will make them look good. After his first couple of no-look passes bounce off a teammate's head, he'll stop throwing passes the player can't catch. When he sees that a teammate likes a certain spot on the low block for turnarounds, even against bigger guys, he'll wait for the player to get into position and then give him the ball where and when he wants it. Teammates know he trusts them, and they trust him. At game point he'll motion for

a teammate who shoots well from the outside to set a pick for him at the top of the key. Both Dalton's man and the teammate's defender will go with Dalton, naturally. Double-teamed, Dalton will flip the ball back to the all-alone teammate, who has set his feet and is waiting to shoot the jumper that will win the game.

**D**ALTON not only makes his team better, he makes the game better. If he knows the players, he tries to make sure the sides are fair, or maybe slightly in favor of the other team. He doesn't get too high or too low. He's there to win every game, but not if winning means yelling at his teammates. He is happy to lend his considerable credibility to a teammate's argument with opponents, but only briefly, and as long as the discussion doesn't slow down the game. No argument is worth slowing down the game. If an opponent calls cheap fouls or makes other bad calls, Dalton clamps down on him on defense or embarrasses him on offense or both.

He himself rarely calls fouls; the infraction has to be something that he believes might cost his team the game. Instead, if his opponents play too aggressively against him, he will play them exactly the same way at the other end of the court. Nor does he make calls that cheapen a game: charging, palming, traveling, three seconds, moving picks, or the out-of-bounds that is seen only by the guy who calls it. If the calls are obvious enough, someone else will make them. If Dalton is called for a foul or some other infraction, such as traveling (he travels very rarely, and he is more likely to call it on himself than to have someone call it on him), he will never argue. He turns the ball over without comment.

Dalton is not especially friendly or sociable. His pickup relationships are cordial, more like business than pleasure. Some players go out for beers or a bite to eat after pickup sessions, or get together for dinner with their wives. Dalton never joins them. He will chat before and after games, or while waiting to play, but the talk is always basketball.

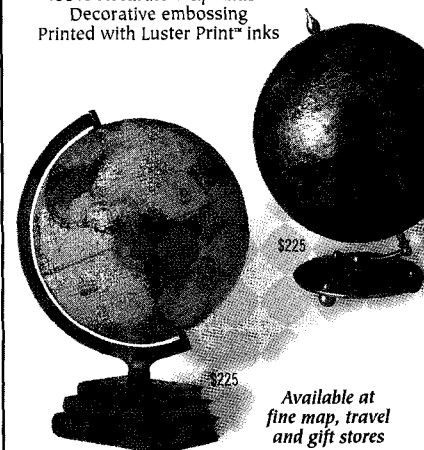
A Ridgewood Y regular describes having seen Dalton get into a trash-talking dunkfest on a tough playground in Miami. When Dalton finally touched the ball, several minutes into the game, he got his teammates' attention with his signature move, a behind-the-back feint. From the

# Eureka Globes

*Masterpiece Collection*

10 Beautiful Table & Floor Models

100% Accurate \* Updatable  
Decorative embossing  
Printed with Luster Print™ inks



Available at  
fine map, travel  
and gift stores

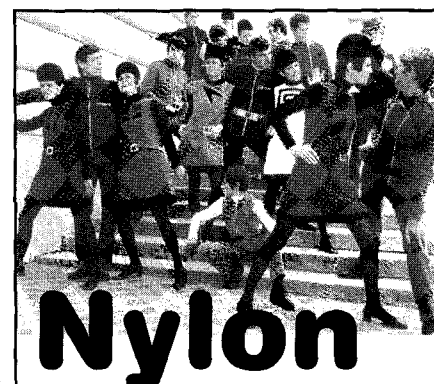
Call today  
for the store nearest you  
or to request your free catalogue

**1-888-473-9505** (toll free)

[www.eurekaglobes.com](http://www.eurekaglobes.com)

1796 University Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94703

Fine Decorative Globes for Home and Office



## The Story of a Fashion Revolution by Susannah Handley

"Artfully told . . . Succeeds as a history of advertising, of fashion and of chemical textiles. The expertly selected photographs in it provide a first-rate visual articulation to the text. In fact, they are so appealing that Nylon could do very well as a coffee table book—but that would give short shrift to Ms. Handley's enjoyable prose and history of a surprisingly interesting subject."

—Pia Nordlinger, *Wall Street Journal*

\$29.95 hardcover

The Johns Hopkins University Press  
1-800-537-5487 • [www.press.jhu.edu](http://www.press.jhu.edu)



top of the key he faked left with a jab step and then drove past his defender down the right side of the lane. As the opposing center stepped up to cover him, Dalton cupped his right-handed dribble behind his hip and looked left, as if he was going to pass behind his back. The opposing center, and everyone else on the court, looked and leaned in the direction of the seemingly inevitable behind-the-back pass. But Dalton pulled the ball back in and swept past the center for an unmolested lay-up. The next time down the court his teammates gave him the ball. He brushed off his defender on a pick and went up for a three-pointer, but instead of shooting he zipped a bullet pass to a teammate alone beneath the basket for another lay-up. Within minutes the game was transformed. Dalton was at the point, and the play had gone from undisciplined one-on-one to what could have been a Princeton instructional video, complete with pick-and-rolls, screens off the ball, and backdoor cuts and passes. Dalton's team won four straight games, and his teammates were certain he was a former NBA player. "What's your name, man?" they asked. "Who'd you play for?"

**A**LLAN Dalton was a schoolboy star at Hyde Park High School, in Boston, and averaged twenty-six points a game as a senior in 1970–1971 for Suffolk University, a Division II team in Boston. He was incredibly quick, and could drive past almost anyone back then. One of his teammates in club games during the 1970s was Jim O'Brien, a former Boston College star who played in the American Basketball Association and is now the head basketball coach at Ohio State. "Allan was your prototypical gym rat," O'Brien says. "I always called him the poor man's Pete Maravich. Great shooter, great moves . . . an unerring ability to pass the ball."

In the spring of 1971 Dalton was drafted by the Boston Celtics, but he didn't make the team that started Dave Cowens, John Havlicek, Don Nelson, Jo Jo White, and Don Chaney, and went 56–26 in 1971–1972. He played one season professionally in Greece, as Alexos Daltos, and another with a touring Lithuanian-American team, under the name Janus Ambrosius. He played club basketball for several years, and when Celtics officials told him he might still earn a spot with

the NBA team, he spent a year as a player-coach for the Quincy Chiefs in the old Eastern League, the precursor of today's Continental Basketball Association.

Leo Papile, then the Quincy Chiefs' coach and now the Celtics' director of scouting, remembers Dalton from those days. "Explosive off the dribble," he recalls. "Tremendous speed." Papile says that playing at a small school hurt Dalton's chances of making the pros, as did the fact that he was a slender six feet two at a time when NBA teams were featuring bigger, stronger guards to match up with Oscar Robertson and Jerry West. The Celtics who played guard most often—White, Chaney, and Havlicek—were all taller and heavier than Dalton, and he wasn't strong enough to keep them from posting him down low. "If he came out of college today, he'd make it in the NBA for sure," Papile says. This is true for two reasons. First, the NBA expansion to twenty-nine teams has created many more jobs for players. Second, the three-point rule has opened up the game, spread the floor, and created a demand for two kinds of players: the smaller, speedy, slashing guard, and the long-range shooter. Dalton was that rare blend of the two.

Unlike many frustrated would-be pros, Dalton had little trouble putting his hoop dreams behind him. "I wanted to start a life, a family, a career," he says. By the late 1970s he was working in an office and was married, with three daughters. Basketball became a hobby that had to fit around family and career in evening, weekend, and occasional lunchtime pickup games. Over the past quarter of a century Dalton has played pickup basketball an average of three or four times a week, usually for at least two hours a session and sometimes for as long as six hours.

When he is not on the court, Dalton is a senior vice-president of National Realty Trust, an umbrella corporation that operates more than 700 Coldwell Banker, ERA, and Century 21 residential-real-estate offices throughout the United States. A specialist in marketing services, recruiting, training, and management, he travels up to twenty-five weeks a year, giving speeches and running seminars. When he checks in at a conference, he sometimes scours the leisure-time handouts for warnings against straying into certain parts of town—and then heads in that direction, knowing that he is likely to find the best pickup games there.

When he asks hotel personnel or conference organizers where he can find a game, they inevitably say, "You play basketball? Still?" Yet few of Dalton's business associates know how well he plays, or how much. "He does? Really?" Robert Moles, the president and CEO of Century 21 Real Estate Corporation, said to me recently. "I've known Allan fifteen years, and this is a surprise. I didn't know he played basketball, and I didn't know he was so passionate about it. I've only known him as a world-class motivator and trainer, a genius at creating cutting-edge residential-real-estate marketing programs."

Dalton has played in all fifty states and in eight foreign countries. When his family wanted to vacation in Hawaii, Dalton would not book a resort until he found a nearby court. He reluctantly agreed to a vacation in the woods of Maine last summer, knowing he'd have difficulty finding a game. But he took a basketball along anyway, and one day walked and jogged twenty miles into the nearest town, dribbling all the way. "I wanted to work on my left hand," he told his wife.

All this pickup basketball seems not to have interfered with Dalton's family life. "I think the reason we've been married for twenty-seven years is that the game of basketball has kept my wife from having to spend more time with me," he says. "I think if more people had a basketball obsession, the divorce rate would be lower." His wife, Carol, groans and rolls her eyes at the joke she has obviously heard many times. Carol Dalton has never had any complaints about the time that her husband spends playing basketball. "He's a workaholic, and basketball is the only thing he does away from work or the family," she says. "He doesn't drink, smoke, gamble, garden, work on cars, or build things in the basement. He plays basketball."

A former college athlete herself (volleyball and swimming), Carol Dalton credits her husband's devotion to basketball with inspiring their daughters to excel in sports. Over the years, he has coached and watched them play soccer in particular. "I was fanatical, but I never yelled at them," he says. "It was great the way athletics let me bond with my three daughters." When they were playing soccer, he sometimes drove the girls to the field the night before a game, even an away game, to kick a ball around and vi-

FREE  
VIDEO  
OFFER!



## FREE VIDEO OFFER!

All orders will receive our new free 30 minute video  
Advanced Sexual Positions. Discover even more  
creative ways to ignite intense sexual excitement.

# After Years Of Making Love The Same Old Way, Here's An Exciting New Beginning.

Even in the best relationships, lovemaking can lose its excitement all too soon. That's why we've created **The Better Sex Videotapes**, hosted by nationally famous sex educator Dr. Judy Seifer.

**The Better Sex Videotapes** show how to put fun back into lovemaking. They teach us not to be satisfied with "going through the motions", but to aim for heights of ecstasy most people only dream about.

Dr. Seifer introduces three typical couples who show how to overcome inhibitions and make sex fun again. They begin with the basics—intimacy, gentleness, and good communications.

This series is controversial—so much so that it has been featured on HBO. Yet tens of thousands have ordered **Better Sex Videotapes**. They are used in universities, and recommended by family doctors, gynecologists, psychologists, and sex therapists.

Why is it controversial? Simply because it is explicit. Each and every technique is not just talked about but demonstrated. Each lesson is shown from start to finish, in detail—preferably to be watched and discussed by both partners together.

Who orders **Better Sex Videotapes**? Married people seeking to restore the sense of discovery they had when they first met. Sexually active young men and women who seek only to find new ways to satisfy the ones they love. Couples in their 40s, 50s, and 60s desiring to rekindle the passion of their younger days—often as a specially meaningful gift.

Who else should order these tapes? Perhaps you should—for yourself, or for someone you love very much.

**THE  
Better Sex  
Video  
SERIES®**

Over Three Million Sold!

Plain Packaging Protects Your Privacy

For fastest service call toll-free 24 hours/7 days

**1-800-955-0888**

ext. 8ATL17

[www.bettersex.com](http://www.bettersex.com)

CC Closed Captioning

The Sinclair Institute, Dept 8ATL17, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

|                                                            |       |  |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-------|--|
| Vol. 1: Better Sex Techniques (#9501)                      | 19.95 |  |
| Vol. 2: Advanced Sex Techniques (#9502)                    | 19.95 |  |
| Vol. 3: Making Sex Fun (#9504)                             | 19.95 |  |
| Buy The 3-Volume Set and Save \$10 (#9506)                 | 49.85 |  |
| Guide To Advanced Sexual Positions (#1225) (with Purchase) | FREE  |  |

☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX ☐ DISCOVER

postage & handling 4.00

**TOTAL**

Card#

Exp. date

NC orders please add 6% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. \$5 shipping ■ Tapes are VHS only ■ Sorry - no cash or C.O.D.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

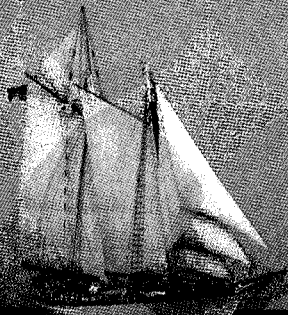
(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 18)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# OCEAN CLASSROOM

is for high school student-explorers  
who know that learning is  
found in challenge.



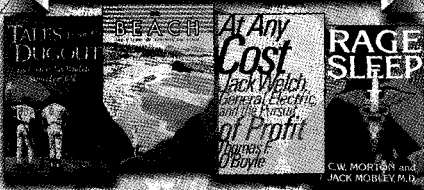
Ocean Classroom semester-at-sea  
combines academic excellence  
with seafaring adventure.

Sailing fall, spring, and summer terms  
aboard the schooner HARVEY GAMAGE

New England to the Caribbean Sea  
Fully accredited by Proctor Academy

## CALL 1-800-724-SAIL

### Unabridged Audiobooks



Over 1,500 Titles  
Available for Purchase or Rental by Mail  
for a free catalogue, write or call  
Dept. A • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland, OR 97520

## 1-800-729-2665

<http://www.blackstoneaudio.com>

### BLACKSTONE AUDIOBOOKS

Unabridged Recordings of Great Books

### Active Learning Vacations in Alaska's Denali National Park



## CAMP DENALI NORTH FACE LODGE

907-683-2290 dnpwild@alaska.net  
[www.gorp.com/dnpwild](http://www.gorp.com/dnpwild)

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL

Since 1989

## UPTON TEA IMPORTS

Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas

1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing  
[www.uptontea.com](http://www.uptontea.com) over 320 varieties of  
garden-fresh, loose tea

231 South St. • Hopkinton, MA 01748

sualize what the game would be like the next day. The two older girls played varsity soccer at their respective Ivy League universities, and the youngest daughter, now in college, was a budding high school track star until she was sidelined by a knee injury.

Here's a classic Dalton moment from a Ridgewood YMCA pickup game: Dalton is leading a fast break, and a smaller, slower teammate is trying to keep up. Dalton drives hell-bent to the basket with an opponent on each side. He goes up for a lay-up, and the defenders do too. All three come down under the basket, and their momentum carries them out-of-bounds. But Dalton hasn't put the ball up. Instead he has left it bouncing softly in the lane, waist high, for the trailing teammate to lay into the basket all by himself. The other players and the guys waiting on the sideline erupt with cheers and whoops. "Lovely," the teammate murmurs to Dalton as they run back upcourt. Dalton doesn't hear. He is calling out a pick for another teammate.

Moments of perfect teamwork like that are sweet for committed pickup players, especially older ones. Some 7.8 million Americans thirty-five and over play basketball regularly, according to sports-goods-industry sources. Aging players, knowing their days on the court are numbered, tend to be philosophical about what the game has given them. They recognize pickup basketball's unique and in many ways still-pure niche in the increasingly crass and cynical world of organized sports.

**D**ALTON is confident that in almost any city in the world he or anyone else can follow the sound of a bouncing ball and get into a pickup game with strangers. For four decades, in countless gyms and on innumerable playgrounds, he has reveled in the common culture and language of pickup basketball. Local rules and customs vary, he says, but pickup has a universal spirit of acceptance and an emphasis on teamwork. "In no other social endeavor I know in life, no business endeavor, no family endeavor, can you walk into something already in progress socially and take a spot," he says. Dalton believes that basketball is a "highly interactive" sport, and that the lessons he has learned from playing pickup have helped him immeasurably in his career—particularly as a consul-

tant, when he comes into a real-estate office with new ideas about how it should be run. The challenge is not unlike that of trying to create a sense of teamwork among strangers on a playground. "Pick-up basketball is my sociology, it's my anthropology, it's my geography, and it's also my psychology," Dalton says. "To me, once you get tired of basketball, you're tired of life."

Is he proud of his basketball ability? "No," Dalton says. "I'm proud that I've been the best man at eight weddings." In many ways, he says, his basketball career has been a failure, because he never made the NBA. Maybe, he muses, that's why he keeps playing—to prove himself. "I'm not impressed with myself as a basketball player," he says. "I'm more impressed with my good fortune in business." He is flattered to be called "the best" pickup-basketball player as long as the reference is to his love of the game rather than to his ability to play it. "I've yet to meet a person more dedicated to playing the game," he says. "I'm into basketball as much as anybody, but I'm not even the best over-fifty player around."

The end of his basketball career, or at least his career as a force on the playground, is looming. "It's not natural to be limping across the country seeking to play strenuous games with people thirty years younger," he concedes. "But basketball keeps me competitive. The day I stop playing basketball is probably the day I retire." He has vague thoughts of retiring to an inner-city coaching job. But he has also started contemplating the gloomy possibility that basketball, which he plays in part for health reasons, could end up killing him. Three times he has been on the court when a player has died, twice in the past year; one was a friend who passed away as Dalton administered CPR. Sometimes on Saturday evenings, back in his hotel room after a day proving himself yet again, on yet another playground, against yet another group of springy young legs, too tired to take off his sneakers, his head pounding from an exertion headache, he wonders whether he should have accepted one of those invitations to go out to dinner. But the next morning he's up early again, looking out the hotel window, hoping for sunshine so that he can play basketball, checking the breeze to see if he and his teammates can shoot from the outside. ☼



COURTESY OF THE DAHESH MUSEUM

## The Baddest of Bad Art

*Reviled until recently, academic art is being revalued, and a museum inspired by a mystical Beirut collector is helping to show the way*

**A**FTER a century that saw age-old notions of artistic quality cast to the winds, it seems curious that some critics quaintly continue to condemn art for being “bad,” as though the meaning of the term had remained constant. For the past five years I have enjoyed visiting the Dahesh Museum, in New York City, which bills itself as the only American museum devoted to what some still consider the baddest art of all: the super-realist painting and sculpture, often termed “academic art,” that flourished in Europe throughout the nineteenth century,

until Impressionism, the first modern-art movement, supplanted it.

Academic art, as a recent Dahesh publication defines it, is “that produced according to the precepts of an academy.” By the end of the eighteenth century most major cities had an academy, usually based on a Renaissance model (the first was established in Florence in 1563) and promoting neoclassical realism, the Enlightenment ideal. In Paris the Académie was a branch of the government, and the artists who ran it defined official French tastes and standards. There, throughout

by Carol Kino

the eighteenth century, aesthetics were being codified and subject categories ranked, with religious and allegorical scenes—“history painting”—at the top and domestic scenes at the bottom.

It is easy to assume that the urge to raise everyday life to the topmost rung propelled the rise of Impressionism. Yet academic realism was itself curiously populist. The years after the French Revolution saw a huge expansion in the audience and market for contemporary art, and the Académie’s regular group exhibition, known as the Salon, was one of the first places in Europe where ordinary people could see it. At its peak, in 1880 (which was also its last year of government patronage), the Salon attracted, by Emile Zola’s famed estimate, more than 30,000 visitors each Sunday. Its popularity probably explains why the categories of academic art had by then expanded to encompass solemn-eyed peasants, cutely anthropomorphic dogs, and Greek god-

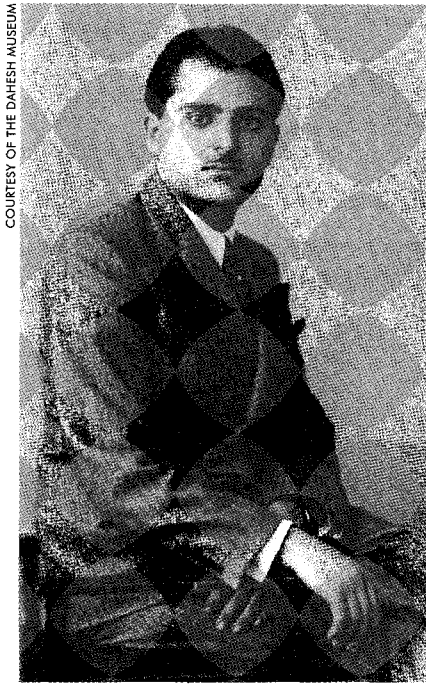
***Orientalism: Edwin Longsen  
Long’s Love’s Labour Lost (1885)***



desses who resembled European vaudeville stars. Its popularity also probably explains why after World War I academic art began to drop in value until, in the 1940s, it was written off by most as the kitschy, benighted style that had forced the Impressionists to revolt. Today the fortunes of academic art are undergoing a surprising reversal. Museums throughout America are hauling out of storage their late-nineteenth-century pastoral landscapes, society portraits, and still lifes. Over the past two years the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, has mounted full-scale retrospectives of Pierre-Paul Prud'hon and Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres, the cream of early-nineteenth-century French academicians.

The Dahesh, however overlooked, has been a standard-bearer for this revival. The great thing about the museum, which is housed in the same midtown office building as a concern called The Fine Art of Hair Replacement, is that it unselfconsciously zeroes in on the nineteenth century's most discomfiting trends and talents. By 1998 the museum, which opened in 1995, had mounted shows focusing on Jean-Léon Gérôme and Alexandre Cabanel, whose titillating nudes were celebrated in their own time for upholding idealized neoclassical standards. One might encounter at the Dahesh an over-the-top, Hollywood-style Egyptian fantasy by the British Victorian Edwin Longsdon Long, an exactingly detailed rendition of a snake charmer by the German Orientalist Karl Wilhelm Gentz, or a fetchingly bedraggled peasant girl painted by Adolphe-William Bouguereau, whose chocolate-box style is best known today through mass-market calendars. Visit on a weekday and you might also see at least one elderly lady gazing at a painting of a flower-garlanded ingenue and exclaiming, "Isn't that beautiful!"

Yet by drawing attention to art history's more dubious margins, rather than its highlights, the Dahesh offers entry into another world—the one that set the stage for Modernism. Academic standards continued to exert a strong influence even after 1881, when the French government effectively turned the business of rendering aesthetic judgments over to the open marketplace. Now that our own art world seems to be undergoing a similar sea change, away from the certainties of an increasingly academicized avant-garde and toward the unknown, the nineteenth cen-



COURTESY OF THE DAHESH MUSEUM

**"Le docteur Dahesh": Saleem  
Moussa Achi**

tury makes for a usefully distant vantage point from which to consider the present.

One recent Dahesh show, for instance, offered a sampling of the many genres that would have glutted the Salon in its heyday, such as history painting, ethnic studies, and rural landscapes—fascinating to see today, in an age that congratulates itself for artistic pluralism. Other shows have focused on the technical prowess, including smoothly finished brushwork and a flair for anecdotalizing history, that was demanded of well-trained artists in the mid nineteenth century, before the Romantic revolution persuaded the world that the artist's primary goal should be self-expression.

Dahesh shows frequently offer unexpected insights into social history. Beginning in 1997 the museum displayed work by Rosa Bonheur, whose naturalistic renditions of horses, sheep, oxen, and other creatures made her one of the most admired animal painters of her day—and the first woman to be awarded France's Légion d'honneur. A show of work by graduates of Paris's Académie Julian, one of the first European academies to train women and to let them paint from nude male models, opened in mid-January. (Surprisingly, the Modernist sculptor Louise Bourgeois, who recently became a benefactor of the Dahesh, is a Julian alumna.)

Some of the Dahesh's most intriguing shows, to my mind, have been devoted to Orientalist scene painting. For some

years—especially since the 1978 publication of Edward Said's pioneering critical work *Orientalism*—this genre, a by-product of Europe's nineteenth-century colonization of the Middle East, has mostly been kept under wraps, because its genesis seems politically dubious. Yet in 1998, with a display of Orientalist works on paper, the Dahesh demonstrated how and why the rise of nineteenth-century print and photographic technology helped to popularize the notion that the Middle East was a land of mysterious muezzins, voluptuous odalisques, and haggling Bedouins. This fall, with a show on Occidentalism, the museum will focus on the way in which the nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Middle East, in turn, evinced its impressions and fantasies of Europe.

**L**IGHTNESS of touch, combined with the museum's way of looking straight at the unvarnished, unlikely past, should have won the Dahesh recognition as a true gem of New York. And, indeed, the museum has enjoyed some welcome publicity of late: for the past couple of years it has been bidding against Donald Trump to take over the old Huntington Hartford Gallery of Modern Art, the odd-looking marble turret at the southernmost tip of the city's soon-to-be-revamped Columbus Circle. Yet since the Dahesh opened its doors, it has been beset by controversy.

Some of this, of course, can be explained by the withering scorn with which many critics and artists still regard academic art. But it is also the fault of the Palestinian-born mystic Saleem Moussa Achi, who amassed the Dahesh's original collection. In the 1930s, about a decade before Lebanon became fully independent of French control, Moussa Achi settled in Beirut, where he was known as "*le docteur Dahesh*"—a Franco-Arabic amalgam that translates as "Dr. Wonder." Dahesh's life (he died in 1984) came to the attention of New York art circles in 1995, when the museum mounted its first show, "When Art Was Popular." In addition to presenting works by long-forgotten painters such as Henry Pierre Picou and Henry-Louis Dupray—works that one critic excoriated as "fifth-rate examples of the second-rate"—the show introduced the museum's mysterious namesake.

Initially the museum styled Dahesh, somewhat disingenuously, as an "influen-

# Technogenesis<sup>®</sup>

\tek-nō-jen-ə-səs\n:

*the educational frontier wherein students, faculty and industry jointly nurture new technologies from concept to realization.*

At Stevens Institute of Technology, education that brings about new technology is a way of life. We call it technogenesis. It's not just a fancy word. Our faculty, students and alumni illustrate why. Stevens defines the direction and programs for technological education that prepare leaders and innovators to succeed in any profession. And just as importantly, the institute is committed to learning throughout the process of conception, design and marketplace realization of new technologies. Is it any wonder that Stevens brings the world so many of the technologies people take for granted today? We think not.

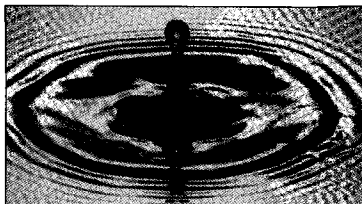
**STEVENS**  
Institute of Technology

1 - 8 8 8 - 5 9 2 - 1 8 7 0

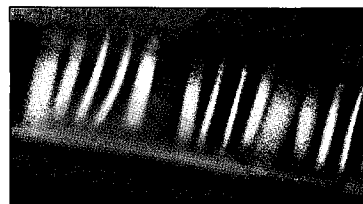
CASTLE POINT ON HUDSON, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY 07030



*We're developing new technology to assure the structural integrity and safety of aircraft, bridges and pipelines.*



*We've invented innovative water treatment technologies to remove dangerous contaminants from drinking water.*



*Our breakthrough plasma technology is yielding new ways to rid the environment of harmful pollutants.*

***www.stevens-tech.edu***



tial Lebanese writer.” But less than two years after the museum opened, the magazine *ARTnews* published an investigative report revealing, among other things, that in 1942 in Beirut, Dahesh had founded a spiritual movement, Daheshism (some of its present-day adherents consider Dahesh the second coming of Christ), and that his doctorate had been awarded in 1930 by a French psychic-research institute. More damaging was the suggestion raised in the article that the museum, even though staffed by seasoned art professionals (and not Daheshists) might be a front for a cult. The Zahids, the wealthy Saudi Arabian family that had established the museum in Dahesh’s memory, had also funded a publishing company dedicated to translating and disseminating his work and Dahesh Heritage, a bookstore and information site near Columbus Circle.

The Zahids, citing a desire for privacy, refused to speak to the press, thus fanning the controversy. After numerous requests, however, Amira Zahid, the museum’s treasurer, agreed to speak to me for publication. “This is a family that has existed for hundreds of years,” she told me heatedly—implying that family members need not explain themselves to anyone. When she moved here, during the 1975–1976 Lebanese civil war, Zahid told me, she considered America to be the ultimate democracy, open to anything and anyone; after the museum opened, she said, she was appalled to learn that this tolerance did not extend to Dahesh’s taste in art. She now terms the imbroglio a “cross-cultural misunderstanding.”

In Zahid’s description Dahesh comes across as an old-fashioned humanist with a New Age spin, who believed in reincarnation and ardently promoted the redemptive powers of literature and art, and held equal men and women and all races, prophets, and religions. In Beirut, however, Dahesh is best remembered for his mesmeric gaze, the sway he held over some highly placed Lebanese (especially women), and his propensity for performing Houdini-like “wonders”—including transmuting strips of paper into banknotes, appearing and disappearing at will, removing his head before retiring, and summoning spirits.

COURTESY OF THE DAHESH MUSEUM



**The Water Girl (1885), by  
Adolphe-William Bouguereau**

Perhaps because of this vita, which curiously reprises some stock Orientalist fantasies, many Lebanese intellectuals disdain Dahesh. But his reputation probably has more to do with his running afoul of several of independent Lebanon’s founders, including Bishara el-Khoury, its first President. One of Dahesh’s earliest devotees, the painter Marie Hadad, was el-Khoury’s sister-in-law, and he apparently deplored the guru’s influence on the family. In 1944, after a trial that Daheshists are fond of comparing to the Dreyfus affair, Dahesh was expelled from the country. Lore has it that he was executed by a firing squad in Azerbaijan, rose from the dead, and returned to Beirut, where he remained in hiding at Marie Hadad’s home until el-Khoury’s government fell, in 1952.

However he got there, Dahesh did return to live in Beirut, and it was during

this difficult period of hiding, Zahid says, that he began collecting art. By the 1960s, when her family met him, he was stockpiling everything that struck his fancy, including Meissen porcelain, illustrated books, Phoenician arts and crafts, African masks, and examples of taxidermy. Yet his real love seems to have been nineteenth-century academic painting, sculpture, and prints. In fact, his rooms at the Hadads’, judging by photographs that Zahid showed me, recalled an overstuffed turn-of-the-century salon, decorated as they were with changing displays of ornately framed paintings and a profusion of sculptures, figurines, animal skins, and miscellaneous tchotchkes. When Zahid’s mother shipped Dahesh’s collection to America with the family’s luggage, in 1976, it numbered more than 2,000 pieces. Many of the museum’s shows have evoked these rooms; a few of the works I saw in the photographs turned up in its final show of last year, which displayed collection highlights.

According to Zahid, Dahesh was especially fond of the nineteenth century because of its associations with European democracy. It is still a touchy matter that anyone in the Middle East could have displayed such fondness for European culture, much less bought so much European art. Just how Dahesh financed his acquisitions remains unclear; some speculate that his devotees supplied

the money. Zahid says he assembled most of his collection—to which the museum has added substantially since it was founded—on trips to the Parisian municipal auction house at l’Hotel Drouot, which Dahesh called “my Mecca.”

But in Beirut, Dahesh’s artistic tastes were probably the least remarkable thing about him. Nineteenth-century art in fact enjoyed something of a second life in the mid-century Middle East. Into the late 1950s, the Lebanese art writer Helen Khal recently explained to me, many Beirut collectors preferred academic realism even though it had long been outmoded in Europe. The Beirut art dealer Saleh Barakat made clear to me recently that this taste was not so behind the times as it might seem, because the concept of picturing everyday life on canvas—Barakat called it “pagan painting”—did not arrive

in the Levant until the late nineteenth century. For some Middle Eastern collectors, Barakat explained, academic art—especially Orientalism—had the double virtue of advertising one's conversance with the West while depicting highly familiar subject matter. And many buyers doubtless appreciated the fact that academic art, owing to its poor regard in the West, was fantastically cheap: by the 1960s even Bouguereau's paintings, which in 1900 had been the most costly in the world, were relatively valueless. For the New York art world, the most improbable part of the story of Dahesh is that he began to pursue academic art when it had completely fallen from fashion. Even the most prescient postwar Western collectors of academic art, such as the composer Andrew Lloyd Webber and the financier Malcolm Forbes, did not start building their collections until the late 1970s.

To me, the most striking thing about the early-twentieth-century Levantine art world is that it seems to have viewed the different strands of nineteenth-century European art as all of a piece, putting academic art on a par with Impressionism. And now that the twentieth century has ended, cutting-edge art circles in the West are starting to see things the same way.

**S**OME contemporary theory about the nineteenth century holds that the division between academic art and Impressionism was largely a marketing construct, and this idea is gaining ground among curators and collectors. Next month the Guggenheim Museum, founded in 1929 to promote abstract art, will mount "1900: Art at the Crossroads," a survey that will include work by Pablo Picasso and Bouguereau and also a miniature re-creation of an art exhibition from that year's Parisian World's Fair. American art galleries have similarly seen a recent resurgence of long repressed forms and styles such as history scenes, portraiture, and super-realist painting. Among artists the growing interest in surrealism is provoking further curiosity about academic realism, which Surrealists delighted in subverting. In 1998, when the auction house Christie's revamped its sales categories in preparation for the twenty-first century, it shocked the art world by lumping academic work with Impressionism under the rubric "19th Century Pictures"—a decision that signaled academic art's ascendance in the market.

Today, with work by the Impressionists and modern masters such as Picasso and Braque growing unreachably expensive and scarce, collectors and dealers are increasingly turning to lesser-known and less costly artists. A couple of years ago at academic-art auctions one saw mostly mink stoles and bad toupées; now one is likely to spot Armani suits and cell phones.

Perhaps the growing popularity of academic classicism is generational. "You don't want to buy the same thing your parents did," the dealer Gregory Hedberg, of New York's Hirschl & Adler Gallery, once told me. Celebrities such as Michael Jackson, Jack Nicholson, and Madonna have all been rumored to be buying academic art. In 1998, at Sotheby's, a large Bouguereau belonging to Sylvester Stallone sold for \$2.6 million—a record price for the artist. Last fall, at Christie's New York sale of nineteenth-century art, some of it Orientalism owned by the late Syrian arms dealer Akram Ojjeh, a painting of a barefoot Nubian guard by the Austrian Orientalist Ludwig Deutsch went for \$3.2 million—a record for Orientalist work. At about the same time, the controversy about the Dahesh Museum's origins began to evanesce, and its shows began to receive their first decent reviews.

The museum seems to be addressing some of the more fascinating art issues of today. In February the Dahesh sponsored a panel discussion about notions of quality and the importance of teaching technique—both of which are fast becoming hot-button issues. This spring, for the third year in a row, the museum will give a prize to a student from the New York Academy of Art—the only American art school whose graduate-student curriculum has remained exclusively devoted to figurative work. The museum's summer show, "In the Footsteps of Goethe," will focus on some remarkably Impressionist-like paintings and sketches of Italian landscapes made by early-nineteenth-century German artists while they traveled to Rome to study classical history painting.

"One of our goals is to broaden everybody's perceptions about what academic artists were doing," David Farmer, the museum's director, recently told me. "We want to show that the boundaries between academic art and what we might call progressive art are not as hard and fast as one might think." Before long, perhaps, Dahesh will be known for another wonder—having given new life to academic art. ☉

## This Morgan Silver Dollar Once Cost \$350.

### Now Pay Only \$35.



**The Legendary U.S.  
1904-O Morgan Silver Dollar,  
Brilliant Uncirculated**

In 1962, the 1904-O Morgan silver dollar was one of the three costliest rarities in America's favorite series, listing for \$350 in Uncirculated quality. Only a few thousand were known to exist in any condition. It was the dream of coin connoisseurs to own a rare 1904-O Morgan BU. Then the last U.S. Treasury silver dollar releases stunned the collecting world: hundreds of bags emerged from government vaults containing pristine 1904-O Morgans. Today no other BU in the entire Morgan silver dollar series costs so little compared to its peak price. And the legend of the 1904-O Morgan remains. The beautiful luster of our Brilliant Uncirculated specimens hasn't changed a bit since their issue over 90 years ago — only their availability and price has changed over the past 35 years. **This same quality sells elsewhere for \$41.75, but our special introductory price is just \$35. Limit 2. Order #18579. Act now — limited time offer.** Add \$2 postage. **30-Day No-Risk Home Examination: Money-Back Guarantee.** To order by credit card, call the toll-free number below. Or send check or money order to:

**International Coins & Currency**  
62 Ridge Street, Dept. 3989  
Montpelier, VT 05602  
**1-800-451-4463**

For other offers visit [www.iccoin.com](http://www.iccoin.com)

3989



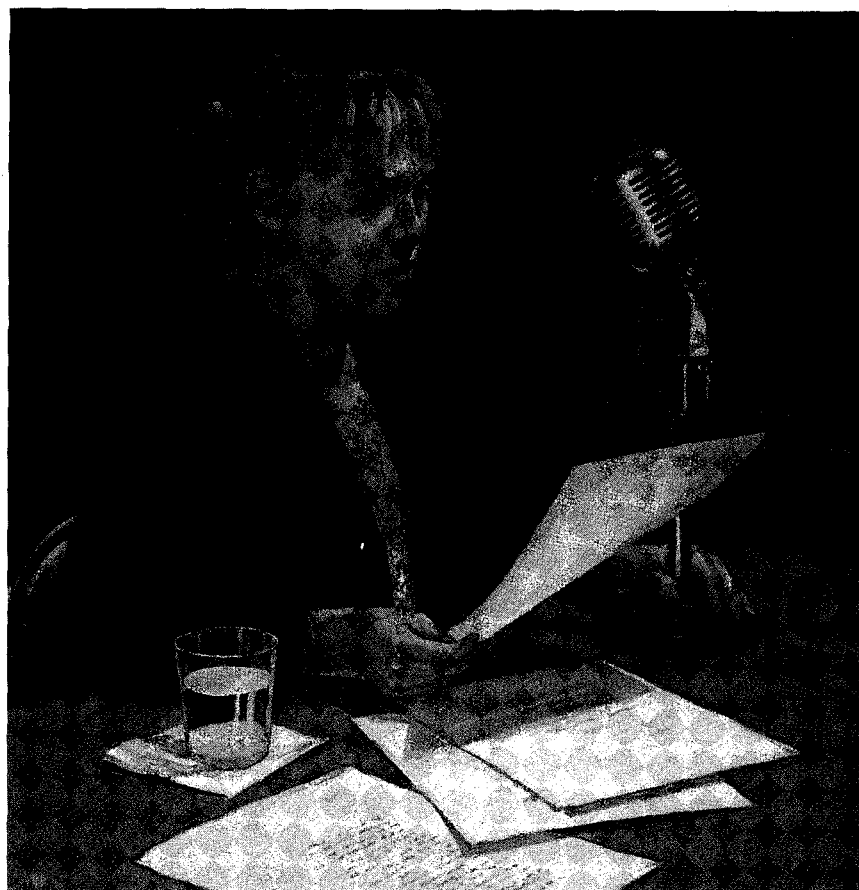
## High-Performance Poets

*W. H. Auden, James Merrill, and Sylvia Plath read from their work in recordings previously unavailable*

by Wen Stephenson

**T**HE 1990s saw a resurgence of poetry in American culture, especially poetry read aloud. Today poets fill auditoriums, lecture halls, and urban performance spaces in a way not seen, perhaps, since the 1950s, when Dylan Thomas popularized public poetry readings as he toured the United States, and the work of Allen Ginsberg and his fellow Beats thrived as much in performance as on the printed page. Poetry slams and the rise of “spoken word” or “performance poetry”—influenced by rap and hip-hop musical styles—are now a pop-culture phenomenon. Meanwhile, poetry has proliferated in the multimedia realm of the Internet, as online magazines and literary Web sites (including *The Atlantic*’s, at [www.theatlantic.com](http://www.theatlantic.com)) offer, alongside the texts, audio recordings of poets reading their own work and that of others. The U.S. poet laureate, Robert Pinsky, champions reading poetry aloud in many media. And he’s not alone. Television specials, feature films, and festivals attest to the renewed national interest in verse.

Last spring, quietly, at the end of that very vocal decade, came the first volumes of “The Voice of the Poet”—a series of audio books published by Random House and edited by the poet and critic J. D. McClatchy. Each volume presents never-before-released archival recordings of a major twentieth-century poet reading his or her work, along with a slim yet sturdy booklet containing the text of the poems and a brief introductory essay by McClatchy. The first three volumes to appear are *W. H. Auden*, *James Merrill*, and *Sylvia Plath* (\$15.95 each), and three more (*Elizabeth Bishop*, *Robert Lowell*, and *Anne Sexton*) are scheduled to come out this spring. The recordings come on cassette tapes. In the age of the compact disc, the CD-ROM, and the Web, such a



conspicuously low-tech approach might seem quaint, populist, or retro, depending on one’s inclination.

Random House hails this combination of rare recordings and printed text as a first in audio-book publishing. And in fact, previous collections of twentieth-century poets reading their own work (for example, the series put out by Caedmon, and Rhino Records’ essential *In Their Own Voices: A Century of Recorded Poetry*) have not included the printed texts. Nevertheless, those recordings—by W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, Marianne Moore,

William Carlos Williams, Dylan Thomas, and others—are among the century’s most important literary artifacts.

Now we have Auden, Merrill, and Plath. Their claim on us holds, and will hold, because they wrote so well. They also read well, though not in the way we hear most poets reading today, nor in a way that contemporary listeners are likely to find easily accessible. Call them “high-performance” poets. Indeed, reading and listening to these three volumes forces us to think about the relationship between the written and the spoken word, poetry on the page and poetry on the air

(or in the ear). It forces us to think about the looming presence of the poet's personality and the persona created for and through the performance—to ask ourselves what it is exactly that we respond to in great writing, and what we mean by “the voice of the poet.”

**I**N a BBC broadcast from London in 1949 Dylan Thomas offered these comments in a talk titled “On Reading Poetry Aloud”:

All that a reader aloud of his own poems can hope to do is to try to put across his own memory of the original impulse that is behind his poems, deepening maybe, and if only for a moment, the inner meaning of the words on the printed pages. . . . [But there is a danger,] for what a reader aloud of his own poems so often does is to mock them or melodramatize them, making a single, simple phrase break with the tears or throb with the terrors from which he deludes himself the phrase has been born. There is the other reader, of course, who manages by studious flatness, semi-detachment, and enormous condescending undersaying of his poems, to give the impression that what he really means is, “Great things, but my own.” That I belong to the very dangerous first group of readers will be only too clear.

Auden is immediately recognizable as Thomas's second category of reader. Merrill—easily the best, most natural of the three on these recordings—falls somewhere in the middle. Merrill's readings are precisely what one would expect from this refined and cosmopolitan poet, born in 1926 and considered by some to have been the most accomplished lyric poet of his generation. Merrill reads in a relaxed, assured, and, yes, aristocratic voice. The high art of the poems—which begin in polished traditional meters and rhymed stanzas and develop into a more complex and satisfying free verse in such poems as “Days of 1964” and “Lost in Translation”—is embodied in the voice. Listening to Merrill is like hearing a maestro conduct, or perform, his own masterpieces.

Plath, though, is one of Thomas's “dangerous” readers—and these recordings are a revelation. From the stilted affectation of the early recordings, made in Massachusetts in 1958 (in which we hear the young poet aspiring just a little too earnestly), to the unnerving voice of the late

## Serious Sun Protection

Recommended by dermatologists, Solumbra® by Sun Precautions is the first line of clothing to meet published medical guidelines for sun protection. Soft, lightweight and comfortable, our patented fabric offers 30+ SPF sun protection and blocks over 97% of harmful UVA and UVB rays—more than a typical sunscreen

or summer shirt. For a FREE catalog of Solumbra hats, shirts, pants and accessories, call Sun Precautions:

**1-800-882-7860** or  
visit our web page at  
**www.solumbra.com**



### Solumbra®

Medically Recommended  
Sun Protective Clothing



ADAM40



Oxford University

University of Bologna

Cambridge University

UNIVERSITY OF PARIS-SORBONNE

Pontifical  
Gregorian University - Rome

Florence-Siena

Trinity College Dublin

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

University of Budapest

Charles University Prague

Gracious living, dining, and learning - the delights of an advanced and subtle civilization. One and two-week literature, history, and art programs with renowned scholars at the world's great universities. Learn as if you were to live forever...

Call Toll Free for Color Brochure  
**1-800-792-0100**

University  Vacations

Est. 1981

“Writers’ Corner”, 3660 Bougainvillea Rd, Coconut Grove FL 33133/e-mail: univac@gate.net



recordings, made on October 30, 1962, just after Plath completed the first batch of her *Ariel* poems and less than four months before her suicide, we hear a transformation that parallels the transformation of Plath's poetry during the same period. Plath's voice on these recordings of "Ariel," "Lady Lazarus," "Daddy," and "Fever 103°," to name four of the most striking, is all but impossible to get out of one's head. In the 1962 recordings she does not exaggerate or melodramatize—she *lives* the poems, and the intensity is almost unbearable. One is forced to retreat to the printed page, where the welcoming silence restores to the poems their reassuring status of literary objets d'art.

**W**H. AUDEN is the most illuminating of these three readers. He is also in some ways the most frustrating, and the tension between the performance and the words on the page makes hearing and reading Auden a riveting experience.

Auden's literary executor and biographer, Edward Mendelson, has stated rather boldly that "Auden was the first poet writing in English who felt at home in the twentieth century." Yet listening to the Auden volume of "The Voice of the Poet," one wonders if he felt at home in the twentieth-century medium of recorded sound. Born in 1907, Auden rose quickly to fame in the early 1930s, as radio and the phonograph were taking hold in Western culture, and he soon came to be the best-known political poet of the day, writing and speaking in support of socialist causes and against fascism. He made numerous appearances on BBC radio, and even appeared, with Christopher Isherwood, on a British television program in 1938. Nevertheless, Auden's relationship with the microphone, as heard here, seems to betray a distrust of the mass medium of recording.

Not that Auden was a failed public speaker. Mendelson, in his *Later Auden* (1999), tells us how, shortly after emigrating to New York in 1939, Auden delivered a rousing political speech to a meeting of foreign correspondents which left him frightened at his own potential for demagoguery; afterward he resolved to make no more political speeches. Nevertheless, as Mendelson recounts,

[Auden] did not hesitate to use his newly discovered powers as a speaker when reading his poems at public gatherings. William Carlos Williams, one of the American poets who shared

the podium with him at a 1940 reading in New York attended by perhaps a thousand people, recalled that "Auden's success before the audience as contrasted with the rest of us was the feature of the evening."

These recordings suggest Auden's ambivalence concerning the poet's role as public spokesman, an ambivalence that was at the center of an inner debate animating much of Auden's work in his middle years. There is something austere impersonal, as though emotionally tentative, in Auden's readings. One hears it in the way he adheres so strictly—at times almost woodenly—to the meter of the verses. Quite often he will come to a full stop even at the end of an enjambed line—one in which the punctuation and syntax do not call for so much as a pause. It may be too easy to persuade ourselves that what we hear is a cold aloofness—even, at times, a sort of affected world-weariness, as in the monotonous reading of "As I Walked Out One Evening," one of Auden's best-known ballads, in which two lovers are warned that not even their perfect love will outlast death.

But all the clocks in the city  
Began to whirr and chime:  
"O let not Time deceive you,  
You cannot conquer Time."

Certainly, the voice on these recordings is not the intimate voice of an internal monologue, spoken in the natural tones and cadences of everyday speech. Instead we hear a self-consciously public, quasi-musical performance of formal poetry.

**T**HE most renowned of the poems in this collection is Auden's elegy "In Memory of W. B. Yeats," written in February of 1939, shortly after Yeats's death and only days after Auden disembarked in New York, where he would live much of the rest of his life. I'd like to focus on it here for a moment. (Oddly, the version of the poem found in the booklet is not the one heard on the tape. Random House has reprinted Auden's final, heavily revised version from the 1976 *Collected Poems*. I quote here from the recording, in which Auden reads an earlier—and to my ear superior—version.)

Having heard a string of poems read by an older Auden, we are called back to an earlier time and hear the slightly higher-pitched voice of a younger man on a poor recording that crackles and fades in and

out, so we can imagine it as almost foreshadowing the wartime broadcasts soon to become part of everyday life. "In the nightmare of the dark / All the dogs of Europe bark"—Auden's voice floats out in the poem's final section as though from a great distance.

Beyond writing an elegy for a dead poet, Auden took the occasion to argue publicly with himself over poetry's status in the world, and over the claims that poetry makes for itself and that are made for it. In this recording Auden moves through the three sections of the poem with subtle variations of tone, rhythm, and pacing, working his way from fatalism through ambivalence toward qualified affirmation. From the opening lines of Part I the reading moves like a funeral procession, and Auden maintains an evenly measured pace.

He disappeared in the dead of winter:  
The brooks were frozen, the airports  
almost deserted,  
And snow disfigured the public statues;  
The mercury sank in the mouth  
of the dying day.  
O all the instruments agree  
The day of his death was a dark  
cold day.

The great poet is dead. All that's left is for his words to be remembered by his admirers (and detractors).

By mourning tongues  
The death of the poet was kept from  
his poems.

Now he is scattered among a  
hundred cities  
And wholly given over to unfamiliar  
affections;  
To find his happiness in another  
kind of wood  
And be punished under a foreign  
code of conscience.  
The words of a dead man  
Are modified in the guts of the living.

Then, in Part II, Auden turns suddenly to address Yeats directly, and with the deftness of a skilled orator, modulates the tone, cadence, and volume of his voice, reading straight through enjambments and slowing down markedly for emphasis on the stanza's last words.

You were silly like us: your gift  
survived it all;  
The parish of rich women, physical  
decay,  
Yourself; mad Ireland hurt you into  
poetry.



**MEET AAGE KRISTIANSEN:** This Swedish scientist, trained at the renowned Gothenburg Technical Institute, joined Tempur-Pedic in 1989 at a critical time—when building the first weightless sleep system (with promising but unperfected aerospace materials) seemed impossible. Aage discovered the formula and perfected the process that saved the company's Tempur-Pedic project from abandonment. His colleagues were euphoric! He was hailed as the "father" of the Tempur-Pedic revolution, which has fundamentally changed the way people sleep. Aage now lives in Sarö, a small coastal village 20 kilometers south of the city of Gothenburg.

**You've read about it, heard about it, wondered about it.**

**Now here's an opportunity to find out about it: the miracle bed that will energize your life with the magic of weightless sleep!**

**Recognized By NASA**



Matching Pillows

Custom sizes made to order

**The miracle is on the inside!**



Pressure Relieving Mattress

Semi-Flex Foundation

Precision-Tuned Steel Frame

Solid Wood Base

Heavy-Duty Side Rails

Indurated Compression Rods



Bonded Substrate

Unitized Steel Understructure

Viscoelastic Tempur® Material

Pressure Relieving Comfort Layer

Ultralight Terry Cover with Air-Permeable Liquid Barrier



Viscoelastic memory cells conform to every curve and angle of your body, ventilating windows dissipate heat.

**Tempur® material molds to your body!™**

*Tonight, millions will be able to sleep 83% better because...*

# THIS SWEDISH SCIENTIST WENT UNDERCOVER AND MADE YOUR MATTRESS OBSOLETE

*He used NASA research to invent our weightless sleep system!*

**A**AGE KRISTIANSEN is the scientist who turned NASA's experimental anti-G-force cushioning into a sleep-science breakthrough: the world's first 'weightless' sleep system.

**Still sleeping on a dinosaur?**

Our bed is the *future*. Conventional beds are obsolete. Others are fancy on the outside. Ours is a **MIRACLE ON THE INSIDE**. Trillions of viscoelastic memory cells act as "molecular springs" (see cut-away photo) to cuddle your body—pressure free.

**Now 83% sounder sleep.**

The thick padding that covers other mattresses keeps the steel springs inside but creates a hammock effect outside—which causes pressure points. Tests show that Tempur-Pedic cuts nighttime tossing and turning by an amazing 83%!

**Fits both you and your spouse.**

Our exclusive Tempur® material uses body mass and temperature to *adjust* to your shape and weight yet gives total support. Its unique

microporous structure self-ventilates to dissipate body heat.

**Only one moving part—you.**

The Tempur-Pedic bed uses no electricity, no compressed air, no heated water. Natural principles of physics give you the indescribable "lift" of weightless sleep. No settings or controls to adjust...no heaters, motors, or air pumps to break. You do absolutely nothing but lie down on it!

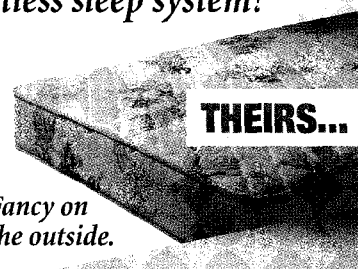
**Rave reviews in the press!**

TV, radio, magazines, newspapers...our bed wins wide acclaim.

**FREE DEMONSTRATION KIT is now yours for the asking**

DATELINE NBC told all America about Tempur-Pedic. Ditto CNN's BUSINESS UNUSUAL, CNBC's POWER LUNCH, Discovery Channel, Newsweek, Business Week, Associated Press, and others.

**Doctors, sleep clinics say 'Yes!'** Our owners *love* weightless sleep



*Fancy on the outside.*



*Miracle on the inside.*

and the way it eases aches, pains, and back problems. More than 25,000 doctors, medical professionals, sleep clinics recommend Tempur-Pedic!

**Try it for 13 long weeks.**

We'll set up a brand new bed in your bedroom (even remove the old bedding). Sleep on it for 3 FULL MONTHS. If you don't love it, we'll pick it up and take it back—entirely at our expense!

**...This bed makes all others obsolete!™**

- Free setup/removal
- Direct-import prices
- Shipped duty-free

**FREE SAMPLE/FREE VIDEO/FREE INFO**  
**1-888-238-3091**

OR SEND FAX TO 1-606-259-9843

Tempur-Pedic, Inc., 1713 Jaggie Fox Way, Lexington, KY 40511



enrich your experience

## Private Homestays

instead of a hotel,  
stay with a host/family  
who shares your interests

(cooking, art, gardening,  
music, history, sports, etc.)

england • ireland  
scotland • wales  
france • italy  
mexico • costa rica

We coordinate homestays  
for you in more than one  
region/country. Almost  
impossible to do on your own.

Singles, couples, families.

All year. All ages.

Senior citizens welcome.

**Tel: 800-380-7420**

**Fax: 305-662-5522**

am20@athomeabroad.com

## Comfortable ROCKERS

CHAIRS • SOFAS • RECLINERS

Beautiful  
furniture for  
spaces you live  
and work in

Free Catalog  
(800) 451-7247  
www.kleindesign.com

Klein Design Inc. 99 Sadler St., Gloucester, MA 01930

**brigger® FURNITURE MADE  
TO FIT YOUR BODY**

## The Vein Treatment Center



Varicose & Spider Veins

www.veintreatmentcenter.com

212-249-6117

## DOCTORAL / MASTER'S DEGREES

Accredited one month residency. Business, Education,  
Gov't., Int. Relations, Psych., Religion, Social Work,  
Health Services. US Gov't Aid available if qualified.

**Berne University, International Graduate School**  
35 Center St., Unit 18, Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896  
Call: (603) 569-8648 FAX: (603) 569-4052  
E-MAIL: berne@berne.edu

Now Ireland has her madness  
and her weather still,  
For poetry makes nothing happen:  
it survives  
In the valley of its saying where  
executives  
Would never want to tamper;  
it flows south  
From ranches of isolation and  
the busy griefs,  
Raw towns that we believe and  
die in; it survives,  
A way of happening, a mouth.

As Auden's voice accelerates and cre-  
scendoes on the line "Now Ireland has  
her madness and her weather still," what  
sounds like real conviction inflects the  
syllables, and the lines take on more of  
the sound of actual, intimate speech.

In Part III, however, Auden reverts to  
the steady, nearly dispassionate voice of  
the first section, emphasizing the precise  
tetrameter of the rhymed stanzas, like  
the 4/4 time of a march.

Earth, receive an honoured guest;  
William Yeats is laid to rest:  
Let the Irish vessel lie  
Emptied of its poetry.

Auden's delivery of these lines, and  
those following, may leave many listeners  
disappointed—for in a way it is anti-  
climatic. Just when we might expect to hear  
his voice swell with the words on the  
page, he refuses to give us the satisfaction.  
Instead we hear the emotional numbness  
of one who senses that the poetic reaffir-  
mation of life, meaning, and poetry itself  
cannot be entirely convincing.

Follow, poet, follow right  
To the bottom of the night,  
With your unconstraining voice  
Still persuade us to rejoice;

With the farming of a verse  
Make a vineyard of the curse,  
Sing of human unsuccess  
In a rapture of distress;

In the deserts of the heart  
Let the living fountain start,  
In the prison of his days  
Teach the free man how to praise.

"In Memory of W. B. Yeats" is a poem  
as much about the voice of the poet—as  
poetry as a physical, spoken art—as it is  
an elegy for Yeats. It begins and ends  
with the mouth, the tongue, the body, the  
voice. "By mourning tongues / The death  
of the poet was kept from his poems. . . .

The words of a dead man / Are modified  
in the guts of the living." Even the mer-  
cury of the thermometer sinks "in the  
mouth of the dying day." Poetry itself  
"survives / In the valley of its saying"—  
it is "A way of happening, a mouth." Po-  
etry is not silent and passive but vocal  
and active. We cannot expect it to effect  
changes in politics and commerce, but we  
know that it makes something happen  
within bodies, minds, and souls. The poet  
is exhorted to *sing*, with an "unconstrain-  
ing voice," in a desperate ode to joy that  
wells up in a final chorus of hope, tem-  
pered as it is by a knowledge of poetry's  
limits and humanity's failures.

And yet Auden, at least in the recording  
here, is not able—or willing—to answer  
his own exhortation. There is nothing  
"unconstraining" or rapturous in the poet's  
voice. Instead it seems the perfect expres-  
sion of stoicism and ambivalence, of the  
soul's emotional desert in need of the heal-  
ing fountain. In the end I cannot hear Au-  
den read this poem without feeling some-  
how betrayed. Maybe that's the effect he  
intended. But whether I am reacting to his  
personality or to the austere persona culti-  
vated by him in the performance, my sense  
of this great poem has been forever altered  
by hearing Auden read it. For better or  
worse, a kind of paradise has been lost.

**L**ISTENING to Auden—and, to a  
lesser extent, Merrill and Plath—  
causes me to wonder, Does the poet's  
reading somehow become the "authori-  
tative" reading, or way of hearing, a par-  
ticular poem? Can the voice of the poet  
exert a kind of tyranny over the reader's  
internal voice, as he or she reads in silence  
and solitude? If there is such a tyranny,  
perhaps it is one to which we gladly sur-  
render ourselves, the way we surrender  
ourselves to the performance of a great ac-  
tor or singer—even the way we surrender  
to the "voice" of an author on the page,  
whether we've ever heard the actual, liv-  
ing voice or not. And yet I confess that  
there are times when the only way for me  
to break the spell of the poet's voice—and  
to reclaim my own imaginative stake in a  
poem—is to say a poem aloud to myself.  
In the best of circumstances I have a  
strange and powerful awareness that I  
have breathed new life into the poem on  
the page—that the word has been made  
flesh. I read aloud and understand: the  
voice of a dead poet is modified in the  
mouths of the living. ☽

# "How many of these 20 BEST-SELLERS have you missed?"

—Duvall Y. Hecht, President, *Books on Tape, Inc.*

**The perfect way to keep up with the books everyone is talking about!**

It's a great solution. Now you can catch up on *all* the books you've always wanted to read.

How? By *listening* to them! With the magic of audiobooks, you can "read" a book anywhere, anytime.

Listen while driving, commuting, doing housework, yard work, exercising ... or whenever you wish. It's easy, convenient and fun.

**The world's largest selection.**

And yes, the books you want to read *are* available on audio-cassettes—when you come to *Books on Tape®*.

*Books on Tape* has almost 5,000 titles to choose from—more than *anyone* else. Great works of classical literature, popular novels, humor, mysteries, business, self-improvement ... and much more.

We commission and produce *all* our audiobooks. We hire talented narrators who record them in state-of-the-art studios, to top-quality standards.

As you listen, you'll be enthralled.

| Books on Tape Best-Sellers                                          |                                                                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Fiction                                                             | Non-Fiction                                                    |
| 1 <b>HARRY POTTER AND THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS</b><br>by J.K. Rowling | 1 <b>THE GREATEST GENERATION SPEAKS</b><br>by Tom Brokaw       |
| 2 <b>THE LION'S GAME</b><br>by Nelson DeMille                       | 2 <b>GALILEO'S DAUGHTER</b><br>by Dava Sobel                   |
| 3 <b>FALSE MEMORY</b><br>by Dean Koontz                             | 3 <b>RIVER HORSE</b><br>by William Least Heat-Moon             |
| 4 <b>ATLANTIS FOUND</b><br>by Clive Cussler                         | 4 <b>INTO THE WILD</b><br>by John Krakauer                     |
| 5 <b>SECRET HONOR</b><br>by W.E.B. Griffin                          | 5 <b>GUNS, GERMS, STEEL</b><br>by Jared Diamond                |
| 6 <b>TIMELINE</b><br>by Michael Crichton                            | 6 <b>THE SEAT OF THE SOUL</b><br>by Gary Zukav                 |
| 7 <b>A WALK TO REMEMBER</b><br>by Nicholas Sparks                   | 7 <b>THE PROFESSOR &amp; THE MADMAN</b><br>by Simon Winchester |
| 8 <b>MONSTER</b><br>by Jonathan Kellerman                           | 8 <b>ENDURANCE</b><br>by Caroline Alexander                    |
| 9 <b>Saving Faith</b><br>by David Baldacci                          | 9 <b>A WALK IN THE WOODS</b><br>by Bill Bryson                 |
| 10 <b>Pop Goes the Weasel</b><br>by James Patterson                 | 10 <b>INTO THIN AIR</b><br>by John Krakauer                    |

The skilled reader brings the words of the author vividly to life, giving them unequaled meaning, depth and insight.

**Complete and uncut.**

Imagine buying a book and finding that half its pages have been torn out!

Well, did you know that most of the audiobooks for sale in bookstores are *abridged*? That means as much as 50% of the original text is gone—sometimes even *more*.

But *Books on Tape* titles are always *complete and unabridged*. No exceptions. So you get *every*

word of the original, exactly as the author intended.

**Secret of achievers.**

It's astonishing, when you think about it.

"Transition time"—the hours you spend traveling to work, running errands, waiting in lines and so on—can total as much as *18 hours a week*.

Imagine what *you'll* accomplish when you begin making efficient use of all that otherwise lost time.

You'll be more intelligent, more articulate, more confident. You'll make a better impression on others. You'll achieve greater success more rapidly.

**The ultimate guarantee.**

*Books on Tape* is *not* a club. You'll *never* receive an item you didn't request. You have no obligation to order anything, *ever*.

What's more, your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. You *always* have the right to a prompt and full refund for *any* reason, even if you simply didn't like a book you chose! Could any system be fairer?

*Books on Tape* selections are *not* in stores—they're available *only* by mail, directly from us. To learn more, without obligation, please call the number below *today*.



"I'm standing by to answer your questions."

**CHOOSE YOUR FIRST SELECTION FREE**

from the list above, with the Special Discount Offer our Customer Service Rep will tell you about.

**CALL TOLL-FREE NOW: 1-888-945-3418**

**BOOKS  
ON TAPE®**

BOOKS ON TAPE® and B-O-T® are registered trademarks and service marks of Books on Tape, Inc.  
©2000 Books on Tape, Inc. P.O. Box 7900 Newport Beach, CA 92658

Dept. 5501

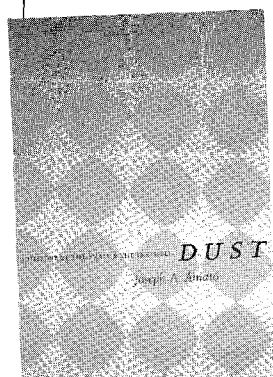
www.booksontape.com



"I will show you  
fear in a handful  
of dust."  
—T. S. Eliot, *The  
Waste Land*

"Excuse  
my dust."  
—Dorothy Parker

"Amato, whose love of language matches  
his delight in his provocative subject, maps  
our relationship with dust and the microcosm  
... enlightening." —*Booklist* starred review



**DUST**  
A History of the  
Small and the  
Invisible  
by Joseph A.  
Amato  
Foreword by  
Jeffrey Burton Russell  
Illustrations by  
Abigail Rorer

\$22.50 at bookstores or order 1-800-822-6657  
**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS**  
www.ucpress.edu

## Briefcase/Computer Bag by Filson®

"MIGHT AS WELL  
HAVE THE BEST."



This rugged bag is made of 22 oz. oiled cotton twill, bridle leather straps and brass hardware. There is a heavy brass zipper with storm flap, removable shoulder strap and two external side pockets. Two interior side pockets and an attached panel hold a laptop computer, accessory pockets for battery, calculator, business cards and more. 16" x 12 1/2" x 6". Made in USA.

No. F257 Briefcase/Computer bag...\$190.00  
State color: Dark Tan or Otter Green.  
Add \$5.00 for handling. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**1-800-324-4934**

Request our unique catalog or visit our web site!

**www.davidmorgan.com**

**David Morgan**

11812 N Creek Pkwy N, Suite 103, Bothell WA 98011

# The Toronto Circle

*In accomplished stories and novels  
South Asian writers who are exiles in Canada are  
re-creating the worlds they left behind*

by Jamie James

SOME of the finest English-language fiction of our time is being written in Canada. Perhaps the most famous of that country's authors is Michael Ondaatje, the author of *The English Patient*, who was born in Ceylon, now Sri Lanka. A writer whose work deserves to be as well known as Ondaatje's is Rohinton Mistry. One of the most important events in my life as a reader was my discovery of *A Fine Balance* (1995), Mistry's second novel, which is set in an unnamed city that appears to be Bombay, the author's native city, in 1975. This was the year that Mistry emigrated to Toronto—and the year that Indira Gandhi proclaimed a state of emergency, setting herself up as India's virtual dictator.

The novel has four major characters: two tanners, uncle and nephew, untouchables who flee the caste violence in their village to make a better life for themselves as tailors; a proud middle-aged widow who defies her family in her determination to remain independent; and a dreamy young man from the mountains whose family sends him to study in the city. The four of them meet on page eight, and their lives intertwine with gathering dramatic intensity as the city descends into chaos in a narrative of superb Chekhovian irony spiced with earthy wit. Imagine—four fully formed characters! Most of the new American and British novels I see have only one character to whom things happen—a shadowy stand-in for the author.

*A Fine Balance* has a complicated, engrossing plot, not for the sake of creating suspense per se (though I found myself putting off dinner or staying up too late in order to read just one more chapter) but because life is complicated, and to chronicle four lives satisfactorily requires narrative complexity. I believed in Mistry's world as I did in those created by Dickens and Trollope, and I cared about

his characters as I did about Jean Valjean. It is a passionate story, expertly told—a nineteenth-century epic novel of conscience, written in a suburb of Toronto in the last decade of the twentieth century.

Although the vessel is a literary atavism, purely European in form, the contents are authentically Indian. In that sense, too, the book is Dickensian: Bombay is endowed with all the racy vividness of Mr. Pickwick's London and populated by a large cast of unforgettable minor characters, grotesque and humorous. Rajaram, for example, who supports himself by collecting and selling barbershop sweepings, is a man of Micawberish optimism for whom the worst disasters in life are "only small obstacles."

Like every book, *A Fine Balance* is flawed. In my view, Mistry does not fully justify the tragic fate that befalls one of the principal characters. His prose style is flexible and polished, but occasionally it strays into the overly ornate. Earthiness at times descends into adolescent scatology. Yet in the context of his overall achievement these are trifles, and may flow from one of Mistry's best qualities: his exuberance.

The story of how Mistry became a writer is itself like something out of a Victorian novel. After graduating from Bombay University with a degree in math and economics, he emigrated to Toronto, where he found work as an accounting clerk. He took literature courses at night school, reading Dickens, Trollope, Chekhov, Joyce—names that would later be linked with his in reviews of his books. In 1982 his wife, a schoolteacher, drew his attention to a prestigious Canadian short-story contest called the Hart House Literary Contest. He devoted a couple of weekends to writing his first story, which won first prize. The next year he wrote another story for the same competition, and again he won the top

honor. Classic in form and wry in tone, these stories tell of life in a Parsi apartment building in Bombay.

Mistry's talent was waiting for him, educated, confident, and fully formed, when he conjured it up. It's as though someone spent years listening to Arthur Rubinstein records and then, without taking piano lessons, sat down and played like Rubinstein.

More stories followed the prizewinners, and were collected in a 1987 book called *Tales From Firozsha Baag* (that's the name of the apartment building where the stories are set; in the United States the book is called *Swimming Lessons and Other Stories From Firozsha Baag*). Then Mistry wrote his first novel, *Such a Long Journey*, also set in an apartment building in Bombay—this time in 1971, when India intervened in Pakistan's civil war. (One learns a lot about recent Indian history, painlessly, by reading Mistry.) The novel revolves around the moral dilemma of a naive bank clerk who is drawn into political intrigue by an old friend who works for Indira Gandhi's secret police.

*Such a Long Journey* doesn't seem like a first novel; the author isn't a character, as authors are in so many first novels, yet he is present on every page. Elegantly plotted, inhabited by a large cast of vivid characters, written in luxuriant prose, it reads like the work of a master at the top of his form rather than that of a young writer finding himself. The novel won prizes that brought with them bags of cash, and was made into a film, which had a great success in Canada and has just been released in the United States. Next Mistry wrote *A Fine Balance*, which accrued even more prizes—including the Giller, Canada's top book honor—and yet more bags of cash, a dozen foreign editions, and another film deal.

**M**. G. VASSANJI also took up fiction as a second career, though his switch was perhaps more spectacular: before becoming a writer he was a successful nuclear physicist, with advanced degrees from MIT and the University of Pennsylvania. And if Mistry, a Bombay-born Parsi, seems an exotic transplant to Toronto, Vassanji is even more cosmopolitan: a descendant of Indian immigrants in East Africa, he was born in Kenya and raised in Tanganyika, a country that no longer exists (in 1964, when Vassanji was in his teens, it

merged with Zanzibar to form Tanzania). After studying in the United States, Vassanji moved to Toronto.

Vassanji's finest novel to date, *The Book of Secrets* (1994), was chosen as the inaugural winner of the Giller Prize. The story begins in East Africa at the time of World War I, as German Tanganyika and British Kenya are about to go to war, and sweeps forward to the present day. It has a complex narrative structure in the manner of Conrad, including omniscient storytelling about the past, quotations from letters and journals, and the first-person narration in the present of a Goan schoolteacher named Pius Fernandes. Fernandes comes into possession of the 1913 diary of a colonial administrator named Alfred Corbin and resolves to find out more about the man. He uncovers a coil of espionage, miscegenation, and adultery, of love and magic and war, set in jungle villages, in Dar es Salaam, and in London, as he traces the transition of Vassanji's homeland from colonialism to independence to socialism.

*The Book of Secrets* is Vassanji's third novel. The first, *The Gunny Sack* (which I haven't been able to get my hands on), is a loosely autobiographical account of the novelist's migratory past, his rootless roots. He once described the book in words that shed some light on his methods in *The Book of Secrets*: "I imagined a person with a gunny sack with lots of memories, half remembered. The young man picks out a memory from a gunny sack and it becomes part of a story. A way through which he gives order to his memories. What the narrator is doing is what the author is striving to do—to give shape to the past. He has his gunny sack. I have the book."

Vassanji's second novel, *No New Land* (1991), about the problems facing an immigrant family in Toronto (again Indians from East Africa), has a sketchy feel to it. It's more a series of vignettes than a plotted story, with mild humor touching on a Muslim's first taste of pork and first sip of alcohol, and sentimental pathos about the protagonist's difficulties in finding work. Though competently done, it gives no hint of the masterpiece that was to follow.

**W**HEN Vassanji and his wife arrived in Toronto, they found many South Asian writers at work in Canada but no literary journal to publish them, so they

# Swim at Home™



## Think Of It As A Treadmill For Swimmers!

Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed in a unique pool measuring only 8' x 15'. Enjoy the fun and convenience of the world's best exercise at home year 'round. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation.

Compact size makes the dream of pool ownership practical in small spaces. The Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors. New system reduces chlorine use by 90%.

**Free Video!**  
**Call 800-233-0741, Ext. 990**

Visit our web site at [www.endlesspools.com](http://www.endlesspools.com) or write Endless Pools, Inc. 200 E Dutton Mill Rd Dept. 990 Aston, PA 19014





**FREE Carpet Samples!**



**America's #1 Source**  
**Carpet Direct**

**Don't Waste Money!**  
**Don't Pay Retail Prices!**  
**Nobody Beats the Factory!**

**1. Great Savings.** Buy direct from the mill. No costly middleman markups. All the quality, Half the price.

**2. Superior Quality.** Our standard of high-quality craftsmanship is unmatched in the industry. We use only the highest quality materials in manufacturing S&S Mills Carpet.

**3. Selection.** Today's most popular carpet styles and colors are available at S&S Mills at a fraction of the cost of retail showrooms and discount stores.

**4. Confidence.** For over 25 years S&S Mills has been providing carpet for people nationwide. We will help you through the entire process from selecting the perfect carpet, to finding an installer, to delivery to your home.

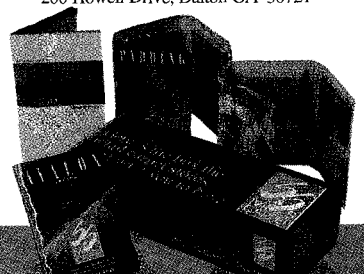
**SCOTCHGARD**  
Protectant

**Xtra Life**  
STAINMASTER  
CARE

**WEAR-DATED CARPET**

**3 MILL'S CARPET**

**1-800-363-1321**  
[www.ssmills.com](http://www.ssmills.com)  
 200 Howell Drive, Dalton GA 30721



**FREE Carpet Sample Kit!**

established the *Toronto South Asian Review*. One of their first discoveries occurred in 1992, when the manuscript of a story called "Pigs Can't Fly" arrived in the mail, covered by a hopeful letter from its author, a twenty-seven-year-old Sri Lankan immigrant named Shyam Selvadurai, then working as a clerk at a bookstore. This enchanting, luminously written story is a reminiscence by a narrator who when he was a little boy preferred playing dress-up with girls to cricket with boys. His favorite game was "bride-bride," in which he and the girls play-acted a wedding.

The dressing of the bride would now begin, and then, by the transfiguration I saw taking place in Janaki's cracked full-length mirror—by the sari being wrapped around my body, the veil being pinned to my head, the rouge put on my cheeks, lipstick on my lips, kohl around my eyes—I was able to leave the constraints of myself and ascend into another, more brilliant, more beautiful self, a self to whom this day was dedicated, and around whom the world, represented by my cousins putting flowers in my hair, draping the palu, seemed to revolve.

The story became the first chapter of an episodic novel called *Funny Boy*, which narrates the boy's coming of age and his parents' struggle to accept his homosexuality even as their country is falling into a nightmare of ethnic warfare between Tamil and Sinhalese. As in *A Fine Balance* and *The Book of Secrets*, history at once creates and mirrors the turmoil in the life of its characters. The novel ends on a note of terror, when the narrator's world literally goes up in flames, and his family leaves for Canada. Selvadurai movingly evokes his narrator's soul (of course it's his own), but in some ways his most remarkable accomplishment is his marvelous dynamic control (if I may put it in musical terms), from the pianissimo of the deft, telling detail to the thundering fortissimo of the finale.

Selvadurai's second book, *Cinnamon Gardens* (1999), is an ambitiously conceived historical novel set in Ceylon in the late 1920s. It centers on two characters: Annalukshmi, who considers herself to be a "new woman," who was not ashamed or afraid to ask for her share of the world," and her uncle Balendran, a closeted homosexual. Once again, personal and public drama reflect each other.

Ceylon was moving toward independence: the labor movement was progressing, and a British parliamentary commission was laying the foundations for what would eventually become modern Sri Lanka. Yet the mores of the time remained traditional, disapproving of women who demanded their share of the world and, needless to say, scandalized by homosexuality.

*Cinnamon Gardens* (the title is the name of an affluent residential district of Colombo, the capital of Ceylon) is well researched and intelligent, and the fugal construction, revolving the action around two main characters with congruent conflicts, is an interesting idea made to work. However, the book is marred by flat prose and a too-dry tone of detachment, which appears to be an attempt to reproduce the ironic understatement of the English novelists writing at the time in which the book is set.

Moreover, Selvadurai is curiously indecisive about whether his novel has a social conscience or not. On the one hand, there is the subplot of Balendran's older brother, Arul, who marries a woman of low caste and is renounced by his tyrannical father, the personification of the injustice of a *régime* on the verge of becoming *ancien*. When Arul is dying, Balendran goes to him and undertakes responsibility for his nephew's education, defying his father's wrath. On the other hand, the novel glamorizes the luxurious lifestyle of Cinnamon Gardens, indulging in a genteel, Merchant-Ivoryesque eroticism of the well-set dinner table, and in nostalgia for cozy parlors and long chauffeured cars. Balendran's and Annalukshmi's rebellions both end on a muted note: he and his male lover decide to be just friends, she gives up her unsuitable suitor so as not to roil the family.

*Cinnamon Gardens* is a considerable accomplishment. It demonstrates that Selvadurai has the ability to create a naturalistically detailed fictional world. However, readers of *Funny Boy* will come away with the feeling that the author has deliberately withheld himself from his second book; and knowing what an interesting self that is, readers will miss it.

**T**HERE'S no question that these writers form a school, perhaps a major one, but who claims them? When Bruce Meyer, a professor at the University of Toronto, wanted to include *Such a Long*

*Journey* on the syllabus for his course in Canadian literature, members of the faculty objected, claiming that it wasn't really a Canadian book. Yet some Canadian academics have told me that they don't consider Rohinton Mistry to be a South Asian writer. If Mistry isn't Canadian or Indian, what is he?

The case of Vassanji is even more complicated: Could anyone call him an Indian-African-Canadian novelist and keep a straight face? Vassanji is sometimes called a Tanzanian writer, but that doesn't seem right either; he was fourteen years old when the country was created, and the socialist nation that Tanzania would become was a very different place from the Commonwealth nation of Tanganyika, whose President, Julius Nyerere, translated Shakespeare into Swahili.

Selvadurai calls himself a Sri Lankan writer, saying that *Cinnamon Gardens* was written with a Sri Lankan readership in mind; but aside from some epigraphs from the classical Tamil poem the *Thirukkural*, the literary references and world view of the book are thoroughly Western, with echoes of Jane Austen, Leonard Woolf, and even Louisa May Alcott. But the President of Sri Lanka read *Funny Boy*, and the book provoked a national debate about homosexuality and led to proposals to repeal the anti-sodomy law there.

The concerns of these writers are entirely those of their native countries and their countrymen. Forty years ago, when Rohinton Mistry was a child, the chief subject of literature in the developing world was the evil of colonialism. Then, in 1961, V. S. Naipaul published *A House for Mr. Biswas*, an epic comedy about the Indian community in Trinidad. At that time Trinidad was still a British colony, yet none of the principal characters in the book (which Naipaul wrote in London) is British; the author found his material in his own people. Naipaul's vision was radically new, and his example seems to have inspired the Torontonians (though Vassanji, for one, says that he has avoided reading Naipaul, lest he be influenced).

When I began reading these novels, starting with *A Fine Balance*, I was baffled: How was it that this vivid evocation of Bombay had been written in Toronto, of all places? It would be hard to think of two cities more antipodal: hot, smelly, boisterous Bombay, one of the oldest cities on earth; cold, pleasant, or-

## Learn Another Language on Your Own!



Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Many were developed by U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 10 to 12 audio cassettes (10 to 18 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook. Some of our courses:

|                                        |       |                                     |       |                                    |       |                                            |       |
|----------------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------------|-------|------------------------------------|-------|--------------------------------------------|-------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Arabic, Saudi | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> Greek      | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> Norwegian | \$135 | Spanish,                                   |       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Egyptian      | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> Haitian    |       | <input type="checkbox"/> Persian   | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> European          | \$125 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bulgarian     | \$265 | <input type="checkbox"/> Creole     | \$225 | <input type="checkbox"/> Polish    | \$195 | <input type="checkbox"/> Latin American I  | \$185 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cantonese     | \$225 | <input type="checkbox"/> Hebrew     | \$255 | Portuguese,                        |       | <input type="checkbox"/> Latin American II | \$165 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Catalan       | \$225 | <input type="checkbox"/> Hungarian  | \$225 | <input type="checkbox"/> Brazilian | \$225 | <input type="checkbox"/> Swahili           | \$155 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Czech         | \$155 | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian    | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> European  | \$155 | <input type="checkbox"/> Swedish           | \$225 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Danish        | \$155 | <input type="checkbox"/> Japanese   | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> Romanian  | \$135 | <input type="checkbox"/> Tagalog           | \$325 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dutch         | \$155 | <input type="checkbox"/> Korean     | \$225 | <input type="checkbox"/> Russian   | \$255 | <input type="checkbox"/> Thai              | \$225 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Estonian      | \$295 | <input type="checkbox"/> Lakota     | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sanskrit  | \$235 | <input type="checkbox"/> Turkish           | \$225 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French I      | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> Latin      | \$160 | <input type="checkbox"/> Serbo-    |       | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukrainian         | \$225 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French II     | \$215 | <input type="checkbox"/> Latvian    | \$225 | Croatian                           | \$225 | <input type="checkbox"/> Urdu              | \$195 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> German I      | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> Lithuanian | \$165 | <input type="checkbox"/> Shona     | \$225 | <input type="checkbox"/> Vietnamese        |       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> German II     | \$155 | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandarin   | \$185 | <input type="checkbox"/> Slovak    | \$225 | (South)                                    | \$245 |

You can order now with a full 3-week money-back guarantee. To place order call toll-free 1-800-243-1234, (203) 453-9794, toll-free fax 1-888-453-4329, e-mail: RX406@audioforum.com, or mail check or money order. Ask for our free 52-page *Whole World Language Catalog* with courses in 101 languages. Our 28th year.

**AUDIO-FORUM®**  
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Room X406, 96 Broad Street,  
Guilford, CT 06437

## The Grace & Beauty of Impressionist Paintings!



Brighten your home and enrich your spirit.

Who wouldn't surround themselves with the most beautiful canvases ever painted - works by Monet, Renoir, Van Gogh, Cézanne and other greats - if it were only possible?

It is possible with our painstakingly handcrafted and pleasingly affordable replicas.

Portraits, Florals, Landscapes and Animal Studies.

To request a free catalog, phone

1-800-942-2044, Dept. 1292

Visit us at: [www.MastersCollection.com](http://www.MastersCollection.com)

**THE MASTERS' COLLECTION**  
40 Scitico Road, Dept. D-1292, Somersville, CT 06072



derly Toronto, where almost everything is shiny and new.

Many of the people I met on a recent visit to Toronto made a great fuss about how Canada's multiculturalism differs from the multiculturalism of the United States, invoking metaphors such as the mosaic and the salad bowl as opposed to the melting pot. As Bruce Meyer put it to me, "When you come to Canada, you don't have to leave the other country behind."

The weakest work by M. G. Vassanji that I have read is *No New Land*, in which he describes how immigrants from Dar es Salaam have re-created their African life in Toronto and attempts to discern exactly what has been lost.

Their Dar, however close they tried to make it to the original, was not quite the same. Rushing to mosque after work in your Chevy, through ice and slush, for a ceremony organized in a school gym, dumping your coats on a four-foot mound of other coats and throwing your shoes and boots among the several hundred other pairs—and then afterwards scrambling to retrieve them—was not the same as strolling to your own domed, clock-towered mosque fresh after a bath.

Rohinton Mistry's weakest work is the short story "Swimming Lessons." Most of the other stories in his collection are about the lives of the Parsi residents of Firozsha Baag; a few contain anecdotes about former residents who have emigrated to Canada; but "Swimming Lessons" is set entirely in Toronto. The nuanced pathos that animates Mistry's fictional vision of India is altogether lacking in this clumsy, insubstantial effort at autobiography.

Perhaps the reason that Vassanji's and Mistry's attempts to write about the immigrant experience fall flat is that they themselves aren't immigrants in the usual sense but rather exiles. (The case of Selvadurai is more clear-cut, because the decision to move to Canada was made for him by his parents, when he was nineteen, against a background of war.) Toronto is home to these writers, in that it is where they live, but it can never become their homeland. Immigrants come to a place precisely in order to leave the old country behind, to make a new home; exiles cannot do that.

The prototypical artist in exile is, of course, James Joyce. He left Dublin when he was twenty-two, and spent the

rest of his life writing about the city, in Trieste, Zurich, and Paris. As the years passed, the Dublin of Joyce's fiction became ever more remote from contemporary reality—yet it was never anything less than authentic Dublin. Even in *Finnegans Wake*, which lacks the vaguest semblance of reality, the city that had been lost to Joyce for decades is still present, as a sort of distilled cultural essence coursing through the riotous prose.

Whatever brought Mistry, Vassanji, and Selvadurai to Toronto, they have stayed there to distill the essence of Bombay, Commonwealth East Africa, and Sri Lanka. Like Joyce, they inhabit in their imaginations places that have ceased to exist, as time has cruelly transformed home into a strange land. The act of strolling to a sunny mosque fresh from a bath gains in power and significance precisely because it is recalled in the slush of a Canadian winter, and because the remembered mosque may not still be standing. For these writers, the only way to hold onto home has been to leave it behind. ☼

## Were the Hawks Right About the Vietnam War?

by John Lewis Gaddis

### VIETNAM: THE NECESSARY WAR

#### A Reinterpretation of America's Most Disastrous Military Conflict

by Michael Lind.

*The Free Press, 320 pages, \$25.00.*

THE Vietnam War unsettled a lot, not least the relationship that normally exists between orthodoxy and revisionism in historical writing. It's usually the case that the former precedes the latter: the first historians to write about great events generally accept official explana-

tions for them. Only with the passage of time and the opening of archives does skepticism tend to emerge. For Vietnam, though, the sequence reversed itself. With dissent mounting to unprecedented levels during that conflict, and with the Pentagon Papers having produced a flood of documents prior to its conclusion, few if any scholars were prepared to accept the justifications that the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations had provided. Few have done so even now, three decades later. Revisionism did not just precede orthodoxy with respect to Vietnam: for historians, it has always been the orthodox view of the war.

Michael Lind's book breaks new ground, therefore, by insisting that the Vietnam War was necessary for precisely the reasons that American leaders at the time said it was: to preserve the credibility of Washington's commitment to containing communism throughout the world. By questioning—at times assaulting—most previous scholarship on the subject, Lind writes as an uncompromising, even a radical, revisionist. But his revisionism defends the decision-makers: the "best and the brightest," he insists, knew what they were doing and had no choice but to fight the war.

In making this argument Lind draws heavily on the publications of the Cold War International History Project, and especially on research in Soviet and Chinese archives by the historians Ilya Gaiduk, Chen Jian, and Qiang Zhai. He shows that Ho Chi Minh could hardly have defeated the French in the early 1950s or challenged the Americans a decade later without military assistance from Moscow and, to an even greater extent, from Beijing. He claims that Marxism-Leninism gave Ho, Stalin, Khrushchev, Brezhnev, and Mao Zedong a common objective in seeking revolution throughout the world: "In reality, there was an international communist conspiracy, and Ho Chi Minh was a charter member of it."

The Cold War was, therefore, "a world war . . . in which the future governance of the international system was at stake, and in which the great powers opposing the United States and its allies were the moral equivalents of Nazi Germany." Vietnam became a battleground because the Soviet Union did not dare challenge the Americans in Europe—or, after the Korean War broke out, in Northeast Asia. In the Third World, though, Moscow



could conceal its hand and still advance its cause. Ho's reputation as a nationalist, together with Mao's willingness to sustain him, made Vietnam a particularly promising opportunity. This was a confrontation, then, that the United States could hardly have avoided: to have remained aloof would have risked "a dramatic pro-Soviet realignment in world politics."

Vietnam was the right war, Lind thinks, but it was fought in the wrong way. Lyndon Johnson deferred too uncritically to generals whose strategy of searching out and destroying enemy forces—instead of securing population centers—produced more casualties than results. As a predictable consequence, public and congressional support eroded. Expanding the conflict would only have made things worse, because, new Chinese sources show, Mao was prepared to intervene. The only good alternative was for "the United States to forfeit the war after 1968, in order to preserve the American domestic political consensus in favor of the Cold War on other fronts."

Victory, Lind maintains, was not the point. All that was needed was to have made an effort, to show that the United States would defend its allies in the Third World as well as elsewhere, to assure future targets of Moscow's expansionism that Washington would not abandon them. But by sticking with the war to the point of a complete collapse of domestic resolve and a humiliating withdrawal, the Nixon and Ford Administrations encouraged Soviet aggressiveness during the late 1970s—a trend reversed only when Ronald Reagan took the country back to a strategy of making its commitments credible once again.

Such is Lind's argument, and some of it makes sense. We do know now that Stalin, Mao, and Ho met in Moscow in 1950 to map out the strategy for an eventual takeover of Indochina. We know that there was greater Soviet and Chinese support for North Vietnam than previously suspected: Russian anti-aircraft crews actually shot down Americans over that country, and at one point there were as many as 170,000 Chinese soldiers on its territory. We know that the North Vietnamese were never really serious about a negotiated settlement, and that their supposedly autonomous Viet Cong allies were in fact their puppets. We certainly know that the Americans and the South

# ENERGY-SAVING SUNPORCH® CONVERTIBLE SUNSPACE®



**MOUNTS  
READY ON  
DECKS, PATIOS,  
OR LANDSCAPE  
TIES.**

## INSULATED WINTER SUNROOM CONVERTS TO A SUMMER SCREEN ROOM!

**Full Top-To-Bottom Wall Area Screens!**

- ☐ QWIK® window/screen change system
- ☐ Do-it-yourself kit, no contractors needed
- ☐ Meets building codes for snow & wind loads
- ☐ Unique Climate Control System
- ☐ No extras, comes complete
- ☐ Buy factory direct & save
- ☐ America's #1 value since 1974

SunPorch® Structures, Inc.  
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL  
Westport, CT 06881-0368

☐ **YES** I enclose \$2. Please send complete details, Color Catalog & Prices.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**FOR MORE INFO  
& BONUS OFFER:**

**MAIL  
COUPON  
WITH \$2.**



**WEB SITE**  
[www.sunporch.com](http://www.sunporch.com)  
(Bonus Code: ATL)

*A spyglass in the great naval tradition...*

## Adm. Nelson's Telescope™ (with table tripod) just \$59<sup>95\*</sup>

*\*But read this ad for an even better deal!*

When Horatio Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar, he used a telescope just like this to monitor the movements of the French-Spanish fleet. Our manufacturer has created a faithful replica of this famous scope. *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* measures about five inches in its "collapsed" position. When you extend the four sections to full length, the scope will be thirteen inches long and focused to infinity with needle sharpness. Everything will appear twenty-five times larger than it would to the naked eye. Compare that to standard binoculars which give you only 6x or 8x magnification.

The most amazing thing about *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* may well be its price. We are the exclusive importers of this outstanding optical instrument and are able therefore to bring it to you for just \$59.95. **But we have an even better deal: Buy two for \$119.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!** If you have ever wanted to own a fine telescope, but found prices a little steep, *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* should be your choice. You'll get many years of good use and enjoyment from it.

**FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER TOLL FREE:**

**(800) 797-7367 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.**

**OR FAX YOUR ORDER TO: (415) 643-2818**

For customer service, please call (415) 643-2810.

Please give order #1069F483 for *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™*. Give Visa/MC number and expiration date and daytime phone # for all orders. Add \$4.95 for one, \$9.90 for three for ship./ins. (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

*Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* is the outstanding corporate gift of the year. We can apply your logo in quantities of 100 or more. Call Chris Simpson at (415) 643-2810 for more information!

since 1967  
**haverhills®**

2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or (fastest!) by fax: (415) 643-2818  
Visit our website at [www.haverhills.com](http://www.haverhills.com)



Vietnamese had no monopoly on the use of violence: the North Vietnamese were just as bad, and the Khmer Rouge were of course much worse.

**S**TILL, I had an uneasy feeling as I read this book. One reason was its supercilious tone, which ill accords with its slapdash composition. It's not a good idea to treat most other historians of one's subject as knaves, fools, or incompetents (I seem somehow to have been exempted) and then to place the Formosa Resolution, the *Sputnik* launch, and the Buddhist uprisings in South Vietnam in the wrong years, or to assure us that New York once had a senator named Javitz.

A more serious problem is Lind's selective use of evidence. He ignores a central finding of Gaiduk's research, confirmed in the former Soviet ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin's memoir: that far from seeking a confrontation with the United States in Southeast Asia, Kremlin leaders in 1963 and 1964 were hoping for détente and hence tried—unsuccessfully—to restrain Hanoi. He neglects what Zhai and Chen have revealed about how Mao sought to use the war to turn the Soviets and the Americans against each other, and how the North Vietnamese later played off the Russians against the Chinese. He misses the irony of Nixon's plotting with Mao and Zhou Enlai against Moscow in 1972. If there really was an international Communist conspiracy, it functioned strangely.

Nor is Lind clear on just *why* American credibility was at stake in Vietnam. The United States never trumpeted its determination to keep China from going Communist in 1949, or North Vietnam in 1954, or even Cuba in 1959, and these defeats produced no discernible pro-Soviet realignment in world politics. It's hard to see how anyone could have viewed American credibility as being on the line in South Vietnam until officials of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, through their failure to distinguish vital from peripheral interests, unwisely put it there. It was they, not their adversaries, who risked the nation's reputation. As precedents set by their predecessors suggest, they need not have done so.

It's even harder to see how the United States, after entering and escalating the war, could simply have "forfeited" it after 1968. Lind is irresponsibly vague on what he means by this: What would the

nature of the settlement have been? How would some 500,000 American soldiers have been withdrawn? What would then have happened to the South Vietnamese, on whose behalf the United States had gone to war in the first place? Henry Kissinger, who lacked the luxury of sliding past these issues as easily as Lind does, put it well in *White House Years* (1979): "We could not simply walk away from an enterprise involving two administrations, five allied countries, and thirty-one thousand dead as if we were switching a television channel."

Lind makes credibility a supreme national interest and then, all too casually, dismisses it. He seems not to recognize its relationship to context, capability, geopolitics, morality, or contingency. He certainly fails to see the importance of retaining the initiative: to announce an intention to defend all points is only to invite ad-

versaries to pick the most favorable ones to attack. "The enemy must not know where I intend to give battle," Sun Tzu wrote more than 2,000 years ago. "And when he prepares in a great many places, those I have to fight in any one place will be few. . . . when he prepares everywhere he will be weak everywhere."

It's disconcerting, therefore, to find Lind concluding that the only plausible path to peace and justice in the post-Cold War world is an "*imbalance-of-power*" favoring the United States. His book winds up as an undisguised pitch for American unilateralism—for preparing everywhere against whatever might come along. Learning the "right" lessons from Vietnam, he is sure, can help to pull this off. That there might be deeper lessons from a more distant past about the dangers of such arrogance seems not to have occurred to him. ☞

## BRIEF REVIEWS



### Rudyard Kipling: A Life

by Harry Ricketts.

Carroll & Graf, 448 pages, \$28.00.

**I**n the appreciative preface to his splendid biography of Kipling, Mr. Ricketts describes him as a chameleon. Salman Rushdie once defined him as two people—Kipling Sahib and Ruddy Baba. Kipling himself gave thanks to "Allah Who gave me two / Separate sides to my head!"

*I would go without shirt or shoe,  
Friend, tobacco or bread,  
Sooner than lose for a minute the two  
Separate sides of my head!*

He probably meant the reporter who collected facts about molehills and mountains, and the fiction writer who could inflate the one and flatten the other. Born in India to witty parents, schooled in England, back to India as a cub journalist, by age twenty-five Kipling was an

author of international reputation and on his way to tackle London, via Singapore, Japan, and the United States. The London literati were quite welcoming, but Red did not take to people who forever discussed aesthetic principles and the state of their souls. The literati soon became suspicious of a man who wrote about a kind of people that most of them had never met except on accidental progress through the servants' hall, and by 1910 they no longer considered him to be a serious writer. By 1920 his insistence on the beneficial effects of the British Empire (if well administered), his wartime hatred of "the Hun," and his opposition to the League of Nations (which did indeed prove to be a toothless debating society) got him labeled an imperialist and a crotchety relic. But people continued to read him (and still do), whether or not they noticed his early use of the avant-garde stylistic devices that Mr. Ricketts points out. There is a widespread Kipling underground, and if this biography, full

of episodes and lively quotation, expands it, a number of deprived persons will discover some wonderful storytelling.

### **The Farfarers**

by Farley Mowat.  
Steerforth Press, 391 pages,  
\$16.00.

**M**r. Mowat postulates that before Indo-Europeans swept over Europe, a people he calls Albans farmed and fished there and must have flourished, because they had the time and the manpower to erect dry-stone structures not attributable to the later arrivals. He assumes that they became expert builders and sailors of skin boats capable of ocean voyages. They also became hunters of walrus, highly valuable for tusks and hide, and too expert at it for their own good. As European stocks became exhausted, the Albans looked for new hunting grounds; by A.D. 800 they had reached Canada. They eventually went as far north as the Kane Basin and as far west as the eastern shore of Hudson Bay. They left foundations and stone towers that have survived very well. Mr.

Mowat presents his radical reconstruction of conventional history not as fact but as a hypothesis. It is supported by fragments of testimony going all the way back to Pytheas (c. 330 B.C.), by well-studied records of Dark Age Britain, and by interviews with maverick archaeologists who persist in investigating sites that the official establishment prefers to ignore. A person from Canada's National Museum told Mr. Mowat that officials there fear an archaeological embarrassment. Mr. Mowat also refers to his own travels in the Arctic, his considerable sailing experience, and knowledge he has picked up along the road, such as the proper way to prepare "seal tar." Very little of this is what is called hard evidence, but in the aggregate it becomes soundly impressive, accounting for the otherwise unaccountable existence of stone structures where native cultures did not build such things. Mr. Mowat intersperses frankly fictional vignettes of Alban life among his historical materials. The text is energetic and highly readable. This is a book to delight addicts of archaeology, Arctic exploration, history, and good writing.

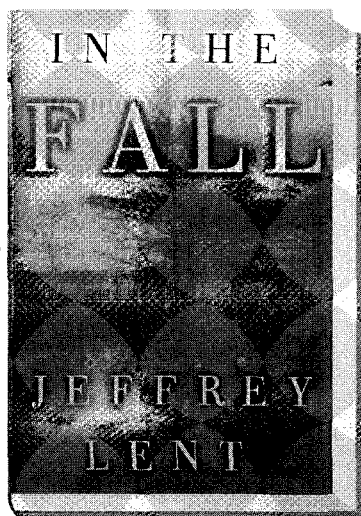
### **The Eternal Darkness: A Personal History of Deep-Sea Exploration**

by Robert D. Ballard with Will Hively.  
Princeton, 388 pages, \$29.95.

**D**r. Ballard, a veteran of more than 110 deep-sea expeditions, provides a history of marine exploration, from Charles William Beebe and Otis Barton, crammed into a steel "bathysphere" in 1930, to the intricately designed robot that, under the author's direction, found and surveyed the wreck of the *Titanic*. Dr. Ballard is a passionate advocate of deep-sea exploration, pointing out that all such expeditions so far undertaken have probably surveyed less than one percent of the sea floor, which constitutes the greater part of our planet's surface. With the development of "telepresence," scientists can now observe the depths from above the waves. Observation without submersion does away with what has always been the greatest obstacle to underwater investigation: people are not fish. One can hardly disagree with Dr. Ballard's proposal that we should expand that one percent.

## **WHAT'S ON YOUR READING LIST?**

(Personal recommendations from your independent booksellers with BOOK SENSE)



SUSAN AVERY, ARIEL BOOKSELLERS,  
NEW PALTZ, NY

"This is far and away the BEST novel I have read in years. It's got everything a fiction-lover could possibly want: strong narrative, memorable characters, a truly epic story of three generations of an American family. The writing is exquisite and its depiction of the consequences of racism will resonate with many readers. I am truly passionate about this book."

DONI KAY, BOOKS & BOOKS,  
CORAL GABLES, FL

"IN THE FALL is a bookseller's dream. It has everything we look for in a novel: big themes, vivid characters and exquisite writing. It's the kind of book that makes me want to stop total strangers on the street and tell them 'I just read a GREAT book.'"

EMOKE B'RACZ, MALAPROP'S BOOKS AND CAFÉ,  
ASHEVILLE, NC

"IN THE FALL is told with utter honesty. The words surprise, like a perfect string of pearls. This novel takes the reader to a land of yet undiscovered beauty through imagination—and what is imagination but life at its best. Read IN THE FALL and you will experience honesty in literature to the fullest."

**BOOK**

**sense**

Independent Bookstores for  
Independent Minds

Show your independence by visiting a bookstore with Book Sense and let a knowledgeable bookseller assist you in finding what you need. Or ask about the Book Sense '76, an eclectic and provocative selection of the best new books, chosen by the independent booksellers. For the independent bookstore near you, call 1-888-BOOKSENSE.

**PERSONALITY - PASSION - KNOWLEDGE - COMMUNITY - CHARACTER**





## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY'S SIXTH ANNUAL PUZZLER CONTEST

Solve : the : Puzzler : on : the : facing : page  
and : send : your : solution : by : April : 17 : to

The : Atlantic : Monthly : Puzzler : Contest

77 : North : Washington : Street

Boston : MA : 02114

Prize : furnished : by : Zingerman's

gourmet-food : mail-order : house

Call : 888-636-8162

for : their : FREE : catalogue

Rules: No purchase necessary. Print your name, address, and solution to the Puzzler on a postcard. Mail entry to: The Atlantic Monthly, Puzzler Contest, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, MA 02114. You must send the correct solution to the April 2000 Puzzler to be eligible to win. Entries must be received no later than midnight on April 17, 2000. One entry per person. Odds of winning depend on the number of eligible entries received. One prize of a Zingerman's gift certificate (retail value \$150.00) will be awarded based on a random drawing from among the correct entries. By acceptance of prize, winner consents to announcement of winner's name and the use of name and/or likeness and entry material submitted in any manner and in any medium for advertising/trade without further compensation, unless prohibited by law. Contest is open to residents of the U.S. and Canada, except the Province of Quebec, age 21 and over, and is subject to complete rules. For complete rules send an SASE to The Atlantic Monthly at the above address.

## The Nature of Economies

by Jane Jacobs.

Modern Library/Random House,  
208 pages, \$21.95.

The principles by which Ms. Jacobs relates economies to the natural world can be pinpointed by looking for italicized passages. They can be understood only by a careful and complete reading of the provocative argument that supports them. The book is cast in the form of discussions among people with varied interests and convictions. Although sometimes sententious, the personal opinions of the group allow for a freedom and liveliness unheard of in the usual dismal-science text. Economies as rain forests? It is a question worth consideration.

## Water, Carry Me

by Thomas Moran.

Riverhead/Penguin Putnam,  
252 pages, \$23.95.

The narrator of Mr. Moran's elegantly written novel is a young Irishwoman who does not understand that the troubles in the North can be dangerous in the South. Owing to an odd family situation, Una shuttles between a blue-collar adjunct of Cork and her friends at the university. She and her friends are serious students, but they are also girlish hedonists, romping with clothes and teasing one another and the lads they attract in pubs. Their language is violent, and so, at times, is their conduct. A love affair disrupts the pattern. Una is an appealing character, although one frequently itches to give the girl a shake and tell her to quit mooning over water, stars, and sex and take a realistic look around her.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Recent books by Atlantic authors:

### A Dedicated Follower of Fashion

by Holly Brubach. Phaidon, 232 pages, \$29.95. Five of the essays in this collection first appeared in *The Atlantic*.

**The Coming Anarchy:** Shattering the Dreams of the Post Cold War by Robert D. Kaplan. Random House, 208 pages, \$23.00. A portion of this book first appeared as the cover article in the February, 1994, *Atlantic*.

## ANSWERS TO THE MARCH PUZZLER

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | H | I | C | A | G | O | W | A | G | O | N |
| H | O | M | A | G | E | V | I | S | A | G | E |
| A | P | M | R | L | I | E | D | E | R | R | E |
| F | L | O | R | I | N | R | E | A | R | E | D |
| E | I | O | I | N | S | A | L | V | A | G | E |
| S | T | R | A | T | A | L | Y | A | G | S | D |
| S | E | A | G | O | N | L | A | G | O | O | N |
| T | A | G | E | N | D | S | M | A | U | L | O |
| R | E | E | D | I | T | B | U | R | T | O | N |
| E | M | F | I | O | R | D | S | I | S | I | A |
| S | I | E | N | N | A | S | E | E | I | N | G |
| S | T | A | G | Y | P | A | S | S | A | G | E |

### "Bright Prospects"

Fourteen answers are given a SILVER LINING—that is, an internal addition of the symbol AG. Across. 1. CHIC + O 6. WON (rev.) 10. HO(M)E 11. VI(S)E 13. LIEDER (homophone) 14. F(L)OR + IN 15. R(EAR)ED 17. SALVE(r) 19. S'TRAT + A (rev.) 23. LOO + N 26. T + ENDS 27. RE + EDIT (rev.) 30. BUR(TO)N 31. F(I)ORDS 32. S(I)ENNA 33. S(E + B)ING 34. ST(a)Y 35. P(ASS)E Down. 1. C(H)AFES 2. HOP(LIT)E 3. CARRIE(d) 4. A + G + LINT 5. O(VERA) + LL'S 6. WIDELY (anag.) 7. ASEA (homophone of a C) 8. O(G)RE 9. NEE + DE + D 12. MOO + RE 16. R(O)UTS 17. S(AND) TRAP 18. V + ARIES 20. SO LO(U)NG 21. S + TRESS 22. ON + I + O + NY 24. AM(US)ES 25. NONE (homophone) 28. EMIT (rev.) 29. DIN + G





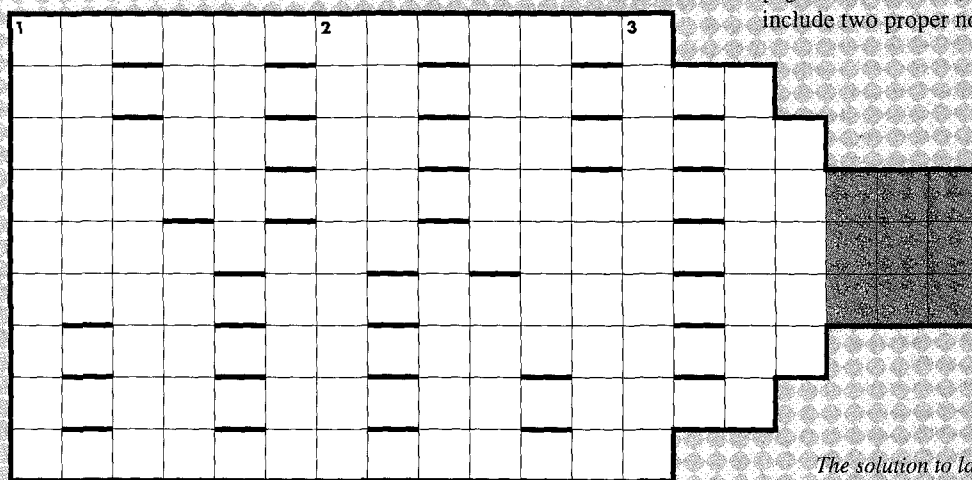
# THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

## Message in a Bottle

While beachcombing recently, we noticed an odd-looking bottle with a sheet of paper rolled up inside. The paper contained the diagram and cryptic clues reproduced here. The three numbered (Down) clues correspond to the numbers in the grid, but the rest of the Down answers—and all the Acrosses—are adrift with respect to their places of entry. The Acrosses furthermore

lack bars to show starting and ending points. If all the clue answers are properly placed, nine letters will extend into the shaded area, forming a message of several words—starting in the upper left and meandering horizontally, vertically, and diagonally through adjacent squares, possibly revisiting some letters. This message is the answer to our April contest (see page 134 for details). Answers include two proper nouns.



*The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 134.*

### Clues

1. Travel far and wide in green bottle drifting around the middle of Antarctic Ocean (5-4)
2. Lands invaded by central Galapagos turtles (9)
3. Battered shore contains old captain's book and timepieces (9)

### Across

- a. Wave that crashes glass container holding last bit of paper (7)
- b. Gather in bare apartment (4)
- c. Hostage eating red shrimp (5)
- d. Soup ingredient made over ten ill (6)
- e. Drives at a slant around steamship, and pitches about (6)
- f. Stick together in wayward luge (4)
- g. Hammers small shelves (7)
- h. Getting into Mediterranean

wind, I court trouble? (8)

- i. Prove Lea wrong and jump across (8)
- j. Briefly describe small sailboat (6)
- k. Silly goose gets in the way in jail (8)
- l. Good memory connected with ring in a sail (7)
- m. Command raid on Mobile (6)
- n. Large number, for example, sheltered by courageous person (6)
- o. Pluck out tenor with asthmatic sound, but not high (6)
- p. Changing focus, she offers help in the kitchen (4-4)
- q. Answer for boarding long ship in an operetta (8)
- r. Fish expert holding a shell (8)
- s. Stone damaged cork (4)

### Down

- a. Shorebirds' circular movements in the sound (5)

- b. Les has developed pain in the neck (6)
- c. Maroon with cold and wet chart again (6)
- d. Makes fun of topless garments for artists (5)
- e. Plateaus' area in confusion (5)
- f. Small change for Mr. Tracy, avoiding extremes (5)
- g. Sailing into the wind, boat returns with ruler (7)
- h. Very early day for Mary Jane (4)
- i. Mineral extracted from chemical (4)
- j. Part of a shell that's violet found in valley (5)
- k. Almost thin sail supporters (5)
- l. Perform bit of tap with walking stick the wrong way (5)
- m. Sea nymphs floating in reeds (7)
- n. Relaxes, empty, while English dine (5,2)

**Note:** The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.

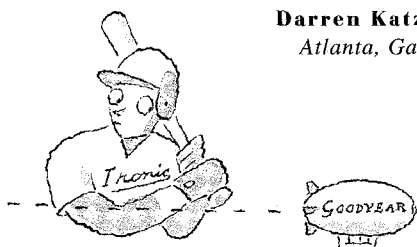


# WORD COURT

by Barbara Wallraff

**O**ver the past several years I have noticed a bastardization of the formerly specific word *ironic*. It seems that people now use it in place of coincidental or even to describe completely unrelated occurrences. During a recent baseball game an announcer said, "And isn't it ironic that the Goodyear blimp is here, because both of these teams are having good years." That one would have had O. Henry turning in his grave, I think. Do you have any guidelines on the use of the word?

**Darren Katz**  
Atlanta, Ga.



When people are being *ironic*, they are saying something other than, or even contrary to, what their words mean literally. ("When I overheard my co-worker compare me to the Goodyear blimp, it made my day.") When occurrences are *ironic*, they haven't turned out in the way that might have been expected: if the Goodyear name had appeared in the sky above a game whose teams were both having *bad* years, therefore, there would be some excuse for calling that *ironic*. But note that an *ironic* event shouldn't be just improbable or incongruous—the difference between expectation and reality must have something to do with "vanity," "folly," or human "inconsistency," in the words of *The American Heritage Dictionary*. So it wouldn't be *ironic* if the blimp was scheduled to appear at the game but didn't because of a pelting rain. But it *would* be *ironic* if the game was called after the blimp's pilot had risked life and limb to get to the ballpark despite the weather.

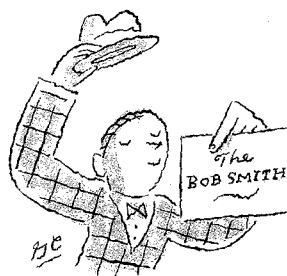
**I**'ve noticed that in certain publications this type of construction is frequently used: "The installation artist

John Adams, who is married to the poet Sally Brown, said recently that the state of arts funding in New York has become dismal in recent years." I'm wondering about the the that precedes the person's occupation. I've noticed that this construction is used only when the writer is referring to certain occupations. One theory I have is that it is used by convention to dignify these occupations, and by implication it denigrates others when it is not used. For example, one will see "the sociologist Dr. Peter Jackson" but very rarely "the lawyer Susan Johnson," and never "the accountant Alex Smith." And one will also never see any of the trades referred to in this way: "the cement finisher Bill Collins," "the garbage collector Mike Thompson." What light can you shed on this? My instinct is to say that this construction betrays a certain classism, but I leave such lofty conclusions up to you.

The starving graduate student  
**Mark R. G. Goodale**  
Madison, Wis.

The point is not actually class but fame. I don't think of the cartoon character Dilbert, for example, as a high-toned guy, and yet it seems appropriate for me to refer to him here with that phrase. The construction suggests I believe that you've heard of Dilbert but that you still might like a little hint to help you place him. Contrast the phrase *Dilbert*, a cartoon character, which is likely to leave you either feeling faintly insulted, because of course you've heard of Dilbert, or convinced that I must be really out of it not to know that he's a household name.

I would, though, be likely to introduce *Breakup Girl*, an online and TV superhero, with that phrase, whose implication

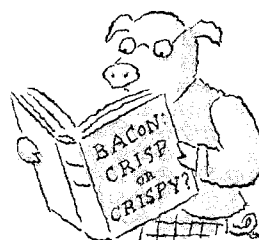


is that I wouldn't be surprised if this is the first you've heard of her. Our language can also readily suggest a third degree of fame: extreme. Extremely famous people and characters need no introduction. That is, I would be inclined to say simply *Superman* or *Spiderwoman*, in the full expectation that the name alone is enough to call one of these characters to mind.

**W**ould you please discuss the adjectives *crisp* and *crispy*? I'm not satisfied with the dictionary treatment of them. Do we need *crispy*? If we don't need it, why does it persist? Could it be that the trochaic *crispy* fits more melliflously into advertising jingles?

**Charles Perrone**  
Moorestown, N.J.

*Crispy* certainly is persistent: it has been part of our language for at least 600 years. Early on it meant "curled," as did *crisp*. Some reputable present-day dictionaries declare it to be no more or less than a synonym for *crisp*—but who ever says "I admire her *crispy* efficiency" or "It was a *crispy* spring morning"? Nonphysical meanings don't apply to this word. Then again, I don't think many people would say that they like fried chicken best when it's *crisp*—and I don't mean they like it soggy. Fries and bacon, however, are commonly preferred either *crisp* or *crispy*. You're right that English doesn't really need *crispy*, but what do you say we keep it anyway, if only out of respect for tradition?



Have you recently had a language dispute that you would like this column to resolve? Write to Word Court in care of *The Atlantic Monthly*, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, MA 02114, or send e-mail to MsGrammar@theatlantic.com. All letters become the property of Word Court.



Sure, Camry is one terrific car. But that's just part of the reason we're number one again. The rest is thanks to Camry owners, who are as loyal as man's best friend. Because, the fact is, Camry



has more owners who come back to buy another one than any other car.\*\* We couldn't have made number one again without them. So that's one thank-you note down, only 448,161 to go.

[www.toyota.com](http://www.toyota.com) ♦ 1-800-go-toyota

©2000 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you.

\*Based on The Polk Company calendar years 1997, 1998 total passenger car registrations. 1999 based on manufacturers' sales data. \*\*Customer loyalty based on the number of owners who replaced a vehicle with a new vehicle of the same model, based on a sampling of personal-use new-vehicle purchases and leases from 10/98 - 9/99.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I'm like a financial coach.

I encourage clients  
to create a **game plan** for life,  
make the **right moves**, execute the plan."

Lisa Shelton  
AXA Advisors



"I help clients look at the things they need to do and, just as important, at the things they want to do." Lisa Shelton is one of thousands of AXA Advisors' financial professionals who help clients meet their long-term goals. "My job is to help them create a plan, guide them and encourage them to stick with it. So, over time, they can retire comfortably or maybe travel the world the way they've always wanted." AXA Advisors is part of the global AXA group with \$650 billion\* under management. Reach one of us at 1(888) AXA-INFO (888-292-4636) or visit [www.axa-advisors.com](http://www.axa-advisors.com)



**AXA ADVISORS**  
*Building Futures*

GE-99-210 AXA Advisors, LLC NY, NY 10104 \*As of 12/31/98